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THE SPECTATOR

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BRITISH MUSEUM
3
OCT

TO

William Honeycomb, Eſq;

THE Seven former Volumes of the *Spectator* having been Dedicated to ſome of the moſt celebrated Perſons of the Age, I take leave to Inſcribe this Eighth and Laſt to You, as to a Gentleman who hath ever been am-

bitious of appearing in the beſt Company.

You are now wholly retired from the buſie Part of Mankind, and at leiſure to reflect upon your paſt Atchievements; for which reaſon, I look upon You as a Perſon very well qualified for a Dedication.

I may poſſibly diſappoint my Readers, and your ſelf too, if I do not endeavour on this occaſion

ſion to make the World acquainted with your Virtues. And here, Sir, I ſhall not compliment You upon your Birth, Perſon, or Fortune; nor any other the like Perfections, which You poſſeſs whether You will or no: But ſhall only touch upon thoſe, which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one muſt allow You have a real Merit.

Your janty Air and eaſie Motion, the Volubility of your Diſcourſe, the Suddenneſs of your Laugh, the Management of your Snuff-Box, with the Whiteneſs of your Hands and Teeth (which have juſtly gained You the Envy of the moſt polite part of the Male World, and the Love of the greateſt Beauties in the Female) are intirely to be aſcribed to your own perſonal Genius

Genius and Application.

You are formed for theſe Accompliſhments by a happy Turn of Nature, and have finiſhed your ſelf in them by the utmoſt Improvements of Art. A Man that is defective in either of theſe Qualifications (whatever may be the ſecret Ambition of his Heart) muſt never hope to make the Figure You have done, among the faſhionable

part of his Species. It is therefore no wonder, we ſee ſuch Multitudes of aſpiring young Men fall ſhort of You in all theſe Beauties of your Character, notwithſtanding the Study and Practice of them is the whole Buſineſs of their Lives. But I need not tell You that the free and diſengaged Behaviour of a fine Gentleman makes as many aukward Beaux, as the Eaſineſs of your Fa-

Favourite *Waller* hath made inſipid Poets.

At preſent You are content to aim all your Charms at your own Spouſe, without further Thought of Miſchief to any others of the Sex. I know you had formerly a very great Contempt for that Pedantick Race of Mortals who call themſelves Philoſophers; and yet, to your Honour be it ſpoken, there is not a Sage of them all

could have better acted up to their Precepts in one of the moſt important Points of Life: I mean in that Generous Diſ-regard of Popular Opinion, which you ſhowed ſome Years ago, when you choſe for your Wife an obſcure young Woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient Family, but has certainly as many Forefathers as any Lady in the Land, if ſhe could

but

but reckon up their Names.

I muſt own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the Moment that you confeſſed your Age, and from eight and forty (where you had ſtuck ſo many Years) very ingenuouſly ſtep'd into your Grand Climacterick. Your Deportment has ſince been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed,

You

You make a regular Appearance every Quarter-Seſſions among your Brothers of the *Quorum*; and if things go on as they do, ſtand fair for being a Colonel of the Militia. I am told that your Time paſſes away as agreeably in the Amuſements of a Country Life, as it ever did in the Gallantries of the Town: And that you now take as much pleaſure in the Planting of young Trees,

as

as you did formerly in the Cutting down of your old Ones. In ſhort, we hear from all Hands that You are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty Acres, and have not too much Wit to look into your own Eſtate.

After having ſpoken thus much of my Patron I muſt take the Privilege of an Author in ſaying ſomething of my ſelf. I ſhall therefore beg leave to add, that I have pur-

purpoſely omitted ſetting thoſe Marks to the End of every Paper, which appeared in my former Volumes, that You may have an Opportunity of ſhowing Mrs. *Honeycomb* the Shrewdneſs of your Conjectures, by aſcribing every Speculation to its proper Author: Though You know how often many profound Criticks in Stile and Sentiments have very judiciouſly erred

erred in this Particular, before they were let into the Secret. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Faithful

Humble Servant.

The SPECTATOR.

THE Bookſeller *to the* Reader.

IN the Six hundred and thirty ſecond Spectator, *the Reader will find an Account of the Riſe of this Eighth and Laſt Volume.*

I have not been able to prevail upon the ſeveral Gentlemen who were concerned in this Work to let me acquaint the World with their Names.

Perhaps it will be unneceſſary to inform the Reader, that no other Papers, which have appeared under the Title of Spectator, *ſince the cloſing of this Eighth Volume, were written by any of thoſe Gentlemen who had a Hand in this or the former Volumes.*

THE

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 OCT

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VIII.

N° 556. *Friday, June* 18. 1714.

Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, mala gramina paſtus,
Frigida ſub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc poſitis novus exuviis, nitiduſque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit ſublato pectore terga
Arduus ad ſolem, et linguis micat ore triſulcis. Virg.

UPON laying down the Office of SPECTATOR, I acquainted the World with my Deſign of electing a new Club, and of opening my Mouth in it after a moſt ſolemn Manner. Both the Election and the Ceremony are now paſt; but not finding it ſo eaſy as I at firſt imagined, to break thro' a Fifty Years Silence, I would not venture into the World under the Character of a Man who pretends to talk like other People, till I had arrived at a full Freedom of Speech.

I ſhall reſerve for another time the Hiſtory of ſuch Club or Clubs of which I am now a Talkative, but unworthy Member; and ſhall here give an Account of this

this ſurpriſing Change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an Accident as any recorded in Hiſtory, ſince that which happened to the Son of *Cræſus*, after having been many Years as much Tongue-tied as my ſelf.

UPON the firſt opening of my Mouth, I made a Speech conſiſting of about half a Dozen well-turned Periods; but grew ſo very hoarſe upon it, that for three Days together, inſtead of finding the uſe of my Tongue, I was afraid that I had quite loſt it. Beſides, the unuſual Extenſion of my Muſcles on this Occaſion, made my Face ake on both Sides to ſuch a Degree, that nothing but an invincible Reſolution and Perſeverance could have prevented me from falling back to my Monoſyllables.

I afterwards made ſeveral Eſſays towards ſpeaking; and that I might not be ſtartled at my own Voice, which has happen'd to me more than once, I uſed to read aloud in my Chamber, and have often ſtood in the Middle of the Street to call a Coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

WHEN I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own Voice, I laid hold of all Opportunities to exert it. Not caring however to ſpeak much by my ſelf, and to draw upon me the whole Attention of thoſe I converſed with, I uſed, for ſome time, to walk every Morning in the *Mall*, and talk in Chorus with a Parcel of *Frenchmen*. I found my Modeſty greatly relived by the communicative Temper of this Nation, who are ſo very ſociable, as to think they are never better Company, than when they are all opening at the ſame time.

I then fancied I might receive great Benefit from Female Converſation, and that I ſhould have a Convenience of talking with the greater Freedom, when I was not under any Impediment of thinking: I therefore threw my ſelf into an Aſſembly of Ladies, but could not for my Life get in a Word among them; and found that if I did not change my Company, I was in Danger of being reduced to my primitive Taciturnity.

THE

THE Coffee-houſes have ever ſince been my chief Places of Reſort, where I have made the greateſt Improvements; in order to which I have taken a particular Care never to be of the ſame Opinion with the Man I converſed with. I was a Tory at *Button's*, and a Whig at *Child's*; a Friend to the *Engliſhman*, or an Advocate for the *Examiner*, as it beſt ſerved my Turn; ſome fancy me a great Enemy to the *French* King, though, in reality, I only make uſe of him for a Help to Diſcourſe. In ſhort I wrangle and diſpute for Exerciſe; and have carried this Point ſo far that I was once like to have been run through the Body for making a little too free with my Betters.

IN a Word, I am quite another Man to what I was.

——— *Nil fuit unquam*
Tam diſpar ſibi ———

MY old Acquaintance ſcarce know me; nay I was asked the other Day by a *Jew* at *Jonathan's*, whether I was not related to a dumb Gentleman, who uſed to come to that Coffee-houſe? But I think I never was better pleaſed in my Life than about a Week ago, when, as I was battling it acroſs the Table with a young Templar, his Companion gave him a Pull by the Sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old Prig would talk him to Death.

BEING now a very good Proficient in Diſcourſe, I ſhall appear in the World with this Addition to my Character, that my Countrymen may reap the Fruits of my new acquired Loquacity.

THOSE who have been preſent at publick Diſputes in the Univerſity, know that it is uſual to maintain Hereſies for Argument's ſake. I have heard a Man a moſt impudent Socinian for Half an Hour, who has been an Orthodox Divine all his Life after. I have taken the ſame Method to accompliſh my ſelf in the Gift of Utterance, having talked above a Twelvemonth, not ſo much for the Benefit of my Hearers as of my ſelf. But ſince I have now gained the Faculty,

culty, I have been ſo long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right Uſe of it, and ſhall think my ſelf obliged, for the future, to ſpeak always in Truth and Sincerity of Heart. While a Man is learning to fence, he practiſes both on Friend and Foe; but when he is a Maſter in the Art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right Side.

THAT this laſt Alluſion may not give my Reader a wrong Idea of my Deſign in this Paper, I muſt here inform him, that the Author of it is of no Faction, that he is a Friend to no Intereſts but thoſe of Truth and Virtue, nor a Foe to any but thoſe of Vice and Folly. Though I make more Noiſe in the World than I uſed to do, I am ſtill reſolved to act in it as an indifferent SPECTATOR. It is not my Ambition to encreaſe the Number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wiſe and good Men, and I could heartily wiſh there were not Faults common to both Parties which afford me ſufficient Matter to work upon, without deſcending to thoſe which are peculiar to either.

IF in a Multitude of Counſellors there is Safety, we ought to think our ſelves the ſecureſt Nation in the World. Moſt of our Garrets are inhabited by Stateſmen who watch over the Liberties of their Country, and make a Shift to keep themſelves from ſtarving, by taking into their Care the Properties of their Fellow-Subjects.

AS theſe Politicians of both Sides have already worked the Nation into a moſt unnatural Ferment, I ſhall be ſo far from endeavouring to raiſe it to a greater Height, that on the contrary, it ſhall be the chief Tendency of my Papers, to inſpire my Countrymen with a mutual Good-will and Benevolence. Whatever Faults either Party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by thoſe Reproaches, which they caſt upon one another. The moſt likely Method of rectifying any Man's Conduct, is, by recommending to him the Principles of Truth and Honour, Religion and Virtue; and ſo long as he acts with an Eye to theſe Principles, whatever Party he is of, he cannot

not fail of being a good *Engliſhman*, and a Lover of his Country.

AS for the Perſons concerned in this Work, the Names of all of them, or at leaſt of ſuch as deſire it, ſhall be publiſhed hereafter: Till which time I muſt entreat the courteous Reader to ſuſpend his Curioſity, and rather to conſider what is written, than who they are that write it.

HAVING thus adjuſted all neceſſary Preliminaries with my Reader, I ſhall not trouble him with any more prefatory Diſcourſes, but proceed in my old Method, and entertain him with Speculations on every uſeful Subject that falls in my Way.

N° 557. *Monday, June* 21.

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyrioſque bilingues.
Virg.

THERE is nothing, ſays Plato, ſo delightful, as the hearing or the ſpeaking of Truth. For this Reaſon there is no Converſation ſo agreeable as that of the Man of Integrity, who hears without any Intention to betray, and ſpeaks without any Intention to deceive.

AMONG all the Accounts which are given of *Cato*, I do not remember one that more redounds to his Honour than the following Paſſage related by *Plutarch*. As an Advocate was pleading the Cauſe of his Client before one of the Prætors, he could only produce a ſingle Witneſs in a Point where the Law required the Teſtimony of two Perſons; upon which the Advocate inſiſted on the Integrity of that Perſon whom he had produced: but the Prætor told him, That where the Law required two Witneſſes he would not accept of one, tho' it were *Cato* himſelf. Such a Speech from a Perſon who ſat at the Head of a Court of Juſtice, while *Cato* was ſtill living, ſhews us, more than

than a thouſand Examples, the high Reputation this great Man had gained among his Contemporaries upon the Account of his Sincerity.

WHEN ſuch an inflexible Integrity is a little ſoftned and qualified by the Rules of Converſation and Good-breeding, there is not a more ſhining Virtue in the whole Catalogue of Social Duties. A Man however ought to take great Care not to poliſh himſelf out of his Veracity, nor to refine his Behaviour to the Prejudice of his Virtue.

THIS Subject is exquiſitely treated in the moſt elegant Sermon of the great *Britiſh* Preacher. I ſhall beg Leave to tranſcribe out of it two or three Sentences, as a proper Introduction to a very curious Letter, which I ſhall make the chief Entertainment of this Speculation.

'THE old *Engliſh* Plainneſs and Sincerity, that 'generous Integrity of Nature, and Honeſty of Diſ'poſition, which always argues true Greatneſs of 'Mind, and is uſually accompanied with undaunted 'Courage and Reſolution, is in a great Meaſure loſt 'among us.

'THE Dialect of Converſation is now-a-days ſo 'ſwelled with Vanity and Compliment, and ſo ſur'feited (as I may ſay) of Expreſſions of Kindneſs 'and Reſpect, that if a Man that lived an Age or 'two ago ſhould return into the World again, he 'would really want a Dictionary to help him to un'derſtand his own Language, and to know the true 'intrinſick Value of the Phraſe in faſhion; and 'would hardly, at firſt, believe at what a low Rate 'the higheſt Strains and Expreſſions of Kindneſs ima'ginable do commonly paſs in current Payment; and 'when he ſhould come to underſtand it, it would be 'a great while before he could bring himſelf with a 'good Countenance and a good Conſcience, to con'verſe with Men upon equal Terms and in their own 'Way.

I have by me a Letter which I look upon as a great Curioſity, and which may ſerve as an Exemplification

fication to the foregoing Paſſage, cited out of this moſt excellent Prelate. It is ſaid to have been written in King *Charles* II's Reign by the Ambaſſador of *Bantam*, a little after his Arrival in *England*.

Maſter,

'THE People, where I now am, have Tongues 'further from their Hearts than from *London* 'to *Bantam*, and thou knoweſt the Inhabitants of one 'of theſe Places does not know what is done in the 'other. They call thee and thy Subjects Barbarians, 'becauſe we ſpeak what we mean; and account 'themſelves a civilized People, becauſe they ſpeak one 'thing and mean another: Truth they call Barbarity, 'and Falſhood Politeneſs. Upon my firſt landing, one 'who was ſent from the King of this Place to meet 'me told me, *That he was extreamly ſorry for the Storm 'I had met with juſt before my Arrival.* I was trou-'bled to hear him grieve and afflict himſelf upon my 'Account; but in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour he 'ſmiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happen-'ed. Another who came with him told me by my 'Interpreter, *He ſhould be glad to do me any Service 'that lay in his Power.* Upon which I deſir'd him to 'carry one of my Portmantuas for me, but inſtead 'of ſerving me according to his Promiſe, he laughed, 'and bid another do it. I lodged, the firſt Week, at 'the Houſe of one, who deſired me *to think my ſelf 'at home, and to conſider his Houſe as my own.* Ac-'cordingly, I the next Morning began to knock down 'one of the Walls of it, in order to let in the freſh 'Air, and had packed up ſome of the Houſhold-'Goods, of which I intended to have made thee a Pre-'ſent: But the falſe Varlet no ſooner ſaw me falling 'to Work, but he ſent Word to deſire me to give o-'ver, for that he would have no ſuch Doings in his 'Houſe. I had not been long in this Nation, before 'I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain 'Favour from the Chief of the King's Servants, 'whom they here call the Lord-Treaſurer, That I

'had

'had *eternally obliged him*. I was ſo ſurpriz'd at his Gra-
'tude, that I could not forbear ſaying, What Service
'is there which one Man can do for another, that can
'oblige him to all Eternity! However I only asked
'him, for my Reward, that he would lend me his el-
'deſt Daughter during my Stay in this Country; but
'I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the reſt
'of his Countrymen.

'AT my firſt going to Court, one of the great Men
'almoſt put me out of Countenance, by asking *ten*
'*thouſand Pardons* of me for only treading by Accident
'upon my Toe. They call this kind of Lye a Com-
'pliment; for when they are civil to a great Man,
'they tell him Untruths, for which thou wouldſt or-
'der any of thy Officers of State to receive a hundred
'Blows upon his Foot. I do not know how I ſhall
'negociate any thing with this People, ſince there is
'ſo little Credit to be given to them. When I go to
'ſee the King's Scribe, I am generally told that he is
'not at home, tho' perhaps I ſaw him go into his
'Houſe almoſt the very Moment before. Thou would-
'eſt fancy that the whole Nation are Phyſicians, for
'the firſt Queſtion they always ask me, is, *How I do*:
'I have this Queſtion put to me above a hundred times
'a Day. Nay, they are not only thus inquiſitive after
'my Health, but wiſh it in a more ſolemn Manner,
'with a full Glaſs in their Hands, every time I ſit
'with them at Table, tho' at the ſame time they would
'perſwade me to drink their Liquors in ſuch Quanti-
'ties as I have found by Experience will make me
'ſick. They often pretend to pray for thy Health al-
'ſo in the ſame Manner; but I have more Reaſon to
'expect it from the Goodneſs of thy Conſtitution, than
'the Sincerity of their Wiſhes. May thy Slave eſcape
'in Safety from this double-tongued Race of Men, and
'live to lay himſelf once more at thy Feet in the Roy-
'al City of *Bantam*.

Wedneſday,

N° 558. *Wedneſday, June* 23.

Qui fit, Macenas, ut nemo, quam ſibi ſortem
Seu ratio dederit, ſeu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat: laudet diverſa ſequentes?
O Fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore!
Contra mercator navim jactantibus auſtris,
Militia eſt potior. Quid enim? concurritur? horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
Agricolam laudat juris legemque peritus,
Sub galli cantum conſultor ubi oſtia pulſat.
Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem eſt,
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cætera de genere hoc (adeo ſunt multa) loquacem
Delaſſare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
Quo rem deducam. Siquis Deus, en ego dicat.
Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
Mercator: tu conſultus modo, ruſticus. Hinc vos,
Vos hinc mutatis diſcedite partibus. Eja,
Quid ſtatis? Nolint. Atque licet eſſe beatis.— Hor.

IT is a celebrated Thought of *Socrates*, that if all the Misfortunes of Mankind were caſt into a publick Stock, in order to be equally diſtributed among the whole Species, thoſe who now think themſelves the moſt unhappy, would prefer the Share they are already poſſeſs'd of, before that which would fall to them by ſuch a Diviſion. *Horace* has carried this Thought a great deal further in the Motto of my Paper, which implies that the Hardſhips or Misfortunes we lye under, are more eaſy to us than thoſe of any other Perſon would be, in caſe we could change Conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on thoſe two Remarks, and ſeated in my Elbow-Chair, I inſenſibly fell aſleep; when,

when, on a ſudden, methought there was a Proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that every Mortal ſhould bring in his Griefs and Calamities, and throw them together in a Heap. There was a large Plain appointed for this Purpoſe. I took my Stand in the Center of it, and ſaw with a great deal of Pleaſure the whole human Species marching one after another, and throwing down their ſeveral Loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious Mountain, that ſeemed to riſe above the Clouds.

THERE was a certain Lady of a thin airy Shape, who was very active in this Solemnity. She carried a magnifying Glaſs in one of her Hands, and was cloathed in a looſe flowing Robe, embroidered with ſeveral Figures of Fiends and Spectres, that diſcovered themſelves in a thouſand chimerical Shapes, as her Garment hovered in the Wind. There was ſomething wild and diſtracted in her Looks. Her Name was *FANCY*. She led up every Mortal to the appointed Place, after having very officiouſly aſſiſted him in making up his Pack, and laying it upon his Shoulders. My Heart melted within me to ſee my Fellow-Creatures groaning under their reſpective Burthens, and to conſider that prodigious Bulk of human Calamities which lay before me.

THERE were however ſeveral Perſons who gave me great Diverſion upon this Occaſion. I obſerved one bringing in a Fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered Cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the Heap, I diſcovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of Puffing, threw down his Luggage; which, upon examining, I found to be his Wife.

THERE were Multitudes of Lovers ſaddled with very whimſical Burthens, compoſed of Darts and Flames; but, what was very odd, tho' they ſighed as if their Hearts would break under theſe Bundles of Calamities, they could not perſwade themſelves to caſt them into the Heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint Efforts, ſhook their Heads and march-

ed

ed away, as heavy loaden as they came. I ſaw Multitudes of old Women throw down their Wrinkles, and ſeveral young ones who ſtripped themſelves of a tawny Skin. There were very great Heaps of red Noſes, large Lips, and ruſty Teeth. The Truth of it is, I was ſurpriz'd to ſee the greateſt Part of the Mountain made up of bodily Deformities. Obſerving one advancing towards the Heap with a larger Cargo than ordinary upon his Back, I found upon his near Approach, that it was only a natural Hump, which he diſpoſed of, with great Joy of Heart, among this Collection of human Miſeries. There were likewiſe Diſtempers of all Sorts, tho' I could not but obſerve, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little Packet I could not but take Notice of, which was a Complication of all the Diſeaſes incident to humane Nature, and was in the Hand of a great many fine People: This was called the Spleen. But what moſt of all ſurpriz'd me, was a Remark I made, that there was not a ſingle Vice or Folly thrown into the whole Heap: At which I was very much aſtoniſhed, having concluded within my ſelf, that every one would take this Opportunity of getting rid of his Paſſions, Prejudices and Frailties.

I took Notice in particular of a very profligate Fellow, who I did not queſtion came loaden with his Crimes, but upon ſearching into his Bundle, I found that inſtead of throwing his Guilt from him, he had only laid down his Memory. He was followed by another worthleſs Rogue, who flung away his Modeſty inſtead of his Ignorance.

WHEN the whole Race of Makind had thus caſt their Burdens, the *Phantome* which had been ſo buſie on this Occaſion, ſeeing me an idle Spectator of what paſſed, approached towards me. I grew uneaſie at her Preſence, when of a ſudden ſhe held her magnifying Glaſs full before my Eyes. I no ſooner ſaw my Face in it, but was ſtartled at the Shortneſs of it, which now appeared to me in its utmoſt Aggravation. The immoderate Breadth of the Features made me

very much out of Humour with my own Countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a Mask. It happened very luckily, that one who ſtood by me had juſt before thrown down his Viſage, which, it ſeems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a moſt ſhameful length; I believe the very Chin was, modeſtly ſpeaking, as long as my whole Face. We had both of us an Opportunity of mending our ſelves, and all the Contributions being now brought in, every Man was at Liberty to exchange his Misfortune for thoſe of another Perſon. But as there aroſe many new Incidents in the Sequel of my Viſion, I ſhall reſerve them for the Subject of my next Paper.

N° 559. *Friday, June 25.*

Quid cauſæ eſt, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet: neque ſe forte poſthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem? Hor.

IN my laſt Paper, I gave my Reader a Sight of that Mountain of Miſeries, which was made up of thoſe ſeveral Calamities that afflict the Minds of Men. I ſaw, with unſpeakable Pleaſure, the whole Species thus delivered from its Sorrows: though, at the ſame time, as we ſtood round the Heap, and ſurveyed the ſeveral Materials of which it was compoſed, there was ſcarce a Mortal, in this vaſt Multitude, who did not diſcover what he thought Pleaſures and Bleſſings of Life; and wonder'd how the Owners of them ever came to look upon them as Burthens and Grievances.

AS we were regarding very attentively this Confuſion of Miſeries, this Chaos of Calamity, *Jupiter* iſſued out a ſecond Proclamation, that every one was now at Liberty to exchange his Affliction, and to return

to

to his Habitation with any ſuch other Bundle as ſhould be delivered to him.

UPON this, *FANCY* began again to beſtir her ſelf, and parcelling out the whole Heap with incredible Activity, recommended to every one his particular Packet. The Hurry and Confuſion at this time was not to be expreſſed. Some Obſervations, which I made upon the Occaſion, I ſhall communicate to the Publick. A venerable grey-headed Man, who had laid down the Cholick, and who I found wanted an Heir to his Eſtate, ſnatched up an undutiful Son, that had been thrown into the Heap by his angry Father. The graceleſs Youth, in leſs than a quarter of an Hour, pulled the old Gentleman by the Beard, and had like to have knocked his Brains out; ſo that meeting the true Father, who came towards him in a Fit of the Gripes, he begg'd him to take his Son again, and give him back his Cholick; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the Choice they had made. A poor Gally-Slave, who had thrown down his Chains, took up the Gout in their ſtead, but made ſuch wry Faces, that one might eaſily perceive he was no great Gainer by the Bargain. It was pleaſant enough to ſee the ſeveral Exchanges that were made, for Sickneſs againſt Poverty, Hunger againſt want of Appetite, and Care againſt Pain.

THE Female World were very buſie among themſelves in bartering for Features; one was trucking a Lock of grey Hairs for a Carbuncle, another was making over a ſhort Waſte for a Pair of round Shoulders, and a third cheapning a bad Face for a loſt Reputation: But on all theſe Occaſions, there was not one of them who did not think the new Blemiſh, as ſoon as ſhe had got it into her Poſſeſſion, much more diſagreeable than the old one. I made the ſame Obſervation on every other Misfortune or Calamity, which every one in the Aſſembly brought upon himſelf, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the Evils which befall us are in ſome meaſure ſuited and pro-

portioned to our Strength, or that every Evil becomes more ſupportable by our being accuſtomed to it, I ſhall not determine.

I could not for my Heart forbear pitying the poor hump-back'd Gentleman mentioned in the former Paper, who went off a very well-ſhaped Perſon with a Stone in his Bladder; nor the fine Gentleman who had ſtruck up this Bargain with him, that limped thro' a whole Aſſembly of Ladies, who uſed to admire him, with a Pair of Shoulders peeping over his Head.

I muſt not omit my own particular Adventure. My Friend with the long Viſage had no ſooner taken upon him my ſhort Face, but he made ſuch a groteſque Figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at my ſelf, inſomuch that I put my own Face out of Countenance. The poor Gentleman was ſo ſenſible of the Ridicule, that I found he was aſhamed of what he had done: On the other Side I found that I my ſelf had no great Reaſon to triumph, for as I went to touch my Forehead I miſſed the Place and clapped my Finger upon my upper Lip. Beſides, as my Noſe was exceeding Prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky Knocks as I was playing my Hand about my Face, and aiming at ſome other Part of it. I ſaw two other Gentlemen by me, who were in the ſame ridiculous Circumſtances. Theſe had made a fooliſh Swoop between a Couple of thick bandy Legs, and two long Trapſticks that had no Calfs to them. One of theſe looked like a Man walking upon Stilts, and was ſo lifted up into the Air above his ordinary Height, that his Head turned round with it, while the other made ſuch aukward Circles, as he attempted to walk, that he ſcarce knew how to move forward upon his new Supporters: Obſerving him to be a pleaſant Kind of Fellow I ſtuck my Cane in the Ground, and told him I would lay him a Bottle of Wine, that he did not march up to it on a Line, that I drew for him, in a Quarter of an Hour.

THE Heap was at laſt diſtributed among the two Sexes, who made a moſt piteous Sight, as they wandered

dered up and down under the Preſſure of their ſeveral Burthens. The whole Plain was filled with Murmurs and Complaints, Groans and Lamentations. *Jupiter* at length, taking Compaſſion on the poor Mortals, ordered them a ſecond time to lay down their Loads, with a Deſign to give every one his own again. They diſcharged themſelves with a great deal of Pleaſure, after which, the Phantom, who had led them into ſuch groſs Deluſions, was commanded to diſappear. There was ſent in her ſtead a Goddeſs of a quite different Figure: Her Motions were ſteady and compoſed, and her Aſpect ſerious but cheerful. She every now and then caſt her Eyes towards Heaven, and fixed them upon *Jupiter:* Her Name was *PATIENCE.* She had no ſooner placed herſelf by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole Heap ſunk to ſuch a Degree, that it did not appear a third part ſo big as it was before. She afterwards returned every Man his own Proper Calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the moſt commodious Manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleaſed that he had not been left to his own Choice, as to the kind of Evils which fell to his Lot.

BESIDES the ſeveral Pieces of Morality to be drawn out of this Viſion, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own Misfortunes, or to envy the Happineſs of another, ſince it is impoſſible for any Man to form a right Judgment of his Neighbour's Sufferings; for which Reaſon alſo I have determined never to think too lightly of another's Complaints, but to regard the Sorrows of my Fellow-Creatures with Sentiments of Humanity and Compaſſion.

N° 560. *Monday, June* 28.

——— *Verba intermiſſa retentat.* Ov. Met.

EVERY one has heard of the Famous Conjurer, who, according to the Opinion of the Vulgar, has ſtudied himſelf *dumb*; for which Reaſon, as it is believed, he delivers out all his Oracles in Writing. Be that as it will, the blind *Tireſias* was not more famous in *Greece*, than this dumb Artiſt has been, for ſome Years laſt paſt, in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. Thus much for the profound Gentleman who honours me with the following Epiſtle.

SIR, *From my Cell,* June 24, 1714.

'BEING informed that you have lately got the 'Uſe of your Tongue, I have ſome Thoughts 'of following your Example, that I may be a *For-* 'tune-teller properly ſpeaking. I am grown weary 'of my Taciturnity, and having ſerved my Country 'many Years under the Title of the dumb Doctor, I 'ſhall now propheſie by Word of Mouth, and (as 'Mr. *Lee* ſays of the Magpie, who you know was a 'great Fortune-teller among the Ancients) *chatter* Fu- 'turity. I have hitherto choſen to receive Queſtions 'and return Anſwers in Writing, that I might avoid 'the Tediouſneſs and Trouble of Debates, my Que- 'riſts being generally of a Humour to think, that 'they have never Predictions enough for their Money. 'In ſhort, Sir, my Caſe has been ſomething like that 'of thoſe diſcreet Animals the Monkeys, who, as the '*Indians* tell us, can ſpeak if they would, but pur- 'poſely avoid it that they may not be made to work. 'I have hitherto gained a Livelihood by holding my 'Tongue, but ſhall now open my Mouth in order to 'fill it. If I appear a little Word-bound in my firſt

'Solu-

'Solutions and Reſponſes, I hope it will not be im-
'puted to any Want of Foreſight, but to the long Diſ-
'uſe of Speech. I doubt not by this Invention to have
'all my former Cuſtomers over again, for if I have
'promiſed any of them Lovers or Husbands, Riches
'or good Luck, it is my Deſign to confirm to them
'*viva voce*, what I have already given them under my
'Hand. If you will honour me with a Viſit, I will
'compliment you with the firſt opening of my Mouth,
'and if you pleaſe you may make an entertaining Dia-
'logue out of the Converſation of two dumb Men.
'Excuſe this Trouble, worthy Sir, from one who has
'been a long time

Your ſilent Admirer,
Cornelius Agrippa.

I have received the following Letter, or rather *Billet-doux*, from a pert young Baggage, who congratulates with me upon the ſame Occaſion.

Dear Mr. Prate-apace, *June* 23, 1714.

'I Am a Member of a Female Society who call our-
'ſelves the *Chit-Chat* Club, and am ordered by
'the whole Siſterhood, to congratulate you upon the
'uſe of your Tongue. We have all of us a mighty
'Mind to hear you talk, and if you will take your
'Place among us for an Evening, we have unanimouſ-
'ly agreed to allow you one Minute in ten, without
'Interruption.

I am, SIR,
Your humble Servant,
S. T.

P. S. '*You may find us at my Lady* Betty Clack's,
'*who will leave Orders with her Porter, that if an el-*
'*derly Gentleman, with a ſhort Face, enquires for her,*
'*he ſhall be admitted and no Queſtions asked.*

AS this particular Paper ſhall conſiſt wholly of what I have received from my Correſpondents, I

ſhall fill up the remaining Part of it with other congratulatory Letters of the ſame Nature.

SIR, *Oxford, June* 25, 1714.

'WE are here wonderfully pleaſed with the O-'pening of your Mouth, and very frequently 'open ours in Approbation of your Deſign; eſpecially 'ſince we find you are reſolved to preſerve your Taci-'turnity as to all Party Matters. We do not queſtion 'but you are as great an Orator as Sir *Hudibras*, of 'whom the Poet ſweetly ſings,

——— *He could not ope*
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope.

'If you will ſend us down the Half-dozen well-turn-'ed Periods, that produced ſuch diſmal Effects in 'your Muſcles, we will depoſite them near an old 'Manuſcript of *Tully*'s Orations, among the Archives 'of the Univerſity; for we all agree with you, that 'there is not a more remarkable Accident recorded 'in Hiſtory, ſince that which happened to the Son of '*Cræſus*, nay, I believe you might have gone higher, 'and have added *Balaam*'s Aſs. We are impatient to 'ſee more of your Productions, and expect what 'Words will next fall from you, with as much Atten-'tion as thoſe, who were ſet to watch the ſpeaking 'Head which Friar *Bacon* formerly erected in this Place.

'We are,

Worthy SIR,
Your moſt humble Servants,
B. R. T. D. &c.

Honeſt SPEC. *Middle Temple, June* 24.

'I Am very glad to hear that thou beginneſt to 'prate; and find, by thy Yeſterday's Viſion, 'thou art ſo uſed to it, that thou canſt not forbear 'talking in thy Sleep. Let me only adviſe thee 'to ſpeak like other Men, for I am afraid thou wilt 'be very queer, if thou doſt not intend to uſe the

'Phraſe

'Phraſes in faſhion, as thou calleſt them in thy Second 'Paper. Haſt thou a Mind to paſs for a *Bantamite*, or 'to make us all *Quakers*? I do aſſure thee, dear SPEC, 'I am not poliſhed out of my Veracity, when I ſub-'ſcribe my ſelf

Thy conſtant Admirer,
and humble Servant,
Frank Townly.

N° 561. *Wedneſday, June* 30.

——— *Paulatim abolere Sichæum*
Incipit, & vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem reſides animos deſuetaque corda. Virg.

SIR,

'I Am a tall, broad-ſhoulder'd, impudent, black 'Fellow, and, as I thought, every way qualified 'for a rich Widow: But, after having tried my 'Fortune for above three Years together, I have not 'been able to get one ſingle Relict in the Mind. My 'firſt Attacks were generally ſucceſsful, but always 'broke off as ſoon as they came to the Word *Settle-'ment*. Though I have not improved my Fortune this 'way, I have my Experience, and have learnt ſeve-'ral Secrets which may be of uſe to thoſe unhap-'py Gentleman, who are commonly diſtinguiſhed by 'that Name of Widow-hunters, and who do not know 'that this Tribe of Women are, generally ſpeaking, 'as much upon the Catch as themſelves. I ſhall here 'communicate to you the Myſteries of a certain Fe-'male Cabal of this Order, who call themſelves the '*Widow-Club*. This Club conſiſts of nine experienced 'Dames, who take their Places once a Week round a 'large oval Table.

'I. Mrs. Preſident is a Perſon who has diſpoſed of 'ſix Husbands, and is now determined to take a ſe-'venth; being of Opinion that there is as much Ver-

'tue

'tue in the Touch of a ſeventh Husband as of a ſeventh 'Son. Her Comrades are as follow.

'II. Mrs. *Snapp*, who has four Jointures, by four 'different Bed-fellows, of four different Shires. She 'is at preſent upon the Point of Marriage with a *Mid-*, *dleſex* Man, and is ſaid to have an Ambition of ex-'tending her Poſſeſſions through all the Counties in 'England, on this Side the *Trent*.

'III. Mrs. *Medlar*, who after two Husbands and a 'Gallant, is now wedded to an old Gentleman of 'Sixty. Upon her making her Report to the Club 'after a Week's Cohabitation, ſhe is ſtill allowed to ſit 'as a Widow, and accordingly takes her Place at the 'Board.

'IV. The Widow *Quick*, married within a Fort-'night after the Death of her laſt Husband. Her '*Weeds* have ſerved her thrice, and are ſtill as good as 'new.

'V. Lady *Catherine Swallow*. She was a Widow, 'at Eighteen, and has ſince buried a ſecond Husband 'and two Coachmen.

'VI. The Lady *Waddle*. She was married in the 15th 'Year of her Age to Sir *Simon Waddle*, Knight, aged 'Threeſcore and twelve, by whom ſhe had Twinns 'nine Months after his Deceaſe. In the 55th Year of 'her Age ſhe was married to *James Spindle*, Eſq; a 'Youth of One and twenty, who did not out-live the 'Honey-Moon.

'VII. *Deborah Conqueſt*. The Caſe of this Lady is 'ſomething particular. She is the Relict of Sir *Samp-'ſon Conqueſt*, ſome time Juſtice of the *Quorum*. Sir '*Sampſon* was ſeven Foot high, and two Foot in 'Breadth from the Tip of one Shoulder to the other. 'He had married three Wives, who all of them died 'in Child-bed. This terrified the whole Sex, who 'none of them durſt venture on Sir *Sampſon*. At 'length Mrs. *Deborah* undertook him, and gave ſo 'good an Account of him, that in three Years time 'ſhe very fairly laid him out, and meaſured his 'Length upon the Ground. This Exploit has gained

'her

'her ſo great a Reputation in the Club, that they have 'added Sir *Sampſon*'s three Victories to hers, and give 'her the Merit of a fourth Widowhood; and ſhe takes 'her Place accordingly.

'VIII. The Widow *Wildfire*, Relict of Mr. *John* '*Wildfire*, Fox-hunter, who broke his Neck over a ſix 'Bar Gate. She took his Death ſo much to Heart, 'that it was thought it would have put an End to her 'Life, had ſhe not diverted her Sorrows by receiving the 'Addreſſes of a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who 'made Love to her in the ſecond Mouth of her Wi-'dowhood. This Gentleman was diſcarded in a Fort-'night for the ſake of a young *Templar*, who had the 'Poſſeſſion of her for ſix Weeks after, till he was 'beaten out by a broken Officer, who likewiſe gave 'up his Place to a Gentleman at Court. The Courtier 'was as ſhort-liv'd a Favourite as his Predeceſſors, but 'had the Pleaſure to ſee himſelf ſucceeded by a long 'Series of Lovers, who followed the Widow *Wildfire* 'to the 37th Year of her Age, at which time there 'enſued a Ceſſation of ten Years, when *John Felt*, 'Haberdaſher, took it in his Head to be in love with 'her, and it is thought will very ſuddenly carry her off.

'IX. The laſt is pretty Mrs. *Runnet*, who broke her 'firſt Husband's Heart before ſhe was Sixteen, at which 'Time ſhe was entred of the Club, but ſoon after left 'it, upon Account of a Second whom ſhe made ſo 'quick a Diſpatch of, that ſhe returned to her Seat in 'leſs than a Twelvemonth. This young Matron is 'looked upon as the moſt riſing Member of the So-'ciety, and will probably be in the Preſident's Chair 'before ſhe dies.

'THESE Ladies, upon their firſt Inſtitution, re-'ſolved to give the Pictures of their deceaſed Husbands 'to the Club-Room, but two of them bringing in 'their Dead at full Length, they covered all the Walls; 'Upon which they came to a ſecond Reſolution, that 'every Matron ſhould give her own Picture, and ſet it 'round with her Husbands in Miniature.

'AS

'AS they have moſt of them the Misfortune to 'be troubled with the Cholick, they have a noble Cel-'lar of Cordials and ſtrong Waters. When they grow 'Maudlin, they are very apt to commemorate their 'former Partners with a Tear. But ask them which 'of their Husbands they condole, they are not able to 'tell you, and diſcover plainly that they do not weep 'ſo much for the Loſs of a Husband, as for the want 'of one.

'THE principal Rule, by which the whole Society 'are to govern themſelves, is this, To cry up the Plea-'ſures of a ſingle Life upon all Occaſions, in order to 'deter the reſt of their Sex from Marriage, and engroſs 'the whole Male World to themſelves.

'THEY are obliged, when any one makes Love 'to a Member of the Society, to communicate his 'Name, at which time the whole Aſſembly ſit upon 'his Reputation, Perſon, Fortune, and good Humour; 'and if they find him qualified for a Siſter of the 'Club, they lay their Heads together how to make 'him ſure. By this Means they are acquainted with 'all the Widow-hunters about Town, who often af-'ford them great Diverſion. There is an honeſt *Iriſh* 'Gentleman, it ſeems, who knows nothing of this 'Society, but at different times has made Love to the 'whole Club.

'THEIR Converſation often turns upon their for-'mer Husbands, and it is very diverting to hear them 'relate their ſeveral Arts and Stratagems, with which 'they amuſed the Jealous, pacified the Cholerick, or 'wheedled the Good-natured Man, 'till at laſt, to uſe 'the Club Phraſe, *They ſent him out of the Houſe with 'his Heels foremoſt.*

'THE Politicks, which are moſt cultivated by this 'Society of She-*Machiavils*, relate chiefly to theſe two 'Points, How to treat a Lover, and How to manage 'a Husband. As for the firſt Set of Artifices, they are 'too numerous to come within the Compaſs of your 'Paper, and ſhall therefore be reſerved for a Second 'Letter.

'THE

'THE Management of a Husband is built upon the 'following Doctrines, which are univerſally aſſented 'to by the whole Club. Not to give him his Head at 'firſt. Not to allow him too great Freedoms and Fa-'miliarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw 'Girl, but as a Woman that knows the World. Not 'to leſſen any thing of her former Figure. To cele-'brate the Generoſity, or any other Virtue, of a de-'ceaſed Husband, which ſhe would recommend to his 'Succeſſor. To turn away all his old Friends and Ser-'vants, that ſhe may have the dear Man to her ſelf. 'To make him diſinherit the undutiful Children of a-'ny former Wife. Never to be throroughly convinced 'of his Affection, 'till he has made over to her all his 'Goods and Chattels.

'AFTER ſo long a Letter, I am, without more 'Ceremony,

Your humble Servant, &c.

N° 562. *Friday, July 2.*

—— *Præſens, abſens, ut ſies.* Ter.

IT *is a hard and nice Subject for a Man to ſpeak of himſelf*, ſays *Cowley*; *it grates his own Heart to ſay any thing of Diſparagement, and the Reader's Ears to hear any thing of Praiſe from him.* Let the Tenour of his Diſcourſe be what it will upon this Subject, it generally proceeds from *Vanity*. An oſtentatious Man will rather relate a Blunder or an Abſurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear Perſon.

SOME very great Writers have been guilty of this Fault. It is obſerved of *Tully* in particular, that his Works run very much in the Firſt Perſon, and that he takes all Occaſions of doing himſelf Juſtice. 'Does 'he think, ſays *Brutus*, that his Conſulſhip deſerves 'more Applauſe than my putting *Cæſar* to Death, be-'cauſe

'cauſe I am not perpetually talking of the Ides of 'March, as he is of the Nones of *December*?' I need not acquaint my learned Reader, that in the Ides of *March*, *Brutus* deſtroyed *Cæſar*, and that *Cicero* quaſhed the Conſpiracy of *Cataline* in the Calends of *December*. How ſhocking ſoever this great Man's talking of himſelf might have been to his Contemporaries, I muſt confeſs I am never better pleaſed than when he is on this Subject. Such Openings of the Heart give a Man a thorough Inſight into his Perſonal Character, and illuſtrate ſeveral Paſſages in the Hiſtory of his Life: Beſides, that there is ſome little Pleaſure in diſcovering the Infirmity of a great Man, and ſeeing how the Opinion he has of himſelf agrees with what the World entertains of him.

THE Gentlemen of *Port-Royal*, who were more eminent for their Learning and their Humility than any other in *France*, baniſh'd the way of ſpeaking in the Firſt Perſon out of all their Works, as ariſing from Vain-Glory and Self-Conceit. To ſhew their particular Averſion to it, they branded this Form of Writing with the Name of *Egotiſm*; a Figure not to be found among the ancient Rhetoricians.

THE moſt violent Egotiſm which I have met with in the Courſe of my Reading, is that of Cardinal *Wooſey*, *Ego & Rex meus*, *I and my King*; as perhaps the moſt eminent Egotiſt that ever appeared in the World, was *Montague* the Author of the celebrated Eſſays. This lively old *Gaſcon* has woven all his bodily Infirmities into his Works, and after having ſpoken of the Faults or Virtues of any other Man, immediately publiſhes to the World how it ſtands with himſelf in that Particular. Had he kept his own Counſel he might have paſſed for a much better Man, though perhaps he would not have been ſo diverting an Author. The Title of an Eſſay promiſes perhaps a Diſcourſe upon *Virgil* or *Julius Cæſar*; but when you look into it, you are ſure to meet with more upon Monſieur *Montagne*, than of either of them. The younger *Scaliger*, who ſeems to have been no great Friend to this

this Author, after having acquainted the World that his Father ſold Herrings, adds theſe Words; *La grande fadaiſe de Montagne, qui a eſcrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc ——— que diable a-t-on à faire de ſçavoir ce qu'il aime? For my Part*, ſays *Montagne, I am a great Lover of your White Wines ——— What the Devil ſignifies it to the Publick*, ſays *Scaliger, whether he is a Lover of White Wines or of Red Wines?*

I cannot here forbear mentioning a Tribe of Egotiſts for whom I have always had a mortal Averſion, I mean the Authors of Memoirs, who are never mentioned in any Works but their own, and who raiſe all their Productions out of this ſingle Figure of Speech.

MOST of our modern Prefaces ſavour very ſtrongly of the Egotiſm. Every inſignificant Author fancies it of Importance to the World, to know that he writ his Book in the Country, that he did it to paſs away ſome of his idle Hours, that it was publiſhed at the Importunity of Friends, or that his natural Temper, Studies or Converſations, directed him to the Choice of his Subject.

——— *Id populus curat ſcilicet.*

Such Informations cannot but be highly improving to the Reader.

IN Works of Humour, eſpecially when a Man writes under a fictitious Perſonage, the talking of one's ſelf may give ſome Diverſion to the Publick; but I would adviſe every other Writer never to ſpeak of himſelf, unleſs there be ſomething very conſiderable in his Character: Tho' I am ſenſible this Rule will be of little Uſe in the World, becauſe there is no Man who fancies his Thoughts worth publiſhing, that does not look upon himſelf as a conſiderable Perſon.

I ſhall cloſe this Paper with a Remark upon ſuch as are Egotiſts in Converſation: Theſe are generally the vain or ſhallow Part of Mankind, People being naturally full of themſelves when they have nothing elſe

elſe in them. There is one kind of Egotiſts which is very common in the World, tho' I do not remember that any Writer has taken Notice of them; I mean thoſe empty conceited Fellows, who repeat as Sayings of their own, or ſome of their particular Friends, ſeveral Jeſts which were made before they were born, and which every one who has converſed in the World has heard a hundred times over. A forward young Fellow of my Acquaintance was very guilty of this Abſurdity: He would always be laying a new Scene for ſome old Piece of Wit, and telling us, That as he and *Jack* ſuch-a-one were together, one or t'other of them had ſuch a Conceit on ſuch an Occaſion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the Company did not join with him. When his Mirth was over, I have often reprehended him out of *Terence*, *Tutumne, obſecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi.* But finding him ſtill incorrigable, and having a Kindneſs for the young Coxcomb, who was otherwiſe a good-natured Fellow, I recommended to his Peruſal the *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Jeſts, with ſeveral little Pieces of Pleaſantry of the ſame Nature. Upon the reading of them, he was under no ſmall Confuſion to find that all his Jokes had paſſed through ſeveral Editions, and that what he thought was a new Conceit, and had appropriated to his own Uſe, had appeared in Print before he or his ingenious Friends were ever heard of. This had ſo good an Effect upon him, that he is content at preſent to paſs for a Man of plain Senſe in his ordinary Converſation, and is never facetious but when he knows his Company.

Monday,

Nº 563. *Monday, July 5.*

——— *Magni nominis Umbra.* Lucan.

I Shall entertain my Reader with two very curious Letters. The firſt of them comes from a chimerical Perſon, who I believe never writ to any Body before.

SIR,

'I Am deſcended from the ancient Family of the *Blanks*, a Name well known among all Men of 'Buſineſs. It is always read in thoſe little white Spaces 'of Writing which want to be filled up, and which for 'that Reaſon are called *blank* Spaces, as of Right appertaining to our Family: For I conſider my ſelf as the Lord 'of a Manor, who lays his Claim to all Waſtes or Spots of 'Ground that are unappropriated. I am a near Kinſman 'to *John a Styles* and *John a Nokes*; and they, I am told, 'came in with the Conqueror. I am mentioned oftener 'in both Houſes of Parliament than any other Perſon 'in *Great Britain*. My Name is written, or more 'properly ſpeaking, not written, thus,

'I am one that can turn my Hand to every thing, 'and appear under any Shape whatſoever. I can make 'my ſelf Man, Woman, or Child. I am ſometimes 'metamorphoſed into a Year of our Lord, a Day of 'the Month, or an Hour of the Day. I very often re'preſent a Sum of Mony, and am generally the firſt 'Subſidy that is granted to the Crown. I have now 'and then ſupplied the Place of ſeveral Thouſands of 'Land Soldiers, and have as frequently been employed 'in the Sea Service.

'Now, Sir, my Complaint is this, That I am on'ly made uſe of to ſerve a Turn, being always diſ-

'carded

'earded as ſoon as a proper Perſon is found out to fill 'up my Place.

'IF you have ever been in the Play-houſe before 'the Curtain riſes, you ſee moſt of the front Boxes 'filled with Men of my Family, who forthwith turn 'out, and reſign their Stations upon the Appearance of 'thoſe for whom they are retained.

'BUT the moſt illuſtrious Branch of the *Blanks* 'are thoſe who are planted in high Poſts, 'till ſuch 'time as Perſons of greater Conſequence can be found 'out to ſupply them. One of theſe *Blanks* is equally 'qualified for all Offices; he can ſerve in time of Need 'for a Soldier, a Politician, a Lawyer, or what you 'pleaſe. I have known in my Time many a Brother '*Blank* that has been born under a lucky Planet, heap 'up great Riches, and ſwell into a Man of Figure and 'Importance, before the Grandees of his Party could 'agree among themſelves which of them ſhould ſtep 'into his Place. Nay, I have known a *Blank* continue 'ſo long in one of theſe vacant Poſts, (for ſuch it is 'to be reckoned all the Time a *Blank* is in it) that he 'has grown too formidable and dangerous to be remo-'ved.

'BUT to return to my ſelf. Since I am ſo very 'commodious a Perſon, and ſo very neceſſary in all 'well-regulated Governments, I deſire you will take 'my Caſe into Conſideration, that I may be no longer 'made a Tool of, and only employed to ſtop a Gap. 'Such Uſage, without a Pun, makes me look very 'blank. For all which Reaſons I humbly recommend, 'my ſelf to your Protection, and am

Your moſt obedient Servant,

Blank.

P. S. 'I herewith ſend you a Paper, drawn up by a 'Country-Attorney employed by two Gentlemen, 'whoſe Names he was not acquainted with, and who 'did not think fit to let him into the Secret which they 'were tranſacting. I heard him call it a Blank Inſtru-'ment, and read it after the following Manner. You

may

'may ſee by this ſingle Inſtance of what Uſe I am to 'the buſy World.

'I T. Blank, *Eſq; of* Blank *Town, in the County of* 'Blank, *do own my ſelf indebted in the Sum of* Blank *to* 'Goodman Blank, *for the Service he did me in procuring* 'for me the Goods following, Blank: *And I do hereby pro-* 'miſe the ſaid Blank *to pay unto him the ſaid Sum of* Blank, 'on the Blank *Day of the Month of* Blank *next enſuing,* 'under the Penalty and Forfeiture *of* Blank.

I ſhall take Time to conſider the Caſe of this my imaginary Correſpondent, and in the mean while ſhall preſent my Reader with a Letter which ſeems to come from a Perſon that is made of Fleſh and Blood.

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am married to a very honeſt Gentleman that is 'exceedingly good-natured, and at the ſame 'time very cholerick. There is no ſtanding before 'him when he is in a Paſſion; but as ſoon as it is o-'ver he is the beſt-humour'd Creature in the World. 'When he is angry, he breaks all my China Ware 'that chances to lie in his Way, and the next Morn-'ing ſends me in twice as much as he broke the Day 'before. I may poſitively ſay, that he has broke me 'a Child's Fortune ſince we were firſt marry'd toge-'ther.

'AS ſoon as he begins to fret, down goes every 'thing that is within Reach of his Cane. I once 'prevailed upon him never to carry a Stick in his 'Hand, but this ſaved me nothing; for upon ſeeing 'me do ſomething that did not pleaſe him, he kicked 'down a great Jarr, that coſt him above Ten Pound 'but the Week before. I then laid the Fragments 'together in a Heap, and gave him his Cane again, 'deſiring him that if he chanced to be in Anger, he 'would ſpend his Paſſion upon the China that was 'broke to his Hand: But the very next Day upon 'my giving a wrong Meſſage to one of the Servants, 'he

'he flew into such a Rage, that he swept down a 'Dozen Tea-Dishes, which, to my Misfortune, stood 'very convenient for a Side Blow.

'I then removed all my China into a Room which he 'never frequents; but I got nothing by this neither, for 'my looking-Glasses immediately went to Rack.

'IN short, Sir, whenever he is in a Passion he is an-'gry at every thing that is brittle; and if on such Oc-'casion he had nothing to vent his Rage upon, I do 'not know whether my Bones would be in Safety. 'Let me beg of you, Sir, to let me know whether 'there be any Cure for this unaccountable Distemper; 'or if not, that you will be pleased to publish this Let-'ter: For my Husband having a great Veneration for 'your Writings, will by that Means know you do not 'approve of his Conduct.

I am,

Your most humble Servant, &c.

Nº 564. *Wednesday, July 7.*

——————— *Adsit*
Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas:
Ne Scutica dignum horribile sectere flagello. Hor.

IT is the Work of a Philosopher to be every Day subduing his Passions, and laying aside his Prejudices. I endeavour at least to look upon Men and their Actions only as an impartial Spectator, without any Regard to them as they happen to advance or cross my own private Interest. But while I am thus employed my self, I cannot help observing, how those about me suffer themselves to be blinded by Prejudice and Inclination, how readily they pronounce to every Man's Character, which they can give in two Words, and make him either good for nothing, or qualified for every thing. On the contrary, those who search thoroughly

roughly into human Nature, will find it much more difficult to determine the Value of their Fellow Creatures, and that Mens Characters are not thus to be given in general Words. There is indeed no ſuch thing as a Perſon entirely good or bad; Virtue and Vice are blended and mixed together, in a greater or leſs Proportion, in every one; and if you would ſearch for ſome particular good Quality in its moſt eminent Degree of Perfection, you will often find it in a Mind, where it is darkned and eclipſed by an hundred other irregular Paſſions.

MEN have either no Character at all, ſays a celebrated Author; or it is that of being inconſiſtent with themſelves. They find it eaſier to join Extremities, than to be uniform and of a Piece. This is finely illuſtrated in *Xenophon*'s Life of *Cyrus* the Great. That Author tells us, That *Cyrus* having taken a moſt beautiful Lady named *Panthea*, the Wife of *Abradatus*, committed her to the Cuſtody of *Araſpas*, a young *Perſian* Nobleman, who had a little before maintain'd in Diſcourſe, That a Mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful Paſſion. The young Gentleman had not long been in Poſſeſſion of his fair Captive, when a Complaint was made to *Cyrus*, that he not only ſollicited the Lady *Panthea* to receive him in the Room of her abſent Husband, but that finding his Entreaties had no Effect, he was preparing to make uſe of Force. *Cyrus*, who loved the young Man, immediately ſent for him, and in a gentle Manner repreſenting to him his Fault, and putting him in mind of his former Aſſertion, the unhappy Youth, confounded with a quick Senſe of his Guilt and Shame, burſt out into a Flood of Tears, and ſpoke as follows.

O H Cyrus, *I am convinced that I have two Souls. Love has taught me this Piece of Philoſophy. If I had but one Soul, it could not at the ſame time pant after Virtue and Vice, wiſh and abhor the ſame thing. It is certain therefore we have two Souls: When the good Soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous Actions; but when the bad Soul predominates, I am forced to do Evil. All I can ſay*

at

at preſent is, that I find my good Soul, encouraged by your Preſence, has got the Better of my bad.

I know not whether my Readers will allow of this Piece of Philoſophy; but if they will not, they muſt confeſs we meet with as different Paſſions in one and the ſame Soul, as can be ſuppoſed in two. We can hardly read the Life of a great Man who lived in former Ages, or converſe with any who is eminent among our Contemporaries, that is not an Inſtance of what I am ſaying.

BUT as I have hiterhto only argued againſt the Partiality and Injuſtice of giving our Judgment upon Men in groſs, who are ſuch a Compoſition of Virtues and Vices, of Good and Evil; I might carry this Reflection ſtill farther, and make it extend to moſt of their Actions. If on the one Hand, we fairly weighed every Circumſtance, we ſhould frequently find them obliged to do that Action we at firſt Sight condemn, in order to avoid another we ſhould have been much more diſpleaſed with. If on the other Hand we nicely examined ſuch Actions as appear more dazling to the Eye, we ſhould find moſt of them either deficient and lame in ſeveral Parts, produced by a bad Ambition, or directed to an ill End. The very ſame Action may ſometimes be ſo oddly circumſtanced, that it is difficult to determine whether it ought to be rewarded or puniſh'd. Thoſe who compiled the Laws of *England* were ſo ſenſible of this, that they have laid it down as one of their firſt Maxims, *It is better ſuffering a Miſchief than an Inconvenience*, which is as much as to ſay in other Words, That ſince no Law can take in or provide for all Caſes, it is better private Men ſhould have ſome Injuſtice done them than that a publick Grievance ſhould not be redreſſed. This is uſually pleaded in Defence of all thoſe Hardſhips which fall on particular Perſons in particular Occaſions, which could not be foreſeen when a Law was made. To remedy this however as much as poſſible, the Court of Chancery was erected, which frequently mitigates and breaks the Teeth of the Common Law.

Law, in Caſe of Men's Properties, while in Criminal Caſes there is a Power of pardoning ſtill lodged in the Crown.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, it is perhaps impoſſible in a large Government to diſtribute Rewards and Puniſhments ſtrictly proportioned to the Merits of every Action. The *Spartan* Common-wealth was indeed wonderfully exact in this Particular; and I do not remember in all my Reading to have met with ſo nice an Example of Juſtice as that recorded by *Plutarch*, with which I ſhall cloſe my Paper for this Day.

THE City of *Sparta* being unexpectedly attacked by a powerful Army of *Thebans*, was in very great Danger of falling into the Hands of their Enemies. The Citizens ſuddenly gathering themſelves into a Body, fought with a Reſolution equal to the Neceſſity of their Affairs, yet no one ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhed himſelf on this Occaſion, to the Amazement of both Armies, as *Iſadas* the Son of *Phœbidas*, who was at that time in the Bloom of his Youth, and very remarkable for the Comelineſs of his Perſon. He was coming out of the Bath when the Alarm was given, ſo that he had not time to put on his Cloaths, much leſs his Armour; however tranſported with a Deſire to ſerve his Country in ſo great an Exigency, ſnatching up a Spear in one Hand, and a Sword in the other, he flung himſelf into the thickeſt Ranks of his Enemies. Nothing could withſtand his Fury: in what Part ſoever he fought he put the Enemies to Flight without receiving a ſingle Wound. Whether, ſays *Plutarch*, he was the particular Care of ſome God, who rewarded his Valour that Day with an extraordinary Protection, or, that his Enemies, ſtruck with the Unuſualneſs of his Dreſs and Beauty of his Shape, ſuppoſed him ſomething more than Man, I ſhall not determine.

THE Gallantry of this Action was judged ſo great by the *Spartans*, that the *Ephori*, or chief Magiſtrates, decreed he ſhould be preſented with a Garland; but as

ſoon as they had done ſo, fined him a thouſand Drachmas, for going out to the Battle unarmed.

Nº 565. *Friday, July* 9.

——*Deum namque ire per omnes*
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum.
Virg.

I Was Yeſterday about Sun-ſet walking in the open Fields 'till the Night inſenſibly fell upon me. I at firſt amuſed my ſelf with all the Richneſs and Variety of Colours, which appeared in the Weſtern Parts of Heaven: In Proportion as they faded away and went out, ſeveral Stars and Planets appeared one after another, 'till the whole Firmament was in a Glow. The Blueneſs of the *Æther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the Seaſon of the Year, and by the Rays of all thoſe Luminaries that paſſed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its moſt beautiful White. To compleat the Scene, the full Moon roſe at length in that clouded Majeſty, which *Milton* takes Notice of, and opened to the Eye a new Picture of Nature, which was more finely ſhaded, and diſpoſed among ſofter Lights, than that which the Sun had before diſcovered to us.

AS I was ſurveying the Moon walking in her Brightneſs and taking her Progreſs among the Conſtellations, a Thought roſe in me which I believe very often perplexes and diſturbs Men of ſerious and contemplative Natures. *David* himſelf fell into it in that Reflection, *When I conſider the Heavens the Work of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which thou haſt ordained; what is Man that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man that thou regardeſt him!* In the ſame Manner when I conſidered that infinite Hoſt of Stars, or, to ſpeak more Philoſophically, of Suns, which were then ſhin-

ſhining upon me, with thoſe innumerable Sets of Planets or Worlds, which were moving round their reſpective Suns; when I ſtill enlarged the Idea, and ſuppoſed another Heaven of Suns and Worlds riſing ſtill above this which we diſcovered, and theſe ſtill enlightned by a ſuperior Firmament of Luminaries, which are planted at ſo great a Diſtance, that they may appear to the Inhabitants of the former as the Stars do to us; In ſhort, whilſt I purſued this Thought, I could not but reflect on that little inſignificant Figure which I my ſelf bore amidſt the Immenſity of God's Works.

WERE the Sun, which enlightens this Part of the Creation, with all the Hoſt of Planetary Worlds that move about him, utterly extinguiſhed and annihilated, they would not be miſſed more than a Grain of Sand upon the Sea-ſhore. The Space they poſſeſs is ſo exceedingly little, in Compariſon of the whole, that it would ſcarce make a *Blank* in the Creation. The Chaſm would be imperceptible to an Eye, that could take in the whole Compaſs of Nature, and paſs from one End of the Creation to the other; as it is poſſible there may be ſuch a Senſe in our ſelves hereafter, or in Creatures which are at preſent more exalted than our ſelves. We ſee many Stars by the Help of Glaſſes, which we do not diſcover with our naked Eyes; and the finer our Teleſcopes are, the more ſtill are our Diſcoveries. *Huygenius* carries this Thought ſo far, that he does not think it impoſſible there may be Stars whoſe Light is not yet travelled down to us, ſince their firſt Creation. There is no Queſtion but the Univerſe has certain Bounds ſet to it; but when we conſider that it is the Work of infinite Power, prompted by infinite Goodneſs, with an infinite Space to exert it ſelf in, how can our Imagination ſet any Bounds to it?

To return therefore to my firſt Thought, I could not but look upon my ſelf with ſecret Horrour as a Being, that was not worth the ſmalleſt Regard of one who had ſo great a Work under his Care and Superinten-

dency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidſt the Immenſity of Nature, and loſt among that infinite Variety of Creatures; which in all Probability ſwarm through all the immeaſurable Regions of Matter.

IN Order to recover my ſelf from this mortifying Thought, I conſidered that it took its Riſe from thoſe narrow Conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We our ſelves cannot attend to many different Objects at the ſame Time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome Things, we muſt of Courſe neglect others. This Imperfection which we obſerve in our ſelves, is an Imperfection that cleaves in ſome Degree to Creatures of the higheſt Capacities, as they are Creatures, that is, Beings of finite and limited Natures. The Preſence of every created Being is confined to a certain Meaſure of Space, and conſequently his Obſervation is ſtinted to a certain Number of Objects. The Sphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, is of a wider Circumference to one Creature than another, according as we riſe one above another in the Scale of Exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our Spheres has its Circumference. When therefore we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomed to this Imperfection in our ſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome meaſure aſcribing it to him in whom there is no Shadow of Imperfection. Our Reaſon indeed aſſures us that his Attributes are infinite, but the Poorneſs of our Conceptions is ſuch that it cannot forbear ſetting Bounds to every Thing it contemplates, till our Reaſon comes again to our Succour, and throws down all theſe little Prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the Mind of Man.

WE ſhall therefore utterly extinguiſh this melancholy Thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the Multiplicity of his Works, and the Infinity of thoſe Objects among which he ſeems to be inceſſantly employed, if we conſider, in the firſt Place, that he is Omnipreſent; and, in the ſecond, that he is Omniſcient.

IF

IF we conſider him in his Omnipreſence: His Being paſſes through, actuates, and ſupports the whole Frame of Nature. His Creation, and every Part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either ſo diſtant, ſo little or ſo inconſiderable, which he does not eſſentially inhabit. His Subſtance is within the Subſtance of every Being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it, as that Being is to it ſelf. It would be an Imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one Place into another, or to withdraw himſelf from any Thing he has created, or from any Part of that Space which is diffuſed and ſpread abroad to Infinity. In ſhort, to ſpeak of him in the Language of the old Philoſophy, he is a Being whoſe Centre is every where, and his Circumference no where.

IN the ſecond Place, he is Omniſcient as well as Omnipreſent. His Omniſcience indeed neceſſarily and naturally flows from his Omnipreſence; he cannot but be conſcious of every Motion that ariſes in the whole material World, which he thus eſſentially pervades, and of every Thought that is ſtirring in the intellectual World, to every Part of which he is thus intimately united. Several Moraliſts have conſidered the Creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own Hands, and which is filled with his Preſence. Others have conſidered infinite Space as the Receptacle, or rather the Habitation of the Almighty: But the nobleſt and moſt exalted Way of conſidering this infinite Space is that of Sir *Iſaac Newton*, who calls it the *Senſorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and Men have their *Senſoriola*, or little *Senſoriums*, by which they apprehend the Preſence and perceive the Actions of a few Objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their Knowledge and Obſervation turns within a very narrow Circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every Thing in which he reſides, infinite Space gives Room to infinite Knowledge, and is, as it were, an Organ to Omniſcience.

WERE the Soul ſeparate from the Body, and with one Glance of Thought ſhould ſtart beyond the Bounds of the Creation, ſhould it for Millions of Years continue its Progreſs through infinite Space with the ſame Activity, it would ſtill find it ſelf within the Embrace of its Creator, and encompaſſed round with the Immenſity of the Godhead. Whilſt we are in the Body he is not leſs preſent with us, becauſe he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him!* ſays *Job. Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himſelf on the right hand that I cannot ſee him.* In ſhort, Reaſon as well as Revelation aſſures us, that he cannot be abſent from us, notwithſtanding he is undiſcovered by us.

IN this Conſideration of God Almighty's Omnipreſence and Omniſcience every uncomfortable Thought vaniſhes. He cannot but regard every Thing that has Being, eſpecially ſuch of his Creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their Thoughts, and to that Anxiety of Heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this Occaſion: For, as it is impoſſible he ſhould overlook any of his Creatures, ſo we may be confident that he regards, with an Eye of Mercy, thoſe who endeavour to recommend themſelves to his Notice, and in an unfeigned Humility of Heart think themſelves unworthy that he ſhould be mindful of them.

Monday,

N° 566. *Monday, July* 12.

Militia Species Amor eſt.—— Ovid.

AS my Correſpondents begin to grow pretty numerous, I think my ſelf obliged to take ſome Notice of them, and ſhall therefore make this Paper a Miſcellany of Letters. I have, ſince my reaſſuming the Office of SPECTATOR, received abundance of Epiſtles from Gentlemen of the Blade, who, I find, have been ſo uſed to Action that they know not how to lie ſtill. They ſeem generally to be of Opinion, that the Fair at home ought to reward them for their Services abroad, and that, 'till the Cauſe of their Country calls them again into the Field, they have a Sort of Right to quarter themſelves upon the Ladies. In Order to favour their Approaches, I am deſired by ſome to enlarge upon the Accompliſhments of their Profeſſion, and by others to give them my Advice in the carrying on of their Attacks. But let us hear what the Gentlemen ſay for themſelves.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THO' it may look ſomewhat perverſe amidſt the 'Arts of Peace, to talk too much of War, it 'is but Gratitude to pay the laſt Office to its *Manes*, 'ſince even Peace it ſelf is, in ſome Meaſure, obliged 'to it for its Being.

'YOU have, in your former Papers, always re'commended the Accompliſhed to the Favour of the 'Fair; and, I hope, you will allow me to repreſent 'ſome Part of a Military Life not altogether unne'ceſſary to the forming a Gentleman. I need not 'tell you, that in *France*, whoſe Faſhions we have been 'formerly ſo fond of, almoſt every one derives his 'Pretences to Merit from the Sword; and that a Man

'has ſcarce the Face to make his Court to a Lady, without ſome Credentials from the Service to recommend him. As the Profeſſion is very ancient, we have Reaſon to think ſome of the greateſt Men, among the old *Romans*, derived many of their Virtues from it, their Commanders being frequently, in other Reſpects, ſome of the moſt ſhining Characters of the Age.

'THE Army not only gives a Man Opportunities of exerciſing thoſe two great Virtues *Patience* and *Courage*, but often produces them in Minds where they had ſcarce any Footing before. I muſt add, that it is one of the beſt Schools in the World to receive a general Notion of Mankind in, and a certain Freedom of Behaviour, which is not ſo eaſily acquired in any other Place. At the ſame Time I muſt own, that ſome Military Airs are pretty extraordinary, and that a Man who goes into the Army a Coxcomb will come out of it a Sort of publick Nuiſance: But a Man of Senſe, or one who before had not been ſufficiently uſed to a mixed Converſation, generally takes the true Turn. The Court has in all Ages been allowed to be the Standard of Good-breeding; and I believe there is not a juſter Obſervation in Monſieur *Rochefoucault*, than that *A Man who has been bred up wholly to Buſineſs, can never get the Air of a Courtier at Court, but will immediately catch it in the Camp.* The Reaſon of this moſt certainly is, that the very Eſſence of Good-Breeding and Politeneſs conſiſts in ſeveral Niceties, which are ſo minute that they eſcape his Obſervation, and he falls ſhort of the Original he would copy after; but when he ſees the ſame Things charged and aggravated to a Fault, he no ſooner endeavours to come up to the Pattern which is ſet before him, than, though he ſtops ſomewhat ſhort of that, he naturally reſts where in Reality he ought. I was two or three Days ago, mightily pleaſed with the Obſervation of an humerous Gentleman upon one of his Friends, who was in other Reſpects every way

'an

'an accompliſhed Perſon, That *he wanted nothing but 'a Daſh of the Coxcomb in him*; by which he under-'ſtood a little of that Alertneſs and Unconcern in the 'common Actions of Life, which is uſually ſo viſible 'among Gentlemen of the Army, and which a Cam-'paign or two would infallibly have given him.

'YOU will eaſily gueſs, Sir, by this my Panegy-'rick upon a Military Education, that I am my ſelf a 'Soldier, and indeed I am ſo. I remember, within 'three Years after I had been in the Army, I was or-'dered into the Country a Recruiting. I had very 'particular Succeſs in this Part of the Service, and was 'over and above aſſured, at my going away, that I 'might have taken a young Lady, who was the moſt 'conſiderable Fortune in the County, along with me. 'I preferred the Purſuit of Fame at that time to all 'other Conſiderations, and tho' I was not abſolutely bent 'on a wooden Leg, reſolved at leaſt to get a Scar or 'two for the good of *Europe*. I have at preſent as 'much as I deſire of this ſort of Honour, and if you 'could recommend me effectually, ſhould be well 'enough contented to paſs the Remainder of my Days 'in the Arms of ſome dear kind Creature, and upon 'a pretty Eſtate in the Country. This, as I take it, 'would be following the Example of *Lucius Cincinnatus*, 'the old *Roman* Dictator, who at the End of a War left 'the Camp to follow the Plow. I am, Sir, with all 'imaginable Reſpect,

Your moſt obedient,

Humble Servant,

Will. Warly

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am an Half-pay Officer, and am at preſent with 'a Friend in the Country. Here is a rich Wi-'dow in the Neighbourhood, who has made Fools of 'all the Fox-hunters within fifty Miles of her. She 'declares ſhe intends to marry, but has not yet been 'asked by the Man ſhe could like. She uſually ad-'mits her humble Admirers to an Audience or two,

'but, after she has once given them Denial, will never 'see them more. I am assured by a Female Relation, 'that I shall have fair Play at her; but as my whole 'Success depends on my first Approaches, I desire your 'Advice, whether I had best *Storm*, or proceed by way 'of *Sap*.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

P. S. I had forgot to tell you, that I have already carried one of her Outworks, that is, secured her Maid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have assisted in several Sieges in the *Low Coun-* 'tries, and being still willing to employ my 'Talents, as a Soldier and Engineer, lay down this 'Morning at Seven a Clock before the Door of an 'obstinate Female, who had for some time refused me 'Admittance. I made a Lodgment in an outer Parlour 'about Twelve: The Enemy retired to her Bed-Cham-ber, yet I still pursued, and about Two a-Clock this 'Afternoon she thought fit to Capitulate. Her Demands 'are indeed somewhat high, in relation to the Settlement 'of her Fortune. But being in Possession of the House, 'I intend to insist upon *Carte Blanche*, and am in 'hopes, by keeping off all other Pretenders for the 'Space of twenty four Hours, to starve her into a 'Compliance. I beg your speedy Advice, and am,

SIR, Yours,

Peter Push.

From my Camp in *Red-Lion* Square, *Saturday* 4 in the Afternoon.

Wednesday,

N° 567. *Wedneſday, July* 14.

——— *Inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes.* Virg.

I Have received private Advice from ſome of my Correſpondents, that if I would give my Paper a general Run, I ſhould take care to ſeaſon it with Scandal. I have indeed obſerved of late, that few Writings ſell which are not filled with great Names and illuſtrious Titles. The Reader generally caſts his Eye upon a new Book, and if he finds ſeveral Letters ſeparated from one another by a Daſh, he buys it up, and peruſes it with great Satisfaction. An *M* and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*, with a ſhort Line between them, has ſold many an inſipid Pamphlet. Nay I have known a whole Edition go off by vertue of two or three well-written *&c*——'s.

A ſprinkling of the Words *Faction*, *Frenchman*, *Papiſt*, *Plunderer*, and the like ſignificant Terms, in an Italick Character, have alſo a very good Effect upon the Eye of the Purchaſer; not to mention *Scribler*, *Liar*, *Rogue*, *Raſcal*, *Knave*, and *Villain*, without which it is impoſſible to carry on a Modern Controverſie.

OUR Party-writers are ſo ſenſible of the ſecret Virtue of an Inuendo to recommend their Productions, that of late they never mention the Q——n or P——t at length, though they ſpeak of them with Honour, and with that Deference which is due to them from every private Perſon. It gives a ſecret Satisfaction to a Peruſer of theſe myſterious Works, that he is able to decipher them without Help, and, by the Strength of his own natural Parts, to fill up a Blank Space, or make out a Word that has only the firſt or laſt Letter to it.

SOME

SOME of our Authors indeed, when they would be more Satyrical than ordinary, omit only the Vowels of a great Man's Name, and fall moſt unmercifully upon all the Conſonants. This way of Writting was firſt of all introduced by *T-m Br-wn*, of facetious Memory, who, after having gutted a Proper Name of all its intermediate Vowels, uſed to plant it in his Works, and make as free with it as he pleaſed, without any Danger of the Statute.

THAT I may imitate theſe celebrated Authors, and publiſh a Paper which ſhall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious Libel, in which a Reader of Penetration will find a great deal of concealed Satyr, and if he be acquainted with the preſent Poſture of Affairs, will eaſily diſcover the Meaning of it.

'IF there are *four* Perſons in the Nation who endeavour to bring all things into Confuſion, and ruin their native Country, I think every honeſt *Engl-ſhm-n* ought to be upon his Guard. That there are ſuch, every one will agree with me, who hears me name *** with his firſt Friend and Favourite ***, not to mention *** nor ***. Theſe People may cry Ch-rch, Ch-rch, as long as they pleaſe, but, to make uſe of a homely Proverb, The Proof of the P-dd-ng is in the eating. This I am ſure of, that if a *certain Prince* ſhould concur with a *certain Prelate*, (and we have Monſieur *Z——n*'s Word for it) our Poſterity would be in a ſweet P—ckle. Muſt the *Britiſh* Nation ſuffer forſooth, becauſe my Lady *Q-p-t-s* has been diſobliged? Or is it reaſonable that our *Engliſh* Fleet, which uſed to be the Terror of the Ocean, ſhould lie Wind-bound for the ſake of a———. I love to ſpeak out and declare my Mind clearly, when I am talking for the Good of my Country. I will not make my Court to an ill Man, tho' he were a *B——y* or a *T——t*. Nay, I would not ſtick to call ſo wretched a Politician, a Traitor, an Enemy to his Country, and a Bl-nd-rb-ſs, *&c.*

THE

THE remaining Part of this political Treatiſe, which is written after the manner of the moſt celebrated Authors in *Great Britain*, I may communicate to the Publick at a more convenient Seaſon. In the mean while I ſhall leave this with my curious Reader, as ſome ingenious Writers do their Enigmas, and if any ſagacious Perſon can fairly unriddle it, I will print his Explanation, and, if he pleaſes, acquaint the World with his Name.

I hope this ſhort Eſſay will convince my Readers, it is not for want of Abilities that I avoid State-tracts, and that i If would apply my Mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a Maſter of the Political Scratch as any the moſt eminent Writer of the Age. I ſhall only add, that in order to outſhine all the Modern Race of *Syncopiſts*, and thoroughly content my *Engliſh* Readers, I intend ſhortly to publiſh a SPECTATOR, that ſhall not have a ſingle Vowel in it.

Nº 568. *Friday, July* 16.

——— *Dum recitas, incipit eſſe Tuus.* Mart.

I Was Yeſterday in a Coffee-Houſe not far from the *Royal Exchange*, where I obſerved three Perſons in cloſe Conference over a Pipe of Tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own Uſe, I lighted it at the little Wax Candle that ſtood before them; and after having thrown in two or three Whiffs amongſt them, ſat down and made one of the Company. I need not tell my Reader, that lighting a Man's Pipe at the ſame Candle, is looked upon among Brother-ſmoakers as an Overture to Converſation and Friendſhip. As we here lay our Heads together in a very amicable Manner, being intrenched under a Cloud of our own raiſing, I took up the laſt SPECTATOR, and caſting my Eye over it, *The* SPECTATOR, ſays I,

is very witty to Day; upon which a lufty lethargick old Gentleman, who ſate at the Upper-end of the Table, having gradually blown out of his Mouth a great deal of Smoak, which he had been collecting for ſome time before, *Ay*, ſays he, *more witty than wiſe I am afraid.* His Neighbour, who ſat at his right Hand, immediately coloured, and being an angry Politician, laid down his Pipe with ſo much Wrath that he broke it in the Middle, and by that means furniſhed me with a Tobacco-ſtopper. I took it up very ſedately, and looking him full in the Face, made uſe of it from time to time all the while he was ſpeaking: *This Fellow*, ſays he, *can't for his Life keep out of Politicks. Do you ſee how he abuſes* four *great Men here?* I fix'd my Eye very attentively on the Paper, and asked him if he meant thoſe who were repreſented by Aſterisks. *Aſterisks*, ſays he, *do you call them? they are all of them Stars. He might as well have put Garters to 'em. Then pray do but mind the two or three next Lines? Ch-rch and P-dd-ing in the ſame Sentence! Our Clergy are very much beholden to him.* Upon this the third Gentleman, who was of a mild Diſpoſition, and, as I found, a Whig in his Heart, deſired him not to be too ſevere upon the SPECTATOR neither; *For*, ſays he, *you find he is very cautious of giving Offence, and has therefore put two Daſhes into his Pudding. A Fig for his Daſh*, ſays the angry Politician. *In his next Sentence he gives a plain Intuendo, that our Poſterity will be in a ſweet P--ckle. What does the Fool mean by his Pickle? Why does not he write at length, if he means honeſty? I have read over the whole Sentence*, ſays I; *but I look upon the Parentheſis in the Belly of it to be the moſt dangerous Part, and as full of Inſinuations as it can hold. But who*, ſays I, *is my Lady* Q--p--t--s? *Ay, Anſwer that if you can, Sir*, ſays the furious Stateſman to the poor Whig that ſate over-againſt him. But without given him Time to reply, *I do aſſure you*, ſays he, *were I my Lady* Q--p--t--s, *I would ſue him for* Scandalum Magnatum. *What is the World come to? Muſt every Body be allowed to* ——? He had by this time filled a new Pipe and

and applying it to his Lips, when we expected the laſt Word of his Sentence, put us off with a Whiff of Tobacco; which he redoubled with ſo much Rage and Trepidation, that he almoſt ſtifled the whole Company. After a ſhort Pauſe, I owned that I thought the SPECTATOR had gone too far in writing ſo many Letters of my Lady Q--p--t--s's Name; *but however*, ſays I, *he has made a little Amends for it in his next Sentence, where he leaves a blank Space without ſo much as a Conſonant to direct us? I mean*, ſays I, *after thoſe Words*, The Fleet, that uſed to be the Terrour of the Ocean, ſhould be Wind-bound for the ſake of a ———; *after which enſues a Chaſm, that in my Opinion, looks modeſt enough. Sir*, ſays my Antagoniſt, *you may eaſily know his Meaning by his Gaping; I ſuppoſe he deſigns his Chaſm, as you call it, for an Hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly ſerve his Turn. Who can endure to ſee the great Officers of State, the* B--y's *and* T--t's *treated after ſo ſcurrilous a Manner? I can't for my Life*, ſays I, *imagine who they are the* SPECTATOR *means? No!* ſays he, ——*Your humble Servant, Sir!* Upon which he flung himſelf back in his Chair after a contemptuous Manner, and ſmiled upon the old lethargick Gentleman on his left Hand, who I found was his great Admirer. The Whig however had begun to conceive a Good-will towards me, and ſeeing my Pipe out, very generouſly offered me the Uſe of his Box; but I declined it with great Civility, being obliged to meet a Friend about that Time in another Quarter of the City.

AT my leaving the Coffee-houſe, I could not forbear reflecting with my ſelf upon that groſs Tribe of Fools who may be termed the *Over-wiſe*, and upon the Difficulty of writing any thing in this cenſorious Age, which a weak Head may not conſtrue into private Satyr and perſonal Reflection.

A Man who has a good Noſe at an Inuendo, ſmells Treaſon and Sedition in the moſt innocent Words that can be put together, and never ſees a Vice or Folly ſtigmatized, but finds out one or other of his Acquaintance

tance pointed at by the Writer. I remember an empty pragmatical Fellow in the Country, who upon reading over *the whole Duty of Man*, had written the Names of ſeveral Perſons in the Village at the Side of every Sin which is mentioned by that excellent Author; ſo that he had converted one of the beſt Books in the World into a Libel againſt the 'Squire, Church-wardens, Overſeers of the Poor, and all other the moſt conſiderable Perſons in the Pariſh. This Book with theſe extraordinary marginal Notes fell accidentally into the Hands of one who had never ſeen it before; upon which there aroſe a current Report that ſome body had written a Book againſt the 'Squire and the whole Pariſh. The Miniſter of the Place having at that Time a Controverſy with ſome of his Congregation upon the Account of his Tythes, was under ſome Suſpicion of being the Author, 'till the good Man ſet his People right, by ſhewing them that the ſatyrical Paſſages might be applied to ſeveral others of two or three neighbouring Villages, and that the Book was writ againſt all the Sinners in *England*.

N° 569. *Monday, July* 19.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis
Et torquere mero, quem perſpexiſſe laborent,
An ſit amicitia dignus ——— Hor.

NO Vices are ſo incurable as thoſe which Men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how Drunkenneſs ſhould have the good Luck to be of this Number. *Anacharſis*, being invited to a Match of Drinking at *Corinth*, demanded the Prize very humourouſly, becauſe he was drunk before any of the reſt of the Company: for, ſays he, when we run a Race, he who arrives at the Goal firſt is entitled to the Reward: On the contrary, in this thirſty Generation, the

the Honour falls upon him who carries off the greateſt Quantity of Liquor, and knocks down the reſt of the Company. I was the other Day with honeſt *Will Funnell* the *Weſt Saxon*, who was reckoning up how much Liquor had paſt through him in the laſt twenty Years of his Life, which, according to his Computation, amounted to twenty three Hogſheads of October, four Ton of Port, half a Kilderkin of ſmall Beer, nineteen Barrels of Cider, and three Glaſſes of Champaign, beſides which, he had aſſiſted at four hundred Bowls of Punch, not to mention Sips, Drams, and Whets without Number. I queſtion not but every Reader's Memory will ſuggeſt to him ſeveral ambitious young Men, who are as vain in this Particular as *Will. Funnell*, and can boaſt of as glorious Exploits.

OUR modern Philoſophers obſerve, that there is a general Decay of Moiſture in the Globe of the Earth. This they chiefly aſcribe to the Growth of Vegetables, which incorporate into their own Subſtance many fluid Bodies that never return again to their former Nature: But, with Submiſſion, they ought to throw into their Account thoſe innumerable rational Beings which fetch their Nouriſhment chiefly out of Liquids; eſpecially when we conſider that Men, compared with their Fellow-Creatures, drink much more than comes to their Share.

BUT however highly this Tribe of People may think of themſelves, a drunken Man is a greater Monſter than any that is to be found among all the Creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no Character which appears more deſpicable and deformed, in the Eyes of all reaſonable Perſons, than that of a Drunkard. *Bonoſus*, one of our own Countrymen, who was addicted to this Vice, having ſet up for a Share in the *Roman* Empire, and being defeated in a great Battle, hang'd himſelf. When he was ſeen by the Army in this melancholy Situation, notwithſtanding he had behaved himſelf very bravely, the common Jeſt was, That the Thing they ſaw hanging

hanging upon the Tree before them, was not a Man but a Bottle.

THIS Vice has very fatal Effects on the Mind, the Body, and Fortune of the Perſon who is devoted to it.

IN regard to the Mind, it firſt of all diſcovers every Flaw in it. The ſober Man, by the Strength of Reaſon, may keep under and ſubdue every Vice or Folly to which he is moſt inclined; but Wine makes every latent Seed ſprout up in the Soul, and ſhew it ſelf; it gives Fury to the Paſſion, and Force to thoſe Objects which are apt to produce them. When a young Fellow complained to an old Philoſopher that his Wife was not handſome, Put leſs Water in your Wine ſays the Philoſopher, and you'll quickly make her ſo. Wine heightens Indifference into Love, Love into Jealouſie, and Jealouſie into Madneſs. It often turns the Good-natured Man into an Ideot, and the Cholerick into an Aſſaſſin. It gives Bitterneſs to Reſentment, it makes Vanity inſupportable, and diſplays every little Spot of the Soul in its utmoſt Deformity.

NOR does this Vice only betray the hidden Faults of a Man, and ſhew them in the moſt odious Colours, but often occaſions Faults to which he is not naturally ſubject. There is more of Turn than of Truth in a Saying of *Seneca*, That Drunkenneſs does not produce but diſcover Faults. Common Experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a Man out of himſelf, and infuſes Qualities into the Mind, which ſhe is a Stranger to in her ſober Moments. The Perſon you converſe with after the third Bottle, is not the ſame Man who at firſt ſat down at Table with you. Upon this Maxim is founded one of the prettieſt Sayings I ever met with, which is aſcribed to *Publius Syrus*, *Qui ebrium ludificat ladit abſentem*; *He who jeſts upon a Man that is drunk injures the Abſent.*

THUS does Drunkenneſs act in direct Contradiction to Reaſon, whoſe Buſineſs it is to clear the Mind of every Vice which is crept into it, and to guard

guard it againſt all the Approaches of any that endeavours to make its Entrance. But beſides theſe ill Effects which this Vice produces in the Perſon who is actually under its Dominion, it has alſo a bad Influence on the Mind even in its ſober Moments; as it inſenſibly weakens the Underſtanding, impairs the Memory, and makes thoſe Faults habitual which are produced by frequent Exceſſes.

I ſhould now proceed to ſhew the ill Effects which this Vice has on the Bodies and Fortunes of Men; but theſe I ſhall reſerve for the Subject of ſome future Paper.

N° 570. *Wedneſday, July* 21.

——— *Nugaque canora.* Hor.

THERE is ſcarce a Man living who is not actuated by Ambition. When this Principle meets with an honeſt Mind and great Abilities, it does infinite Service to the World; on the contrary, when a Man only thinks of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or very ridiculous Creature. I ſhall here confine my ſelf to that petty kind of Ambition, by which ſome Men grow eminent for odd Accompliſhments and trivial Performances. How many are there whoſe whole Reputation depends upon a Pun or a Quibble? You may often ſee an Artiſt in the Streets gain a Circle of Admirers, by carrying a long Pole upon his Chin or Forehead in a perpendicular Poſture. Ambition has taught ſome to write with their Feet, and others to walk upon their Hands. Some *tumble* into Fame, others grow immortal by throwing themſelves through a Hoop.

Catera

Cætera de genere hoc adeo ſunt multa, loquacem
Delaſſare valent Fabium ———

I am led into this Train of Thought by an Adven-ture I lately met with.

I was the other Day at a Tavern, where the Maſter of the Houſe accommodating us himſelf with every thing we wanted, I accidently fell into a Diſcourſe with him; and talking of a certain great Man, who ſhall be nameleſs, he told me, That he had ſometimes the Honour *to treat him with a Whiſtle*; (adding by the way of Parentheſis) *For you muſt know, Gentlemen, that I whiſtle the beſt of any Man in* Europe. This naturally put me upon deſiring him to gave us a Sample of his Art; upon which he called for a Caſe-Knife, and applying the Edge of it to his Mouth, converted it into a muſical Inſtrument, and entertained me with an Italian Solo. Upon laying down the Knife, he took up a Pair of clean Tabacco Pipes; and after having ſlit the ſmall End of them over the Table in a moſt melodious Trill, he fetched a Tune out of them, whiſtling to them at the ſame time in Conſort. In ſhort, the Tobacco-Pipes became *Muſical Pipes* in the Hands of our Virtuoſo; who confeſſed to me ingenuouſly, he had broke ſuch Quantities of them, that he had almoſt broke himſelf, before he had brought this Piece of Muſick to any tolerable Perfection. I then told him I would bring a Company of Friends to dine with him the next Week, as an Encouragement to his Ingenuity; upon which he thanked me, ſaying, That he would provide himſelf with a new Frying-Pan againſt that Day. I replied, That it was no Matter; Roaſt and Boiled would ſerve our Turn. He ſmiled at my Simplicity, and told me, That it was his Deſign to give us a Tune upon it. As I was ſurprized at ſuch a Promiſe, he ſent for an old Frying-Pan, and grating it upon the Board, whiſtled to it in ſuch a melodious Manner, that you could ſcarce diſtinguiſh it from a Baſe-Viol. He then took his Seat with us at the Table,

and

nd hearing my Friend that was with me humm over a Tune to himſelf, he told him if he would ſing out he would accompany his Voice with a Tobacco-Pipe. As my Friend has an agreeable Baſe, he choſe rather to ing to the Frying-Pan; and indeed between them they nade up a moſt extraordinary Conſort. Finding our Landlord ſo great a Proficient in Kitchen-Muſick, I sked him if he was Maſter of the Tongs and Key. He told me that he had laid it down ſome Years ſince, s a little unfaſhionable; but that if I pleaſed he would ive me a Leſſon upon the Gridiron. He then inform-d me that he had added two Bars to the Gridiron, in rder to give it a greater Compaſs of Sound; and I erceived was as well pleaſed with the Invention, as *Sappho* could have been upon adding two Strings to the Lute. To be ſhort, I found that his whole Kitchen was furniſhed with muſical Inſtruments; and could ot but look upon this Artiſt as a kind of Burleſque Muſician.

HE afterwards of his own Accord fell into the I-mitation of ſeveral Singing Birds. My Friend and I oaſted our Miſtreſſes to the Nightingale, when all of ſudden we were ſurpriz'd with the Muſick of the Thruſh. He next proceeded to the Sky-Lark, mount-ng up by a proper Scale of Notes, and afterwards alling to the Ground with a very eaſy and regular Deſcent. He then contracted his Whiſtle to the Voice f ſeveral Birds of the ſmalleſt Size. As he is a Man of a larger Bulk and higher Stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a Giant when you look'd upon him, nd a Tom-Tit when you ſhut your Eyes. I muſt not omit acquainting my Reader, that this accompliſhed Perſon was formerly the Maſter of a Toyſhip near *Temple-Bar*; and that the famous *Charles Mathers* was red up under him. I am told that the Misfortunes which he has met with in the World, are chiefly owing to his great Application to his Muſick; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my Readers s one who deſerves their Favour, and may afford them

them great Diverſion over a Bottle of Wine, which he ſells at the Queen's Arms, near the End of the little Piazza in *Covent-Garden*.

Nº 571. *Friday, July* 23.

——— *Cœlum quid quæremus ultra?* Luc.

AS the Work, I have engaged in, will not only conſiſt of Papers of Humour and Learning, but of ſeveral Eſſays Moral and Divine, I ſhall publiſh the following one, which is founded on a former SPECTATOR, and ſent me by a particular Friend, not queſtioning but it will pleaſe ſuch of my Readers as think it no Diſparagement to their Underſtandings to give way ſometimes to a ſerious Thought.

SIR,

IN your Paper of *Friday* the 9th Inſtant, you had Occaſion to conſider the Ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the ſame time, to ſhew, that as he is preſent to every thing he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the Modes and Parts of its Exiſtence; or, in other Words, that his Ommiſcience and Omnipreſence are coexiſtent, and run together through the whole Infinitude of Space. This Conſideration might furniſh us with many Incentives to Devotion and Motives to Morality, but as this Subject has been handled by ſeveral excellent Writers, I ſhall conſider it in a Light wherein I have not ſeen it placed by others.

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Preſence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who feels no other Effects from this his

Preſence but ſuch as proceed from Divine Wrath
d Indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the Condition of that intel-
ctual Being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's Preſence
om the ſecret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-
ndneſs.

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the Condition of an in-
llectual Being, who is thus preſent with his Maker,
t at the ſame time receives no extraordinary Benefit
Advantage from this his Preſence! Every Particle of
latter is actuated by this Almighty Being which paſ-
through it. The Heavens and the Earth, the Stars
d Planets, move and gravitate by Vertue of this
eat Principle within them. All the dead Parts of
lature are invigorated by the Preſence of their Crea-
r, and made capable of exerting their reſpective Qua-
ies. The ſeveral Inſtincts, in the brute Creation, do
kewiſe operate and work towards the ſeveral Ends
hich are agreeable to them, by this Divine Energy.
lan only, who does not co-operate with this holy
pirit, and is unattentive to his Preſence, receives none
f thoſe Advantages from it, which are perfective of
is Nature, and neceſſary to his Well-being. The
ivinity is with him, and in him, and every where
bout him, but of no Advantage to him. It is the
me thing to a Man without Religion, as if there
ere no God in the World. It is indeed impoſſible
r an infinite Being to remove himſelf from any of
is Creatures, but tho' he cannot withdraw his Eſ-
nce from us, which would argue an Imperfection
him, he can withdraw from us all the Joys and
onſolations of it. His Preſence may perhaps be ne-
eſſary to ſupport us in our Exiſtence; but he may
ave this our Exiſtence to it ſelf, with regard to
s Happineſs or Miſery. For, in this Senſe, he may
aſt us away from his Preſence, and take his holy Spi-
it from us. This ſingle Conſideration one would
hink ſufficient to make us open our Hearts to all thoſe
nfuſions of Joy and Gladneſs which are ſo near at
and, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially
when

when we conſider, *Secondly*, The deplorable Condition of an intellectual Being who feels no other Effects from his Maker's Preſence, but ſuch as proceed from Divine Wrath and Indignation!

WE may aſſure our ſelves, that the great Author of Nature will not always be as one, who is indifferent to any of his Creatures. Thoſe who will not feel him in his Love, will be ſure at length to feel him in his Diſpleaſure. And how dreadful is the Condition of that Creature, who is only ſenſible of the Being of his Creator by what he ſuffers from him! He is eſſentially preſent in Hell as in Heaven, but the Inhabitants of thoſe accurſed Places behold him only in his Wrath, and ſhrink within the Flames to conceal themſelves from him. It is not in the Power of Imagination to conceive the fearful Effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

BUT I ſhall only conſider the Wretchedneſs of an intellectual Being, who, in this Life, lies under the Diſpleaſure of him, that at all Times and in all Places is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the Soul, and vex it in all its Faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt Comforts of Life from refreſhing us, and give an Edge to every one of its ſlighteſt Calamities. Who then can bear the Thought of being an Out-caſt from his Preſence, that is, from the Comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its Terrors? How pathetick is that Expoſtulation of *Job*, when, for the Tryal of his Patience, he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable Condition! *Why haſt thou ſet me as a Mark againſt thee, ſo that I am become a Burthen to my ſelf?* But, *Thirdly*, how happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's Preſence from the ſecret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-kindneſs.

THE Bleſſed in Heaven behold him Face to Face; that is, are as ſenſible of his Preſence as we are of the Preſence of any Perſon whom we look upon with our Eyes. There is doubtleſs a Faculty in Spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our Senſes do material

material Objects; and there is no Queſtion but our Souls, when they are diſembodied, or placed in glorified Bodies, will by this Faculty, in whatever Part of Space they reſide, be always *ſenſible* of the Divine Preſence. We, who have this Veil of Fleſh ſtanding between us and the World of Spirits, muſt be content to know that the Spirit of God is preſent with us, by the Effects which he produceth in us. Our outward Senſes are too groſs to apprehend him; we may however taſte and ſee how gracious he is, by his Influence upon our Minds, by thoſe virtuous Thoughts which he awakens in us, by thoſe ſecret Comforts and Refreſhments which he conveys into our Souls, and by thoſe raviſhing Joys and inward Satisfactions, which are perpetually ſpringing up, and diffuſing themſelves among all the Thoughts of good Men. He is lodged in our very Eſſence, and is as a Soul within the Soul, to irradiate its Underſtanding, rectifie its Will, purifie its Paſſions, and enliven all the Powers of Man. How happy therefore is an intellectual Being, who, by Prayer and Meditation, by Virtue and good Works, opens this Communication between God and his own Soul! Tho' the whole Creation frowns upon him, and all Nature looks black about him, he has his Light and Support within him, that are able to cheer his Mind, and bear him up in the Midſt of all thoſe Horrors which encompaſs him. He knows that his Helper is at Hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing elſe can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the Midſt of Calumny or Contempt, he attends to that Being who whiſpers better things within his Soul, and whom he looks upon as his Defender, his Glory, and the Lifter-up of his Head. In his deepeſt Solitude and Retirement, he knows that he is in Company with the greateſt of Beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real Senſations of his Preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the Converſation of his Creatures. Even in the Hour of Death, he conſiders the Pains of his Diſſolution to be

nothing elſe but the breaking down of that Partition, which ſtands betwixt his Soul, and the Sight of that Being, who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt it ſelf to him in Fullneſs of Joy.

IF we would be thus happy, and thus ſenſible of our Maker's Preſence, from the ſecret Effects of his Mercy and Goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a Watch over all our Thoughts, that, in the Language of the Scripture, his Soul may have Pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the Meditations of our Hearts always acceptable in his Sight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The Light of Nature could direct *Seneca* to this Doctrine, in a very remarkable Paſſage among his Epiſtles; *Sacer inest in nobis ſpiritus bonorum malorumque cuſtos, & Obſervator, & quemadmodum nos illam tractamus, ita & ille nos.* There is a holy Spirit reſiding in us, who watches and obſerves both good and evil Men, and will treat us after the ſame Manner that we treat him. But I ſhall conclude this Diſcourſe with thoſe more emphatical Words in Divine Revelation, *If a Man love me, he will keep my Word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our Abode with him.*

Nº 572. *Monday, July 26.*

Quod medicorum eſt
Promittant medici ——— Hor.

I Am the more pleaſed with theſe my Papers, ſince I find they have encouraged ſeveral Men of Learning and Wit to become my Correſpondents: I Yeſterday received the following Eſſay againſt Quacks, which I ſhall here communicate to my Readers for the Good of the Publick, begging the Writer's Pardon for thoſe Additions and Retrenchments which I have made in it.

T H

THE Deſire of Life is ſo natural and ſtrong a Paſſion, that I have long ſince ceaſed to wonder at the great Encouragement which the Practice of Phyſick finds among us. Well-conſtituted Governments have always made the Profeſſion of a Phyſician both honourable and advantageous. *Homer*'s *Machaon* and *Virgil*'s *Japis* were Men of Renown, Heroes in War, and made at leaſt as much Havock among their Enemies as among their Friends. Thoſe who have little or no Faith in the Abilities of a Quack will apply themſelves to him, either becauſe he is willing to ſell Health at a reaſonable Profit, or becauſe the Patient, like a drowning Man, catches at every Twig, and hopes for Relief from the moſt Ignorant, when the moſt able Phyſicians give him none. Though Impudence and many Words are as neceſſary to theſe Itinerary *Galens* as a laced Hat or Merry *Andrew*, yet they would turn very little to the Advantage of the Owner, if there were not ſome inward Diſpoſition in the ſick Man to favour the Pretenſions of the Mountebank. Love of Life in the one, and of Mony in the other, creates a good Correſpondence between them.

THERE is ſcarce a City in *Great Britain* but has one of this Tribe, who takes it into his Protection, and on the Market-Day harangues the good People of the Place with Aphoriſms and Receips. You may depend upon it, he comes not there for his own private Intereſt, but out of a particular Affection to the Town. I remember one of thoſe Publick-ſpirited Artiſts at *Hammerſmith*, who told his Audience 'that he had been born and bred there, and that having a ſpecial Regard for the Place of his Nativity, he was determined to make a Preſent of Five Shillings to as many as would accept of it.' The whole Crowd ſtood agape, and ready to take the Doctor at his Word; when putting his Hand into a long Bag, as every one was expecting his Crown-Piece, he drew out an handful of little Packets, each of which he informed the

Spectators was constantly sold at Five Shillings and Six Pence, but that he would bate the odd Five Shillings to every Inhabitant of that Place: The whole Assembly immediately closed with this generous Offer, and took off all his Physick, after the Doctor had made them vouch for one another, that there were no Foreigners among them, but that they were all *Hammersmith* Men.

THERE is another Branch of Pretenders to this Art, who, without either Horse or Pickle-Herring, lie snug in a Garret, and send down Notice to the World of their extraordinary Parts and Abilities by printed Bills and Advertisements. These seem to have derived their Custom from an *Eastern* Nation which *Herodotus* speaks of, among whom it was a Law, that whenever any Cure was performed, both the Method of the Cure, and an Account of the Distemper, should be fixed in some Publick Place; but as Customs will corrupt, these our Moderns provide themselves of Persons to attest the Cure, before they publish or make an Experiment of the Prescriptions. I have heard of a Porter, who serves as a Knight of the Post under one of these Operators, and tho' he was never sick in his Life, has been cured of all the Diseases in the Dispensary. These are the Men whose Sagacity has invented Elixirs of all sorts, Pills and Lozenges, and take it as an Affront if you come to them before you are given over by every Body else. Their Medicines *are infallible, and never fail of Success*, that is, of enriching the Doctor, and setting the Patient effectually at Rest.

I lately dropt into a Coffee-house at *Westminster*, where I found the Room hung round with Ornaments of this Nature. There were Elixirs, Tinctures, the *Anodine Fotus*, *English* Pills, Electuaries, and, in short, more Remedies than I believe there are Diseases. At the Sight of so many Inventions, I could not but imagine my self in a kind of Arsenal or Magazine, where store of Arms was reposited against any sudden Invasion. Should you be attack'd by the Enemy side-ways, here was an infallible Piece of defensive Armour to

cure

cure the Pleuriſie: Should a Diſtemper beat up your Head Quarters, here you might purchaſe an impenetrable Helmet, or, in the Language of the Artiſt, a Cephalic Tincture: If your main Body be aſſaulted, here are various Kinds of Armour in caſe of various Onſets. I began to congratulate the preſent Age upon the Happineſs Men might reaſonably hope for in Life, when Death was thus in a Manner defeated; and when Pain it ſelf would be of ſo ſhort a Duration, that it would but juſt ſerve to enhance the Value of Pleaſure: While I was in theſe Thoughts, I unluckily called to mind a Story of an ingenious Gentleman of the laſt Age, who lying violently afflicted with the Gout, a Perſon came and offered his Service to cure him by a Method, which he aſſured him was infallible; the Servant who received the Meſſage carried it up to his Maſter, who enquiring whether the Perſon came on Foot or in a Chariot; and being informed that he was on Foot: *Go*, ſays he, *ſend the Knave about his Buſineſs: Was his Method as infallible as he pretends, he would long before now have been in his Coach and Six.* In like manner I concluded, that had all theſe Advertiſers arrived to that Skill they pretend to, they would have had no Need for ſo many Years ſucceſſively to publiſh to the World the Place of their Abode, and the Virtues of their Medicines. One of theſe Gentlemen indeed pretends to an effectual Cure for Leanneſs: What Effects it may have had upon thoſe who have try'd it I cannot tell; but I am credidly informed, that the Call for it has been ſo great, that it has effectually cured the Doctor himſelf of that Diſtemper. Could each of them produce ſo good an Inſtance of the Succeſs of his Medicines, they might ſoon perſwade the World into an Opinion of them.

I obſerve that moſt of the Bills agree in one Expreſſion, *viz.* that (*with God's Bleſſing*) they perform ſuch and ſuch Cures: This Expreſſion is certainly very proper and emphatical, for that is all they have for it. And if ever a Cure is performed on a Patient where they are concerned, they can claim no greater Share

in it than *Virgil's Japis* in the curing of *Æneas*; he tried his Skill, was very aſſiduous about the Wound, and indeed was the only viſible Means that relieved the Hero; but the Poet aſſures us it was the particular Aſſiſtance of a Deity that ſpeeded the Operation. An *Engliſh* Reader may ſee the whole Story in Mr. *Dryden's* Tranſlation.

Prop'd on his Lance the penſive Heroe ſtood,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the Mourning Crowd.
The fam'd Phyſician tucks his Robes around,
With ready Hands, and haſtens to the Wound.
With gentle Touches he performs his Part,
This Way and that, ſolliciting the Dart,
And exerciſes all his Heav'nly Art.
All ſoft'ning Simples, known of Sov'reign Uſe,
He preſſes out, and pours their noble Juice;
Theſe firſt infus'd, to lenifie the Pain,
He tugs with Pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the Patron of his Art he pray'd;
The Patron of his Art refus'd his Aid.
But now the Goddeſs Mother, mov'd with Grief,
And pierc'd with Pity, haſtens her Relief.
A Branch of Healing Dittany *ſhe brought,*
Which in the Cretan *Fields with Care ſhe ſought;*
Rough is the Stem, which woolly Leaves ſurround;
The Leaves with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs with Purple crown'd:
Well known to wounded Goats; a ſure Relief
To draw the pointed Steel, and eaſe the Grief.
This Venus *brings, in Clouds involv'd; and brews*
Th' extracted Liquor with Ambroſian *Dews,*
And od'rous Panacee: *Unſeen ſhe ſtands,*
Temp'ring the Mixture with her heav'nly Hands:
And pours it in a Bowl already crown'd
With Juice of med'cinal Herbs, prepared to bath the Wound.
The Leech, unknowing of ſuperior Art,
Which aids the Cure, with this foments the Part;
And in a Moment ceas'd the raging Smart.

Stanch'd

Stanch'd is the Blood, and in the bottom ſtands:
The Steel, but ſcarcely touch'd with tender Hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own Accord;
And Health and Vigour are at once reſtor'd.
Iapis *firſt perceived the cloſing Wound;*
And firſt the Footſteps of a God he found:
Arms, Arms! he cries: the Sword and Shield prepare,
And ſend the willing Chief, renew'd to War.
This is no mortal Work, no Cure of mine,
Nor Art's Effect, but done by Hands Divine.

N° 573. *Wedneſday, July* 28.

——*Caſtigata remordent.* Juv.

MY Paper on the Club of Widows has brought me in ſeveral Letters; and, among the reſt, a long one from Mrs. Preſident, as follows.

Smart SIR,

'YOU are pleaſed to be very merry, as you imagine, with us Widows: And you ſeem to ground your Satyr on our receiving Conſolation ſo ſoon after the Death of our Dears, and the Number we are pleaſed to admit for our Companions; but you never reflect what Husbands we have buried, and how ſhort a Sorrow the Loſs of them was capable of occaſioning. For my own Part, Mrs. Preſident as you call me, my Firſt Husband I was marry'd to at Fourteen, by my Uncle and Guardian (as I afterwards diſcovered) by way of Sale, for the Third part of my Fortune. This Fellow looked upon me as a meer Child, he might breed up after his own Fancy; if he kiſſed my Chamber-Maid before my Face, I was ſuppoſed ſo ignorant, how could I think there was any Hurt in it? When he came home Roaring Drunk at five in the Morning, 'twas

the Cuſtom of all Men that live in the World. I was not to ſee a Penny of Money, for, poor Thing, how could I manage it? He took a handſome Couſin of his into the Houſe, (as he ſaid) to be my Houſe-keeper, and to govern my Servants; for how ſhould I know how to rule a Family? and while ſhe had what Money ſhe pleaſed, which was but reaſonable for the Trouble ſhe was at for my Good, I was not to be ſo cenſorious as to diſlike Familiarity and Kindneſs between near Relations. I was too great a Coward to contend, but not ſo ignorant a Child to be thus impoſed upon. I reſented his Contempt as I ought to do, and as moſt poor paſſive blinded Wives do, 'till it pleaſed Heaven to take away my Tyrant, who left me free Poſſeſſion of my own Land, and a large Jointure. My Youth and Money brought me many Lovers, and ſeveral endeavoured to eſtabliſh an Intereſt in my Heart while my Husband was in his laſt Sickneſs; the Honourable *Edward Waitfort* was one of the Firſt who addreſſed to me, adviſed to it by a Couſin of his that was my intimate Friend, and knew to a Penny what I was worth. Mr. *Waitfort* is a very agreeable Man, and every Body would like him as well as he does himſelf, if they did not plainly ſee that his Eſteem and Love is all taken up, and by ſuch an Object, as 'tis impoſſible to get the better of. I mean himſelf. He made no doubt of marrying me within Four or Five Months, and begun to proceed with ſuch an aſſured eaſie Air, that piqued my Pride not to baniſh him; quite contrary, out of pure Malice, I heard his firſt Declaration with ſo much innocent Surprize, and bluſhed ſo prettily, I perceived it touched his very Heart, and he thought me the beſt-natured Silly poor thing on Earth. When a Man has ſuch a Notion of a Woman, he loves her better than he thinks he does. I was overjoy'd to be thus revenged on him, for deſigning on my Fortune; and finding it was in my Power to make his Heart ake, I reſolved to compleat my Conqueſt, and entertain'd

ſeveral

'ſeveral other Pretenders. The firſt Impreſſion of 'my undeſigning Innocence was ſo ſtrong in his Head, 'he attributed all my Followers to the inevitable Force 'of my Charms, and from ſeveral Bluſhes and ſide 'Glances, concluded himſelf the Favourite; and when 'I uſed him like a Dog for my Diverſion, he thought 'it was all Prudence and Fear, and pitied the Vio-'lence I did my own Inclinations to comply with 'my Friends, when I marry'd Sir *Nicholas Fribble* of 'Sixty Years of Age. You know, Sir, the Caſe of 'Mrs. *Medlar*, I hope you would not have had me 'cry out my Eyes for ſuch a Husband. I ſhed Tears 'enough for my Widowhood a Week after my Mar-'riage, and when he was put in his Grave, reckoning 'he had been two Years dead, and my ſelf a Widow 'of that Standing, I married three Weeks afterwards '*John Sturdy*, Eſq; his next Heir. I had indeed ſome 'Thoughts of taking Mr. *Waitfort*, but I found he 'could ſtay, and beſides he thought it indecent to ask 'me to marry again 'till my Year was out, ſo private-'ly reſolving him for my Fourth, I took Mr. *Sturdy* 'for the preſent. Would you believe it, Sir, Mr. *Sturdy* 'was juſt Five and Twenty, about Six Foot high, and 'the ſtouteſt Fox-hunter in the Country, and I believe 'I wiſhed ten thouſand times for my old *Fribble* again; 'he was following his Dogs all the Day, and all the 'Night keeping them up at Table with him and his 'Companions: however I think my ſelf obliged to 'them for leading him a Chaſe in which he broke 'his Neck. Mr. *Waitfort* began his Addreſſes anew, 'and I verily believe I had married him now, but 'there was a young Officer in the Guard, that had 'debauched two or three of my Acquaintance, and I 'could not forbear being a little vain of his Courtſhip. 'Mr. *Waitfort* heard of it, and read me ſuch an inſo-'lent Lecture upon the Conduct of Women, I mar-'ried the Officer that very Day, out of pure Spight to 'him. Half an Hour after I was married I received 'a Penitential Letter from the Honourable Mr. *Edward* '*Waitfort*, in which he begged Pardon for his Paſ-

'sion, as proceeding from the Violence of his Love: I 'triumphed when I read it, and could not help, out of 'the Pride of my Heart, shewing it to my new Spouse; 'and we were very merry together upon it. Alas! 'my Mirth lasted a short time; my young Husband 'was very much in Debt when I marry'd him, and 'his first Action afterwards was to set up a gilt Chariot and Six, in fine Trappings before and behind. I 'had married so hastily, I had not the Prudence to 'reserve my Estate in my own Hands; my ready 'Mony was lost in two Nights at the Groom Porter's; and my Diamond Necklace, which was stole 'I did not know how, I met in the Street upon *Jenny Wheadle*'s Neck. My Plate vanished Piece by 'Piece, and I had been reduced to downright Pewter, 'if my Officer had not been deliciously killed in a 'Duel, by a Fellow that had cheated him of Five 'Hundred Pounds, and afterwards, at his own Request, satisfy'd him and me too, by running him 'through the Body. Mr. *Waitford* was still in Love, 'and told me so again; and to prevent all Fears of ill 'Usage, he desir'd me to reserve every thing in my 'own Hands: But now my Acquaintance begun to 'wish me Joy of his Constancy, my Charms were 'declining, and I could not resist the Delight I took 'in shewing the young Flirts about Town, it was yet 'in my Power to give Pain to a Man of Sense: This, 'and some private Hopes he would hang himself, and 'what a Glory would it be for me, and how I should 'be envy'd, made me accept of being third Wife to 'my Lord *Friday*. I proposed from my Rank and 'his Estate, to live in all the Joys of Pride, but how 'was I mistaken? he was neither extravagant, nor 'ill-natured, nor debauched? I suffered however more 'with him than with all my others. He was splenatick. I was forced to sit whole Days hearkening to 'his imaginary Ails; it was impossible to tell what 'would please him; what he liked when the Sun 'shined, made him sick when it rained; he had no 'Distemper, but lived in constant Fear of them all:

'my

'my good Genius dictated to me to bring him ac-
'quainted with Doctor *Gruel*; from that Day he was
'always contented, becauſe he had Names for all his
'Complaints; the good Doctor furniſhed him with
'Reaſons for all his Pains, and Preſcriptions for every
'Fancy that troubled him; in hot Weather he lived
'upon Juleps, and let Blood to prevent Fevers; when
'it grew cloudy he generally apprehended a Con-
'ſumption; to ſhorten the Hiſtory of this wretched
'Part of my Life, he ruined a good Conſtitution by
'endeavouring to mend it, and took ſeveral Medi-
'cines, which ended in taking the grand Remedy, which
'cured both him and me of all our Uneaſineſſes. Af-
'ter his Death, I could not expect to hear any more
'of Mr. *Waitfort*, I knew he had renounced me to all
'his Friends, and been very witty upon my Choice,
'which he affected to talk of with great Indifferency;
'I gave over thinking of him, being told that he was
'engaged with a pretty Woman and a great Fortune;
'it vexed me a little, but not enough to make me
'neglect the Advice of my Couſin *Wiſhwell*, that came
'to ſee me the Day my Lord went into the Coun-
'try with *Ruſſel*; ſhe told me experimentally, nothing
'put an unfaithful Lover and a dear Husband ſo ſoon
'out of ones Head, as a new one; and, at the ſame
'time, propos'd to me a Kinſman of hers; You un-
'derſtand enough of the World (ſaid ſhe) to know
'Money is the moſt valuable Conſideration; he is very
'rich, and I am ſure cannot live long; he has a
'Cough that muſt carry him off ſoon. I knew after-
'wards ſhe had given the ſelf-ſame Character of me
'to him; but however I was ſo much perſuaded by
'her, I haſtned on the Match, for fear he ſhould die
'before the time came; he had the ſame Fears, and
'was ſo preſſing, I married him in a Fortnight, re-
'ſolving to keep it private a Fortnight longer. Dur-
'ing this Fortnight Mr. *Waitfort* came to make me a
'Viſit; he told me he had waited on me ſooner, but
'had that Reſpect for me, he would not interrupt me
'in the firſt Day of my Affliction for my dead Lord;

'that

'that as ſoon as he heard I was at Liberty to
'make another Choice, he had broke off a Match
'very advantagious for his Fortune, juſt upon the
'Point of Concluſion, and was forty times more in
'Love with me than ever. I never received more
'Pleaſure in my Life than from this Declaration, but
'I compoſed my Face to a grave Air, and ſaid the
'News of his Engagement had touched me to the
'Heart, that in a raſh jealous Fit, I had married a
'Man I could never have thought on if I had not
'loſt all Hopes of him. Good-natured Mr. *Waitfort*
'had like to have dropped down dead at hearing this,
'but went from me with ſuch an Air as plainly
'ſhewed me he laid all the Blame upon himſelf, and
'hated thoſe Friends that had adviſed him to the Fa-
'tal Application; he ſeemed as much touched by my
'Misfortune as his own, for he had not the leaſt
'Doubt I was ſtill paſſionately in Love with him.
'The Truth of the Story is, my new Husband gave
'me Reaſon to repent I had not ſtaid for him; he
'had married me for my Money, and I ſoon found
'he loved Money to Diſtraction; there was nothing
'he would not do to get it, nothing he would not
'ſuffer to preſerve it; the ſmalleſt Expence kept him
'awake whole Nights, and when he paid a Bill,
''twas with as many Sighs, and after as many De-
'lays, as a Man that endures the Loſs of a Limb. I
'heard nothing but Reproofs for Extravagancy what-
'ever I did. I ſaw very well that he would have
'ſtarved me, but for loſing my Jointures; and he
'ſuffered Agonies between the Grief of ſeeing me
'have ſo good a Stomach, and the Fear that if he
'made me faſt it might prejudice my Health. I did
'not doubt he would have broke my Heart, if I did
'not break his, which was allowable by the Law of
'Self-defence. The Way was very eaſy. I reſolved
'to ſpend as much Money as I could, and before he
'was aware of the Stroke, appeared before him in a
'two thouſand Pound Diamond Necklace; he ſaid
'nothing, but went quietly to his Chamber, and, as
'it

'it is thought, compoſed himſelf with a Doſe of O-
'pium. I behaved my ſelf ſo well upon the Occaſion,
'that to this Day I believe he died of an Apoplexy.
'Mr. *Waitfort* was reſolved not to be too late this time,
'and I heard from him in two Days. I am almoſt out
'of my Weed at this preſent Writing, and very doubt-
'ful whether I'll marry him or no. I do not think of
'a Seventh, for the ridiculous Reaſon you mention,
'but out of pure Morality that I think ſo much Con-
'ſtancy ſhould be rewarded, tho' I may not do it after all
'perhaps. I do not believe all the unreaſonable Malice
'of Mankind can give a Pretence why I ſhould have
'been conſtant to the Memory of any of the Deceaſed,
'or have ſpent much time in grieving for an inſolent,
'inſignificant, negligent, extravagant, ſplenatick, or
'covetous Husband; my firſt inſulted me, my ſecond
'was nothing to me, my third diſguſted me, the
'fourth would have ruined me, the fifth tormented
'me, and the ſixth would have ſtarved me. If the
'other Ladies you name would thus give in their Huſ-
'bands Pictures at length, you would ſee they have had
'as little Reaſon as my ſelf to loſe their Hours in weep-
'ing and wailing.

N° 574. *Friday, July* 30.

Non poſſidentem multa vocaveris
Recte Beatum, rectius occupat
Nomen Beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti
Duramque callet pauperiem pati. Hor.

I Was once engaged in Diſcourſe with a *Roſicruſian* about *the great Secret*. As this kind of Men (I mean thoſe of them who are not profeſſed Cheats) are over-run with Enthuſiaſm and Philoſophy, it was very

very amuſing to hear this religious Adept deſcanting on his pretended Diſcovery. He talked of the Secret as of a Spirit which lived within an Emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the higheſt Perfection it is capable of. It gives a Luſtre, ſays he, to the Sun, and Water to the Diamond. It irradiates every Metal, and enriches Lead with all the Properties of Gold. I heightens Smoak into Flame, Flame into Light, and Light into Glory. He further added, that a ſingle Ray of it diſſipates Pain, and Care, and Melancholy from the Perſon on whom it falls. In ſhort, ſays he, its Preſence naturally changes every Place into a kind of Heaven. After he had gone on for ſome Time in this unintelligible Cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral Ideas together into the ſame Diſcourſe, and that his great Secret was nothing elſe but *Content*.

THIS Virtue does indeed produce, in ſome Meaſure, all thoſe Effects which the Alchymiſt uſually aſcribes to what he calls the Philoſopher's Stone; and if it does not bring Riches, it does the ſame thing, by baniſhing the Deſire of them. If it cannot remove the Diſquietudes ariſing out of a Man's Mind, Body, or Fortune, it makes him eaſie under them. It has indeed a kindly Influence on the Soul of Man, in reſpect of every Being to whom he ſtands related. It extinguiſhes all Murmur, Repining, and Ingratitude towards that Being who has alloted him his Part to act in this World. It deſtroys all inordinate Ambition, and every Tendency to Corruption, with regard to the Community wherein he is placed. It gives Sweetneſs to his Converſation, and a perpetual Serenity to all his Thoughts.

AMONG the many Methods which might be made uſe of for the acquiring of this Virtue, I ſhall only mention the two following. Firſt of all, A Man ſhould always conſider how much he has more than he wants; and Secondly, How much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

FIRST

FIRST of all, A Man ſhould always conſider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleaſed with the Reply which *Ariſtippus* made to one who condoled him upon the Loſs of a Farm, *Why*, ſaid he, *I have three Farms ſtill, and you have but one; ſo that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me.* On the contrary, fooliſh Men are more apt to conſider what they have loſt than what they poſſeſs; and to fix their Eyes upon thoſe who are richer than themſelves, rather than on thoſe who are under greater Difficulties. All the real Pleaſures and Conveniences of Life lie in a narrow Compaſs; but it is the Humour of Mankind to be always looking forward, and ſtraining after one who has got the Start of them in Wealth and Honour. For this Reaſon, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich Men in any of the politer Nations but among the middle Sort of People, who keep their Wiſhes within their Fortunes, and have more Wealth than they know how to enjoy. Perſons of a higher Rank live in a kind of ſplendid Poverty, and are perpetually wanting, becauſe inſtead of acquieſcing in the ſolid Pleaſures of Life, they endeavour to outvy one another in Shadows and Appearances. Men of Senſe have at all times beheld with a great deal of Mirth this ſilly Game that is playing over their Heads, and by contracting their Deſires, enjoy all that ſecret Satisfaction which others are always in queſt of. The Truth is, this ridiculous Chace after imaginary Pleaſures cannot be ſufficiently expoſed, as it is the great Source of thoſe Evils which generally undo a Nation. Let a Man's Eſtate be what it will, he is a poor Man if he does not live within it, and naturally ſets himſelf to Sale to any one that can give him his Price. When *Pittacus*, after the Death of his Brother, who had left him a good Eſtate, was offered a great Sum of Mony by the King of *Lydia*, he thanked him for his Kindneſs, but told him he had already more by Half than he knew what to do with. In ſhort, Content

tent is equivalent to Wealth, and Luxury to Poverty; or, to give the Thought a more agreeable Turn, *Content is natural Wealth*, says *Socrates*; to which I shall add, *Luxury is artificial Poverty*. I shall therefore recommend to the Consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary Enjoyments, and will not be at the Trouble of contracting their Desires, an excellent Saying of *Bion* the Philosopher; namely, *That no Man has so much Care, as he who endeavours after the most Happiness.*

IN the second Place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former Consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the Means to make themselves easie; this regards such as actually lie under some Pressure or Misfortune. These may receive great Alleviation from such a Comparison as the unhappy Person may make between himself and others, or between the Misfortune which he suffers, and greater Misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the Story of the honest *Dutchman*, who, upon breaking his *Leg* by a Fall from a Mainmast, told the Standers-by, It was a great Mercy that 'twas not his *Neck*. To which, since I am got into Quotations, give me leave to add the Saying of an old Philosopher, who, after having invited some of his Friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his Wife that came into the Room in a Passion, and threw down the Table that stood before them; *Every one*, says he, *has his Calamity, and he is a happy Man that has no greater than this.* We find an Instance to the same Purpose in the Life of Doctor *Hammond*, written by Bishop *Fell*. As this good Man was troubled with a Complication of Distempers, when he had the Gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the Stone; and when he had the Stone, that he had not both these Distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this Essay without observing, that there was never any System besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the Mind of

of Man the Virtue I have been hitherto ſpeaking of. In order to make us content with our preſent Condition, many of the ancient Philoſophers tell us that our Diſcontent only hurts our ſelves, without being able to make any Alteration in our Circumſtances; others, that whatever Evil befals us is derived to us by a fatal Neceſſity, to which the Gods themſelves are ſubject; whilſt others very gravely tell the Man who is miſerable, that it is neceſſary he ſhould be ſo to keep up the Harmony of the Univerſe, and that the *Scheme* of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwiſe. Theſe, and the like Conſiderations, rather ſilence than ſatisfie a Man. They may ſhew him that his Diſcontent is unreaſonable, but are by no means ſufficient to relieve it. They rather give Deſpair than Conſolation. In a Word, a Man might reply to one of theſe Comforters, as *Auguſtus* did to his Friend who adviſed him not to grieve for the Death of a Perſon whom he loved, becauſe his Grief could not fetch him again: *It is for that very Reaſon*, ſaid the Emperor, *that I grieve.*

ON the contrary, Religion bears a more tender Regard to humane Nature. It preſcribes to every miſerable Man the Means of bettering his Condition; nay, it ſhews him, that the bearing of his Afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the Removal of them: It makes him eaſie here, becauſe it can make him happy hereafter.

UPON the whole, a contented Mind is the greateſt Bleſſing a Man can enjoy in this World; and if in the preſent Life his Happineſs ariſes from the ſubduing of his Deſires, it will ariſe in the next from the Gratification of them.

Nº 575. *Monday, Auguſt* 2.

——*Nec morti eſſe locum*—— Virg.

A LEWD young Fellow ſeeing an aged Hermit go by him barefoot, *Father*, ſays he, *you are in a very miſerable Condition if there is not another World.* *True Son*, ſaid the Hermit; *but what is thy Condition if there is?* Man is a Creature deſigned for two different States of Being, or rather, for two different Lives. His firſt Life is ſhort and tranſient; his ſecond permanent and laſting. The Queſtion we are all concerned in is this, In which of theſe two Lives it is our chief Intereſt to make our ſelves happy? Or, in other Words, Whether we ſhould endeavour to ſecure to our ſelves the Pleaſures and Gratifications of a Life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmoſt Length of a very inconſiderable Duration; or to ſecure to our ſelves the Pleaſures of a Life which is fixed and ſettled, and will never end? Every Man, upon the firſt hearing of this Queſtion, knows very well which Side of it he ought to cloſe with. But however right we are in Theory, it is plain that in Practice we adhere to the wrong Side of the Queſtion. We make Proviſions for this Life as tho' it were never to have an End, and for the other Life as tho' it were never to have a Beginning.

SHOULD a Spirit of ſuperior Rank who is a Stranger to human Nature, accidentally alight upon the Earth, and take a Survey of its Inhabitants; what would his Notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a Species of Beings made for quite different Ends and Purpoſes than what we really are? Muſt not he imagine that we were placed in this World to get Riches and Honours? Would not he think that it was our Duty to toil after Wealth, and Station, and

Tit-

Title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden Poverty by Threats of eternal Puniſhment, and enjoined to purſue our Pleaſures under Pain of Damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a Scheme of Duties quite oppoſite to thoſe which are indeed preſcribed to us. And truly, according to ſuch an Imagination, he muſt conclude that we are a Species of the moſt obedient Creatures in the Univerſe; that we are conſtant to our Duty; and that we keep a ſteddy Eye on the End for which we were ſent hither.

BUT how great would be his Aſtoniſhment, when he learnt that we were Beings not deſigned to exiſt in this World above Threeſcore and Ten Years? and that the greateſt Part of this buſie Species fall ſhort even of that Age? How would he be loſt in Horrour and Admiration, when he ſhould know that this Sett of Creatures, who lay out all their Endeavours for this Life, which ſcarce deſerves the Name of Exiſtence, when, I ſay, he ſhould know that this Sett of Creatures are to exiſt to all Eternity in another Life, for which they make no Preperations? Nothing can be a greater Diſgrace to Reaſon, than that Men, who are perſwaded of theſe two different States of Being, ſhould be perpetually employed in providing for a Life of Threeſcore and Ten Years, and neglecting to make Proviſion for that, which after many Myriads of Years will be ſtill new, and ſtill beginning; eſpecially when we conſider that our Endeavours for making ourſelves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever elſe we place our Happineſs in, may after all prove unſucceſsful; whereas if we conſtantly and ſincerely endeavour to make our ſelves happy in the other Life, we are ſure that our Endeavours will ſucceed, and that we ſhall not be diſappointed of our Hope.

THE following Queſtion is ſtarted by one of the Schoolmen. Suppoſing the whole Body of the Earth were a great Ball or Maſs of the fineſt Sand, and that a ſingle Grain or Particle of this Sand ſhould be annihilated every thouſand Years. Suppoſing then that you

you had it in your Choice to be happy all the while this prodigious Mass of Sand was consuming by this slow Method till there was not a Grain of it left, on Condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on Condition you would be miserable till the whole Mass of Sand were thus annihilated at the Rate of one Sand in a thousand Years: Which of these two Cases would you make your Choice?

IT must be confessed in this Case, so many Thousands of Years are to the Imagination as a kind of Eternity, tho' in Reality they do not bear so great a Proportion to that Duration which is to follow them, as a Unite does to the greatest Number which you can put together in Figures, or as one of those Sands to the supposed Heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any Manner of Hesitation, which would be the better Part in this Choice. However as I have before intimated, our Reason might in such Case be so overset by the Imagination, as to dispose some Persons to sink under the Consideration of the great Length of the first Part of this Duration, and of the great Distance of that second Duration which is to succeed it. The Mind, I say, might give it self up to that Happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the Choice we actually have before us is this, Whether we will chuse to be happy for the Space of only Threescore and ten, nay perhaps of only Twenty or Ten Years, I might say of only a Day or an Hour, and miserable to all Eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short Term of Years, and happy for a whole Eternity: What Words are sufficient to express that Folly and want of Consideration which in such a Case makes a wrong Choice?

I here put the Case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a Course of Virtue makes us miserable in this Life: But if we suppose (as it generally happens) that Virtue would make us more happy even in this Life than a contrary Course of Vice; how

ow can we ſufficiently admire the Stupidity or Mad-eſs of thoſe Perſons who are capable of making ſo bſurd a Choice?

EVERY wiſe Man therefore will conſider this Life nly as it may conduce to the Happineſs of the other, nd chearfully ſacrifice the Pleaſures of a few Years to hoſe of an Eternity.

N° 576. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 4.

Nitor in adverſum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus; & rapido contrarius evehor Orbi. Ovid.

I Remember a young Man of very lively Parts, and of a ſprightly Turn in Converſation, who had only one Fault, which was an inordinate Deſire of appearing faſhionable. This ran him into many Amours, nd conſequently into many Diſtempers. He never went to Bed till two a-Clock in the Morning, becauſe e would not be a queer Fellow; and was every now nd then knocked down by a Conſtable, to ſignalize is Vivacity. He was initiated into half a Dozen Clubs efore he was One and twenty, and ſo improved in hem his natural Gaiety of Temper, that you might requently trace him to his Lodgings by a Range of roken Windows, and other the like Monuments of Wit and Gallantry. To be ſhort, after having fully ſtabliſhed his Reputation of being a very agreeable Rake, he died of old Age at Five and twenty.

THERE is indeed nothing which betrays a Man nto ſo many Errors and Inconveniences, as the Deire of not appearing ſingular; for which Reaſon it is ery neceſſary to form a right Idea of Singularity, hat we may know when it is laudable and when it s vicious. In the firſt Place, every Man of Senſe will gree with me, that Singularity is laudable, when, in Contradiction to a Multitude, it adheres to the Dictates

of Conſcience, Morality, and Honour. In theſe Caſes we ought to conſider, that it is not Cuſtom, but Duty, which is the Rule of Action; and that we ſhould be only ſo far *ſociable*, as we are reaſonable Creatures. Truth is never the leſs ſo, for not being attended to; and it is the Nature of Actions, not the Number of Actors, by which we ought to regulate our Behaviour. Singularity in Concerns of this Kind is to be looked upon as heroick Bravery, in which a Man leaves the Species only as he ſoars above it. What greater Inſtance can there be of a weak and puſillanimous Temper, than for a Man to paſs his whole Life in Oppoſition to his own Sentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

SINGULARITY therefore is only vicious when it makes Men act contrary to Reaſon, or when it puts them upon diſtinguiſhing themſelves by Trifles. As for the firſt of theſe, who are ſingular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or diſhonourable, I believe every one will eaſily give them up. I ſhall therefore ſpeak of thoſe only who are remarkable for their Singularity in things of no Importance, as in Dreſs, Behaviour, Converſation, and all the little Intercourſes of Life. In theſe Caſes there is a certain Deference due to Cuſtom; and notwithſtanding there may be a Colour of Reaſon to deviate from the Multitude in ſome Particulars, a Man ought to ſacrifice his private Inclinations and Opinions to the Practice of the Publick. It muſt be confeſſed that good Senſe often makes a Humouriſt; but then it unqualifies him for being of any Moment in the World, and renders him ridiculous to Perſons of a much inferiour Underſtanding.

I have heard of a Gentleman in the North of *England*, who was a remarkable Inſtance of this fooliſh Singularity. He had laid it down as a Rule within himſelf, to act in the moſt indifferent Parts of Life according to the moſt abſtracted Notions of Reaſon and Good Senſe, without any Regard to Faſhion or Example. This Humour broke out at firſt in many little Oddneſſes: He had never any ſtated Hours for his

inner, Supper or Sleep; becauſe, ſaid he, we ought attend the Calls of Nature, and not ſet our Appetites to our Meals, but bring our Meals to our Appetites. In his Converſation with Country Gentlemen, would not make uſe of a Phraſe that was not ſtrictly true: He never told any of them, that he was his humble Servant, but that he was his Well-wiſher; and would rather be thought a Malecontent, than drink the King's Health when he was not a-dry. He would thruſt his Head out of his Chamber-Window every Morning, and after having gaped for freſh Air about half an Hour, repeat fifty Verſes as loud as he could bawl them for the Benefit of his Lungs; to which end he generally took them out of *Homer*; the *Greek* Tongue, eſpecially in that Author, being more deep and ſonorous, and more conducive to Expectoration, than any other. He had many other Particularities, for which he gave ſound and philoſophical Reaſons. As this Humour ſtill grew upon him, he choſe to wear a Turban inſtead of a Perriwig; concluding very juſtly, that a Bandage of clean Linnen about his Head was much more wholeſome, as well as cleanly, than the Caul of a Wig, which is ſoiled with frequent Perſpirations. He afterwards judiciouſly obſerved, that the many Ligatures in our *Engliſh* Dreſs muſt naturally check the Circulation of the Blood; for which Reaſon, he made his Breeches and his Doublet of one continued Piece of Cloth, after the Manner of the *Huſſars*. In ſhort, by following the pure Dictates of Reaſon, he at length departed ſo much from the reſt of his Countrymen, and indeed from his whole Species, that his Friends would have clapped him into *Bedlam*, and have begged his Eſtate; but the Judge being informed that he did no Harm, contented himſelf with iſſuing out a Commiſſion of Lunacy againſt him, and putting his Eſtate into the Hands of proper Guardians.

THE Fate of this Philoſopher puts me in Mind of a Remark in Monſieur *Fontenelle*'s Dialogues of the Dead. *The Ambitious and the Covetous* (ſays he) *are Madmen*

Madmen to all Intents and Purpoſes, as much as thoſe w are ſhut up in dark Rooms; but they have the good L to have Numbers on their Side; whereas the Frenzy of who is given up for a Lunatick, is a Frenzy hors d'oeuvr that is, in other Words, ſomething which is ſingul in its Kind, and does not fall in with the Madneſs of Multitude.

THE Subject of this Eſſay was occaſioned by Letter which I received not long ſince, and whic for want of Room at preſent, I ſhall inſert in my ne Paper.

N° 577. *Friday, Auguſt 6.*

——*Hoc tolerabile, ſi non*
Et furere incipias—— Juv.

THE Letter mentioned in my laſt Paper is as fo lows.

SIR,

'YOU have ſo lately decryed that Cuſtom, t 'much in uſe among moſt People, of maki 'themſelves the Subjects of their Writin 'and Converſation, that I had ſome Difficulty to p 'ſwade my ſelf to give you this Trouble, 'till I h 'conſidered that tho' I ſhould ſpeak in the Firſt Perſo 'yet I could not be juſtly charged with Vanity, ſin 'I ſhall not add my Name; as alſo, becauſe wha 'ſhall write will not, to ſay the beſt, redound to m 'Praiſe; but is only deſigned to remove a Prejudi 'conceived againſt me, as I hope, with very lit 'Foundation. My ſhort Hiſtory is this,

'I have lived for ſome Years laſt paſt altogeth 'in *London*, till about a Month ago an Acquaintan 'of mine, for whom I have done ſome ſmall Se 'vices in Town, invited me to paſs Part of the Sum 'm

'mer with him at his Houſe in the Country. I ac-
'cepted his Invitation, and found a very hearty Wel-
'come. My Friend, an honeſt plain Man, not be-
'ing qualified to paſs away his Time without the Re-
'liefs of Buſineſs, has grafted the Farmer upon the
'Gentleman, and brought himſelf to ſubmit even to
'the ſervile Parts of that Employment, ſuch as in-
'ſpecting his Plough, and the like. This neceſſari-
'ly takes up ſome of his Hours every Day; and as I
'have no Reliſh for ſuch Diverſions, I uſed at theſe
'Times to retire either to my Chamber, or a ſhady
'Walk near the Houſe, and entertain my ſelf with
'ſome agreeable Author. Now you muſt know,
'Mr. SPECTATOR, that when I read, eſpecially if
'it be Poetry, it is very uſual with me, when I meet
'with any Paſſage or Expreſſion which ſtrikes me
much, to pronounce it aloud, with that Tone of
the Voice which I think agreeable to the Sentiments
there expreſſed; and to this I generally add ſome
Motion or Action of the Body. It was not long be-
fore I was obſerved by ſome of the Family in one
of theſe heroick Fits, who thereupon received Im-
preſſions very much to my Diſadvantage. This how-
ever I did not ſoon diſcover, nor ſhould have done
probably, had it not been for the following Acci-
dent. I had one Day ſhut my ſelf up in my Cham-
ber, and was very deeply engaged in the Second Book
of *Milton*'s *Paradiſe* loſt. I walked to and fro with
the Book in my Hand, and, to ſpeak the Truth, I
fear I made no little Noiſe; when preſently coming
to the following Lines,

——*On a ſudden open fly,*
With impetuous Recoil and jarring Sound,
Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges grate
Harſh Thunder, &c.

I in great Tranſport threw open the Door of my
Chamber, and found the greateſt Part of the Family
ſtanding on the Outſide in a very great Conſternati-

'on. I was in no leſs Confuſion, and begged Pardon 'for having diſturbed them; addreſſing my ſelf parti-'cularly to comfort one of the Children, who recei-'ved an unlucky Fall in this Action, whilſt he was 'too intently ſurveying my Meditations through the 'Key-hole. To be ſhort, after this Adventure I ea-'ſily obſerved that great Part of the Family, eſpeci-'ally the Women and Children, looked upon me with 'ſome Apprehenſions of Fear; and my Friend him-'ſelf, tho' he ſtill continued his Civilities to me, did 'not ſeem altogether eaſie: I took Notice, that the 'Butler was never after this Accident ordered to leave 'the Bottle upon the Table after Dinner. Add to 'this, that I frequently overheard the Servants men-'tion me by the Name of the crazed Gentleman, the 'Gentleman a little touched, the mad *Londoner*, and 'the like. This made me think it high Time for 'me to ſhift my Quarters, which I reſolved to do the 'firſt handſome Opportunity; and was confirmed in 'this Reſolution by a young Lady in the Neighbour-'hood who frequently viſited us, and who one Day, 'after having heard all the fine things I was able to 'ſay, was pleaſed with a ſcornful Smile to bid me go 'to ſleep.

'THE firſt Minute I got to my Lodgings in 'Town I ſet Pen to Paper to deſire your Opinion, 'whether, upon the Evidence before you, I am mad 'or not. I can bring Certificates that I behave my-'ſelf ſoberly before Company, and I hope there is at 'leaſt ſome Merit in withdrawing to be mad. Look 'you, Sir, I am contented to be eſteemed a little 'touched, as they phraſe it, but ſhould be ſorry to be 'madder than my Neighbours; therefore, pray let 'me be as much in my Senſes as you can afford. I 'know I could bring your ſelf as an Inſtance of a 'Man who has confeſſed talking to himſelf; but yours 'is a particular Caſe, and cannot juſtifie me, who 'have not kept Silence any Part of my Life. What 'if I ſhould own my ſelf in Love? You know Lo-'vers are always allowed the Comfort of Soliloquy.

—'But

'———But I will ſay no more upon this Subject, 'becauſe I have long ſince obſerved, the ready Way to 'be thought mad is to contend that you are not ſo; as 'we generally conclude that Man drunk, who takes 'Pains to be thought ſober. I will therefore leave my 'ſelf to your Determination; but am the more deſir-'ous to be thought in my Senſes, that it may be no 'Diſcredit to you when I aſſure you that I have always 'been very much

Your Admirer.

P. S. *If I muſt be mad, I deſire the young Lady may believe it is for her.*

The humble Petition of John a Nokes *and* John a Stiles,

Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioners have had Cauſes de-'pending in *Weſtminſter-Hall* above five hun-dred Years, and that we deſpair of ever ſeeing them brought to an Iſſue: That your Petitioners have not been involved in theſe Law Suits out of any litigi-ous Temper of their own, but by the Inſtigation of contentious Perſons; That the young Lawyers in our Inns of Court are continually ſetting us toge-ther by the Ears, and think they do us no Hurt, be-cauſe they plead for us without a Fee; That ma-ny of the Gentlemen of the Robe have no other Clients in the World beſides us two; That when they have nothing elſe to do, they make us Plantiffs and Defendants, tho' they were never retained by either of us; That they traduce, condemn, or acquit us, without any Manner of Regard to our Reputa-tions and good Names in the World. Your Peti-tioners therefore (being thereunto encouraged by the favourable Reception which you lately gave to our Kinſman *Blank*) do humbly pray, that you will put an End to the Controverſies which have been ſo long depending, between us your ſaid Petitioners, and that our Enmity may not endure from Genera-

'tion to Generation; it being our Reſolution to live 'hereafter as it becometh Men of peaceable Diſpoſi-'tions.

And your Petitioners (as in Duty bound) ſhall ever Pray, &c.

Nº 578. *Monday, Auguſt* 9.

——*Eque feris humana in corpora tranſit,*
Inque feras Noſter —— Ovid.

THERE has been very great Reaſon, on ſeveral Accounts, for the learned World to endeavour at ſettling what it was that might be ſaid to compoſe *perſonal Identity*.

Mr. *LOCK*, after having premiſed that the Word *Perſon* properly ſignifies a thinking intelligent Being that has Reaſon and Reflection, and can conſider it ſelf as it ſelf; concludes That it is Conſciouſneſs alone, and not an Identity of Subſtance, which makes this perſonal Identity of Sameneſs. Had I the ſame Conſciouſneſs (ſays that Author) that I ſaw the Ark and *Noah's* Flood, as that I ſaw an Overflowing of the *Thames* laſt Winter; or as that I now write; I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that ſaw the *Thames* overflow laſt Winter, and that viewed the Flood at the general Deluge, was the ſame *Self*, place that *Self* in what Subſtance you pleaſe, than that I who write this am the ſame *My ſelf* now whilſt I write, (whether I conſiſt of all the ſame Subſtance material or immaterial or no) that I was Yeſterday; For as to this Point of being the ſame *Self*, it matters not whether this preſent *Self* be made up of the ſame or other Subſtances.

I was mightily pleaſed with a Story in ſome measure applicable to this Piece of Philoſophy, which I read the other Day in *The Perſian Tales*, as they are late

lately very well tranſlated by Mr. *Philips*; and with an Abridgement whereof I ſhall here preſent my Readers.

I ſhall only premiſe that theſe Stories are writ after the Eaſtern Manner, but ſomewhat more correct.

'*FADLALLAH*, a Prince of great Virtues, ſucceeded his Father *Bin-Ortoc*, in the Kingdom of *Mouſel*. He reigned over his faithful Subjects for ſome time, and lived in great Happineſs with his beauteous Conſort Queen *Zemroude*; when there appeared at his Court a young *Dervis* of ſo lively and entertaining a Turn of Wit, as won upon the Affections of every one he converſed with. His Reputation grew ſo faſt every Day, that it at laſt raiſed a Curioſity in the Prince himſelf to ſee and talk with him. He did ſo, and far from finding that common Fame had flattered him, he was ſoon convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell ſhort of the Truth.

'*FADLALLAH* immediately loſt all manner of Reliſh for the Converſation of other Men; and as he was every Day more and more ſatisfied of the Abilities of this Stranger, offered him the firſt Poſts in his Kingdom. The young *Dervis*, after having thanked him with a very ſingular Modeſty, deſired to be excuſed, as having made a Vow never to accept of any Employment, and preferring a free and independent State of Life to all other Conditions.

'THE King was infinitely charmed with ſo great an Example of Moderation; and tho' he could not get him to engage in a Life of Buſineſs, made him however his chief Companion and firſt Favourite.

'AS they were one Day hunting together, and happened to be ſeparated from the reſt of the Company, the *Dervis* entertained *Fadlallah* with an Account of his Travels and Adventures. After having related to him ſeveral Curioſities which he had ſeen in the *Indies*, *It was in this Place*, ſays he, *that I contracted an Acquaintance with an old* Brachman, *who was ſkil-*

'led in the moſt hidden Powers of Nature: He died with-
'in my Arms, and with his parting Breath communicated
'to me one of the moſt valuable of his Secrets, on Condi-
'tion I ſhould never reveal it to any Man. The King
'immediately reflecting on his young Favourite's
'having refuſed the late Offers of Greatneſs he had
'made him, told him he preſumed it was the Power
'of making Gold. *No Sir*, ſays the *Dervis*, *it is ſome-*
'*what more wonderful than that; it is the Power of re-*
'*animating a dead Body, by flinging my own Soul into*
'*it*.

'WHILE he was yet ſpeaking a Doe came bound-
'ing by them; and the King, who had his Bow rea-
'dy, ſhot her through the Heart; telling the *Dervis*,
'that a fair Opportunity now offered for him to ſhow
'his Art. The young Man immediately left his own
'Body breathleſs on the Ground, while at the ſame
'Inſtant that of the Doe was re-animated, ſhe came to
'the King, fawned upon him, and after having play'd
'ſeveral wanton Tricks, fell again upon the Graſs;
'at the ſame Inſtant the Body of the *Dervis* recovered
'its Life. The King was infinitely pleaſed at ſo un-
'common an Operation, and conjured his Friend by
'every thing that was ſacred to communicate it to
'him. The *Dervis* at firſt made ſome Scruple of vio-
'lating his Promiſe to the dying *Brachman*; but told
'him at laſt that he found he could conceal nothing
'from ſo excellent a Prince; after having obliged him
'therefore by an Oath to Secrecy, he taught him
'to repeat two Cabaliſtick Words, in pronouncing
'of which the whole Secret conſiſted. The King,
'impatient to try the Experiment, immediately re-
'peated them as he had been taught, and in an In-
'ſtant found himſelf in the Body of the Doe. He
'had but little Time to contemplate himſelf in this
'new Being; for the treacherous *Dervis* ſhooting his
'own Soul into the Royal Corps, and bending the
'Prince's own Bow againſt him, had laid him dead on
'the Spot, had not the King, who perceiv'd his Intent,
'fled ſwiftly to the Woods.

'THE

'THE *Dervis*, now triumphant in his Villany, re-'turned to *Mouſel*, and filled the Throne and Bed of 'the unhappy *Fadlallah*.

'THE firſt thing he took care of, in order to ſe-'cure himſelf in the Poſſeſſion of his new-acquired 'Kingdom, was to iſſue out a Proclamation, ordering 'his Subjects to deſtroy all the Deer in the Realm. 'The King had periſhed among the reſt, had he not 'avoided his Purſuers by re-animating the Body of a 'Nightingale which he ſaw lie dead at the Foot of a 'Tree. In this new Shape he winged his Way in Safety 'to the Palace, where perching on a Tree which ſtood 'near his Queen's Apartment, he filled the whole Place 'with ſo many melodious and melancholy Notes as 'drew her to the Window. He had the Mortification 'to ſee that inſtead of being pitied, he only moved 'the Mirth of his Princeſs, and of a young Female 'Slave who was with her. He continued however to 'ſerenade her every Morning, 'till at laſt the Queen, 'charmed with his Harmony, ſent for the Bird-catchers, 'and ordered them to employ their utmoſt Skill to 'put that little Creature into her Poſſeſſion. The 'King, pleaſed with an Opportunity of being once 'more near his beloved Conſort, eaſily ſuffered him-'ſelf to be taken; and when he was preſented to 'her, 'tho' he ſhewed a Fearfulneſs to be touched by 'any of the other Ladies, flew of his own Accord, 'and hid himſelf in the Queen's Boſom. *Zemroude* 'was highly pleaſed at the unexpected Fondneſs of her 'new Favourite, and ordered him to be kept in an 'open Cage in her own Apartment. He had there 'an Opportunity of making his Court to her every 'Morning, by a thouſand little Actions which his Shape 'allowed him. The Queen paſſed away whole Hours 'every Day in hearing and playing with him. *Fadlal-'lah* could even have thought himſelf happy in this 'State of Life, had he not frequently endured the 'inexpreſſible Torment of ſeeing the *Dervis* enter 'the Apartment, and careſs his Queen even in his 'Preſence.

'THE Uſurper, amidſt his toying with the Princeſs, 'would often endeavour to ingratiate himſelf with 'her Nightingale; and while the enraged *Fadlallah* 'peck'd at him with his Bill, beat his Wings, and 'ſhewed all the Marks of an impotent Rage, it only 'afforded his Rival and the Queen new Matter for 'their Diverſion.

'*ZEMROUDE* was likewiſe fond of a little Lap-'Dog which ſhe kept in her Apartment, and which 'one Night happened to die.

'THE King immediately found himſelf inclined to 'quit the Shape of the Nightingale, and enliven this 'new Body. He did ſo, and the next Morning *Zem-'roude* ſaw her favourite Bird lie dead in the Cage. It 'is impoſſible to expreſs her Grief on this Occaſion, 'and when ſhe called to mind all its little Actions, 'which even appeared to have ſomewhat in them like 'Reaſon, ſhe was inconſolable for her Loſs.

'HER Women immediately ſent for the *Dervis*, 'to come and comfort her, who after having in vain 'repreſented to her the Weakneſs of being grieved at 'ſuch an Accident, touched at laſt by her repeated 'Complaints; *Well Madam*, ſays he, *I will exert the ut-'moſt of my Art to pleaſe you. Your Nightingale ſhall 'again revive every Morning and ſerenade you as before.* 'The Queen beheld him with a Look which eaſily 'ſhewed ſhe did not believe him; when laying himſelf 'down on a Sofa, he ſhot his Soul into the Nightin-'gale, and *Zemroude* was amazed to ſee her Bird 'revive.

'THE King, who was a Spectator of all that paſ-'ſed, lying under the Shape of a Lap-Dog, in one Cor-'ner of the Room, immediately recovered his own 'Body, and running to the Cage with the utmoſt In-'dignation, twiſted off the Neck of the falſe Nightin-'gale.

'*ZEMROUDE* was more than ever amazed and 'concerned at this ſecond Accident, 'till the King en-'treating her to hear him, related to her his whole 'Adventure.

'THE

'THE Body of the *Dervis*, which was found dead 'in the Wood, and his Edict for killing all the Deer, 'left her no Room to doubt of the Truth of it: 'But the Story adds, That out of an extream De'licacy (peculiar to the Oriental Ladies) ſhe was ſo 'highly afflicted at the innocent Adultrey in which 'ſhe had for ſome time lived with the *Dervis*, that 'no Arguments even from *Fadlallah* himſelf could 'compoſe her Mind. She ſhortly after died with 'Grief, begging his Pardon with her lateſt Breath for 'what the moſt rigid Juſtice could not have interpreted 'as a Crime.

'THE King was ſo afflicted with her Death, that 'he left his Kingdom to one of his neareſt Relations, 'and paſſed the reſt of his Days in Solitude and Retire'ment.

N° 579. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 11.

——*Odora canum vis.* Virg.

IN the Reign of King *Charles* I, the Company of Stationers, into whoſe Hands the Printing of the Bible is committed by Patent, made a very remarkble *Erratum* or Blunder in one of their Editions: For ſtead of *Thou ſhalt not commit Adultery*, they printed ſeveral thouſands of Copies with *Thou ſhalt commit dultery*. Archbiſhop *Laud*, to puniſh this their Negence, laid a conſiderable Fine upon that Company in e *Star-Chamber*.

BY the Practice of the World, which prevails in this generate Age, I am afraid that very many young rofligates, of both Sexes, are poſſeſſed of this ſpurious dition of the Bible, and obſerve the Commandment cording to that faulty Reading.

ADULTERERS, in the firſt Ages of the hurch, were excommunicated for ever, and unqua-

lified all their Lives from bearing a Part in Chriſtian Aſſemblies, notwithſtanding they might ſeek it with Tears, and all the Appearances of the moſt unfeigned Repentance.

I might here mention ſome ancient Laws among the Heathens which puniſhed this Crime with Death: and others of the ſame Kind, which are now in Force among ſeveral Governments that have embraced the Reformed Religion. But becauſe a Subject of this Nature may be too ſerious for my ordinary Readers, who are very apt to throw by my Papers, when they are not enlivened with ſomething that is diverting or uncommon; I ſhall here publiſh the Contents of a little Manuſcript lately fallen into my Hands, and which pretends to great Antiquity, tho' by Reaſon of ſome modern Phraſes and other Particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the Production of a Modern Sophiſt.

IT is well known by the Learned, that there was a Temple upon Mount *Etna* dedicated to *Vulcan*, which was guarded by Dogs of ſo exquiſite a Smell, (ſay the Hiſtorians) that they could diſcern whether the Perſons who came thither were Chaſt or otherwiſe. They uſed to meet and faun upon ſuch as were Chaſt, careſſing them as the Friends of their Maſter *Vulcan*; but flew at thoſe who were polluted, and never ceaſed barking at them till they had driven them from the Temple.

MY Manuſcript gives the following Account of theſe Dogs, and was probably deſigned as a Comment upon this Story.

'THESE Dogs were given to *Vulcan* by his Siſter 'Diana, the Goddeſs of Hunting and of Chaſtity, 'having bred them out of ſome of her Hounds, in 'which ſhe had obſerved this natural Inſtinct and Sa'gacity. It was thought ſhe did it in Spight to *Ve*'nus, who, upon her Return home, always found 'her Husband in a good or bad Humour, according 'to the Reception which ſhe met with from his 'Dogs. They lived in the Temple ſeveral Years, but

were

'were ſuch ſnappiſh Curs that they frighted away moſt of the Votaries. The Women of *Sicily* made 'a ſolemn Deputation to the Prieſt, by which they 'acquainted him, that they would not come up to 'the Temple with their annual Offerings unleſs he 'muzzled his Maſtiffs; and at laſt comprimiſed the 'Matter with him, that the Offering ſhould always 'be brought by a Chorus of young Girls, who were 'none of them above ſeven Years old. It was wonderful (ſays the Author) to ſee how different the 'Treatment was which the Dogs gave to theſe little 'Miſſes, from that which they had ſhown to their 'Mothers. It is ſaid that a Prince of *Syracuſe*, having married a young Lady, and being naturally of 'a jealous Temper, made ſuch an Intereſt with the 'Prieſts of this Temple, that he procured a Whelp 'from them of this famous Breed. The young Puppy 'was very troubleſome to the fair Lady at firſt, inſomuch that ſhe ſollicited her Husband to ſend him 'away, but the good Man cut her ſhort with the old *Sicilian* Proverb, *Love me love my Dog*. From which Time ſhe liv'd very peaceably with both of them. The Ladies of *Syracuſe* were very much annoyed with him, and ſeveral of very good Reputation refuſed to come to Court till he was diſcarded. There were indeed ſome of them that defied his Sagacity, but it was obſerv'd, though he did not actually bite them, he would growle at them moſt confoundedly. To return to the Dogs of the Temple: After they had lived here in great Repute for ſeveral Years, it ſo happened, that as one of the Prieſts, who had been making a charitable Viſit to a Widow who lived on the Promontory of *Lilybeum*, return'd home pretty late in the Evening, the Dogs flew at him with ſo much Fury, that they would have worried him if his Brethren had not come in to his Aſſiſtance: Upon which, ſays my Author, the Dogs were all of them hanged, as having loſt their original Inſtinct.

I cannot conclude this Paper without wiſhing, that we had ſome of this Breed of Dogs in *Great Britain*, which would certainly do *Juſtice*, I ſhould ſay *Honour*, to the Ladies of our Country, and ſhew the World the difference between Pagan Women and thoſe who are inſtructed in ſounder Principles of Virtue and Religion.

N° 580. *Friday, Auguſt* 13.

——*Si verbo audacia detur,*
Non metuam magni dixiſſe palatia Cœli. Ov. Met.

SIR,

'I Conſidered in my two laſt Letters that awful 'and tremendous Subject, the Ubiquity or Om- 'nipreſence of the Divine Being. I have ſhewn 'that he is equally preſent in all Places throughout the 'whole Extent of an infinite Space. This Doctrine is 'ſo agreeable to Reaſon, that we meet with it in the 'Writings of the enlightened Heathens, as I might 'ſhow at large, were it not already done by other 'Hands. But tho' the Deity be thus eſſentially pre- 'ſent through all the Immenſity of Space, there is 'one Part of it in which he diſcovers himſelf in a 'moſt tranſcendent and viſible Glory. This is that 'Place which is marked out in Scripture under the 'different Appellations of *Paradiſe*, *the third Heaven*, 'the *Throne of God*, and *the Habitation of his Glory*. It 'is here where the glorified Body of our Saviour 'reſides, and where all the celeſtial Hierarchies, and 'the innumerable Hoſts of Angels, are repreſented as 'perpetually ſurrounding the Seat of God with *Hal-* 'lelujahs and Hymns of Praiſe. This is that Preſence 'of God which ſome of the Divines call his Glorious, 'and others his Majeſtatick Preſence. He is indeed as 'eſſentially preſent in all other Places as in this, but

'it is here where he reſides in a ſenſible Magnificence, 'and in the midſt of all thoſe Splendors which can af-'fect the Imagination of created Beings.

'IT is very remarkable that this Opinion of God 'Almighty's Preſence in Heaven, whether diſcovered 'by the Light of Nature, or by a general Tradition 'from our firſt Parents, prevails among all the Nations 'of the World, whatſoever different Notions they en-'tertain of the Godhead. If you look into *Homer*, that 'is, the moſt ancient of the *Greek* Writers, you ſee the 'ſupreme Powers ſeated in the Heavens, and encom-'paſſed with inferior Deities, among whom the Mu-'ſes are repreſented as ſinging inceſſantly about his 'Throne. Who does not here ſee the main Strokes 'and Outlines of this great Truth we are ſpeaking of? 'The ſame Doctrine is ſhadowed out in many other 'Heathen Authors, tho' at the ſame time, like ſeveral 'other revealed Truths, daſhed and adulterated with a 'mixture of Fables and human Inventions. But to 'paſs over the Notions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, thoſe 'more enlightened Parts of the Pagan World, we find 'there is ſcarce a People among the late diſcovered 'Nations who are not trained up in an Opinion, that 'Heaven is the Habitation of the Divinity whom they 'worſhip.

'AS in *Solomon*'s Temple there was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, in which a viſile Glory appeared among the Figures of the Cherubims, and into which none but the High-Prieſt himſelf was permitted to enter, after having made an Atonement for the Sins of the People; ſo if we conſider the whole Creation as one great Temple, there is in it this Holy of Holies, in-to which the High-Prieſt of our Salvation entered, and took his Place among Angels and Archangels, af-ter having made a Propitiation for the Sins of Man-kind.

'WITH how much Skill muſt the Throne of God be erected? With what glorious Deſigns is that Habitation beautified, which is contrived and built by him who inſpired *Hyram* with Wiſdom? How

'great

'great muſt be the Majeſty of that Place, where th
'whole Art of Creation has been employed, an
'where God has choſen to ſhow himſelf in the mo
'magnificant manner? What muſt be the Architectur
'of Infinite Power under the Direction of Infinite Wi
'dom? A Spirit cannot but be tranſported after an in
'effable manner, with the ſight of thoſe Objects, whic
'were made to affect him by that Being who know
'the inward Frame of a Soul, and how to pleaſe an
'raviſh it in all its moſt ſecret Powers and Faculti
'It is to this Majeſtic Preſence of God, we may ap
'ply thoſe beautiful Expreſſions in holy Writ: *Behol
'even to the Moon, and it ſhineth not; yea the Stars ar
'not pure in his Sight.* The Light of the Sun, and a
'the Glories of the World in which we live, are bu
'as weak and ſickly Glimmerings, or rather Darkneſs i
'ſelf, in Compariſon of thoſe Splendors which encom
'paſs the Throne of God.

'AS the *Glory* of this Place is tranſcendent beyon
'Imagination, ſo probably is the *Extent* of it. Ther
'is Light behind Light, and Glory within Glory.
'How far that Space may reach, in which God thu
'appears in perfect Majeſty, we cannot poſſibly con
'ceive. Tho' it is not infinite, it may be indefinite;
'and tho' not immeaſurable in it ſelf, it may be ſo wit
'regard to any created Eye or Imagination. If he ha
'made theſe lower Regions of Matter ſo inconceivably
'wide and magnificent for the Habitation of morta
'and periſhable Beings, how great may we ſuppoſe
'the Courts of his Houſe to be, where he makes hi
'Reſidence in a more eſpecial manner, and diſplay
'himſelf in the Fullneſs of his Glory, among an innu
'merable Company of Angels, and Spirits of juſt Men
'made perfect?

'THIS is certain, that our Imaginations cannot
'be raiſed too high, when we think on a Place
'where Omnipotence and Omniſcience have ſo ſig
'nally exerted themſelves, becauſe that they are able
'to produce a Scene infinitely more great and glori

'ou

'ous than what we are able to imagine. It is not im-
'poſſible but at the Conſummation of all Things, theſe
'outward Apartments of Nature, which are now
'ſuited to thoſe Beings who inhabit them, may be ta-
'ken in and added to that glorious Place of which I
'am here ſpeaking; and by that means made a pro-
'per Habitation for Beings who are exempt from Mor-
'tality, and cleared of their Imperfections: For ſo the
'Scripture ſeems to intimate, when it ſpeaks of new
'Heavens and of a new Earth, wherein dwelleth Righ-
'teouſneſs.

'I have only conſidered this Glorious Place, with re-
'gard to the Sight and Imagination, though it is high-
'ly probable that our other Senſes may here likewiſe
'enjoy their higheſt Gratifications. There is nothing
'which more raviſhes and tranſports the Soul, than
'Harmony; and we have great Reaſon to believe, from
'the Deſcriptions of this Place in Holy Scripture, that
'this is one of the Entertainments of it. And if the
'Soul of Man can be ſo wonderfully affected with
'thoſe Strains of Muſick, which Human Art is capa-
'ble of producing, how much more will it be raiſed
'and elevated by thoſe, in which is exerted the whole
'Power of Harmony! The Senſes are Faculties of the
'Human Soul, though they cannot be employ'd, du-
'ring this our vital Union, without proper Inſtru-
'ments in the Body. Why therefore ſhould we ex-
'clude the Satisfaction of theſe Faculties, which we
'find by Experience are Inlets of great Pleaſure to the
'Soul, from among thoſe Entertainments which are
'to make up our Happineſs hereafter? Why ſhould
'we ſuppoſe that our Hearing and Seeing will not be
'gratify'd with thoſe Objects which are moſt agree-
'able to them, and which they cannot meet with
'in theſe lower Regions of Nature; Objects, *which*
'*neither Eye hath ſeen, nor Ear heard, nor can it enter*
'*into the Heart of Man to conceive? I knew a Man in*
'*Chriſt* (ſays St. *Paul*, ſpeaking of himſelf) *above*
'*fourteen Years ago* (*whether in the Body, I cannot*
'*tell, or whether out of the Body, I cannot tell: God*
knoweth)

'*knoweth*) *ſuch a one caught up to the third Heaven. And* '*I knew ſuch a Man*, (*whether in the Body, or out of the* '*Body, I cannot tell: God knoweth*) *how that he was* '*caught up into Paradiſe, and heard unſpeakable Words,* '*which it is not poſſible for a Man to utter.* By this is 'meant, that what he heard was ſo infinitely diffe-'rent from any thing which he heard in this 'World, that it was impoſſible to expreſs it in 'ſuch Words as might convey a Notion of it to his 'Hearers.

'IT is very natural for us to take Delight in En-'quiries concerning any foreign Country, where we 'are ſome Time or other to make our Abode; and as 'we all hope to be admitted into this glorious Place, 'it is both a laudable and uſeful Curioſity, to get what 'Informations we can of it, whilſt we make uſe of 'Revelation for our Guide. When theſe everlaſting 'Doors ſhall be open to us, we may be ſure that the 'Pleaſures and Beauties of this Place will infinitely 'tranſcend our preſent Hopes and Expectations, and 'that the glorious Appearance of the Throne of God, 'will riſe infinitely beyond whatever we are able to 'conceive of it. We might here entertain our ſelves 'with many other Speculations on this Subject, from 'thoſe ſeveral Hints which we find of it in the Holy 'Scriptures; as whether there may not be different 'Manſions and Apartments of Glory, to Beings of dif-'ferent Natures; whether as they excel one another in 'Perfection, they are not admitted nearer to the 'Throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater Mani-'feſtations of his Preſence; whether there are not ſo-'lemn Times and Occaſions, when all the Multitude of 'Heaven celebrate the Preſence of their Maker in more 'extraordinary Forms of Praiſe and Adoration; as *A-*'*dam*, though he had continued in a State of Inno-'cence, would, in the Opinion of our Divines, have 'kept holy the Sabbath Day, in a more particular Man-'ner than any other of the Seven. Theſe, and the 'like Speculations, we may very innocently indulge, 'ſo long as we make uſe of them to inſpire us with

a

a Deſire of becoming Inhabitants of this delightful Place.

'I have in this, and in two foregoing Letters, treated on the moſt ſerious Subject that can employ the Mind of Man, the Omnipreſence of the Deity; a Subject which, if poſſible, ſhould never depart from our Meditations. We have conſidered the Divine Being, as he inhabits Infinitude, as he dwells among his Work, as he is preſent to the Mind of Man, and as he diſcovers himſelf in a more glorious Manner among the Regions of the Bleſt. Such a Conſideration ſhould be kept awake in us at all Times, and in all Places, and poſſeſs our Minds with a perpetual Awe and Reverence. It ſhould be interwoven with all our Thoughts and Perceptions, and become one with the Conſciouſneſs of our own Being. It is not to be reflected on in the Coldneſs of Philoſophy, but ought to ſink us into the loweſt Proſtration before him, who is ſo aſtoniſhingly Great, Wonderful, and Holy.'

N° 581. *Monday, Auguſt* 16.

Sunt bona, ſunt quædam mediocria, ſunt mala plura
Quæ legis ——— Mart.

I Am at preſent ſitting with a Heap of Letters before me, which I have received under the Character of SPECTATOR; I have Complaints from Lovers, Schemes from Projectors, Scandal from Ladies, Congratulations, Compliments, and Advice in abundance.

I have not been thus long an Author, to be inſenſible of the natural Fondneſs every Perſon muſt have for their own Productions; and I begin to think I have treated my Correſpondents a little too uncivilly in ſtringing them all together on a File, and letting them lye ſo long unregarded. I ſhall therefore, for the

the future, think my ſelf at leaſt obliged to take ſo
Notice of ſuch Letters as I receive, and may poſſibly
it at the End of every Month.

IN the mean time, I intend my preſent Paper
ſhort Anſwer to moſt of thoſe which have been alre
ſent me.

THE Publick however is not to expect I ſhould
them into all my Secrets; and though I appear abſt
to moſt People, it is ſufficient if I am underſtood
my particular Correſpondents.

MY Well-wiſher *Van Nath* is very arch, but
quite enough ſo to appear in Print.

PHILADELPHUS will, in a little time, ſee
Query fully anſwered by a Treatiſe which is now
the Preſs.

IT was very improper at that time to comply w
Mr. *G.*

MISS *Kitty* muſt excuſe me.

THE Gentleman who ſent me a Copy of Ver
on his Miſtreſs's Dancing, is I believe too thorough
in Love to compoſe correctly.

I have too great a Reſpect for both the Univerſi
to praiſe one at the Expence of the other.

TOM Nimble is a very honeſt Fellow, and I de
him to preſent my humble Service to his Couſin
Bumper.

I am obliged for the Letter upon Prejudice.

I may in due time animadvert on the Caſe of *Gr*
Grumble.

THE Petition of *P. S. granted.*

THAT of *Sarah Loveit, refuſed.*

THE Papers of *A. S.* are returned.

I thank *Ariſtippus* for his kind Invitation.

MY Friend at *Woodſtock* is a bold Man, to undert
for all within Ten Miles of him.

I am afraid the Entertainment of *Tom Turnover* w
hardly be reliſhed by the good Cities of *London*
Weſtminſter.

I m

I muſt conſider further of it, before I indulge *W.* in thoſe Freedoms he takes with the Lady's Stock-

I am obliged to the ingenious Gentleman, who ſent an Ode on the Subject of a late SPECTATOR, and ll take particular Notice of his laſt Letter.

WHEN the Lady who wrote me a Letter, dated the 20th, in relation to ſome Paſſages in a *Lover*, be more particular in her Directions, I ſhall be ſo my Anſwer.

THE poor Gentleman, who fancies my Writings ld reclaim an Husband who can abuſe ſuch a Wife e deſcribes, has I am afraid too great an Opinion my Skill.

PHILANTHROPOS is, I dare ſay, a very well-oing Man, but is a little too prolix in his Compo-ns.

CONSTANTIUS himſelf muſt be the beſt Judge the Affair he mentions.

THE Letter dated from *Lincoln* is received.

ARETHUSA and her Friend may hear further m me.

CELIA is a little too haſty.

HARRIOT is a good Girl, but muſt not curtſie Folks ſhe does not know.

I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs my Friend *Sampſon Bent-* has quite puzzled me, and writ me a long Letter ich I cannot comprehend one Word of.

COLLIDAN muſt alſo explain what he means by *Drigelling*.

I think it beneath my *Spectatorial* Dignity, to con-n my ſelf in the Affair of the boiled Dumpling.

I ſhall conſult ſome *Litterati* on the Project ſent me the Diſcovery of the Longitude.

I know not how to conclude this Paper better, than inſerting a Couple of Letters which are really ge-ne, and which I look upon to be two of the ſmart-Pieces I have received from my Correſpondents of er Sex.

Brother

Brother SPEC,

'WHILE you are ſurveying every Object t
'falls in your way, I am wholly taken
'with one. Had that Sage, who demanded w
'Beauty was, lived to ſee the dear Angel I love,
'would not have asked ſuch a Queſtion. Had anot
'ſeen her, he would himſelf have loved the Perſon
'whom Heaven has made Virtue viſible; and w
'you your ſelf to be in her Company, you could
'ver, with all your Loquacity, ſay enough of her g
'Humour and Senſe. I ſend you the Outlines o
'Picture, which I can no more finiſh than I can
'fiently admire the dear Original. I am

Your moſt affectionate Brother,

Conſtantio S

Good Mr. Pert.

'I Will allow you nothing till you reſolve me
'following Queſtion. Pray what's the Re
'that while you only talk now upon *Wedneſdays*,
'*days*, and *Mondays*, you pretend to be a greater T
'than when you ſpoke every Day as you former
'ſed to do? If this be your plunging out of your
'citurnity, pray let the Length of your Speeches c
'penſate for the Scarceneſs of them.

I am,

Good Mr. Pert,

Your Admirer,

if you will be long enough for Me,

Amanda Lovele

Wedneſ

№ 582. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 28.

——*Tenet inſanabile multos*
Scribendi Cacoethes—— Juv.

THERE is a certain Diſtemper, which is mentioned neither by *Galen* nor *Hippocrates*, nor to be met with in the *London Diſpenſary*. *Juvenal*, in Motto of my Paper, terms it a *Cacoethes*; which hard Word for a Diſeaſe called in plain *Engliſh*, *the of Writing*. This *Cacoethes* is as Epidemical as the all-Pox, there being very few who are not ſeized ih it ſome time or other in their Lives. There is wever this Difference in theſe two Diſtempers, that firſt, after having indiſpoſed you for a time, never urns again; whereas this I am ſpeaking of, when it once got into the Blood, ſeldom comes out of it. e *Britiſh* Nation is very much afflicted with this Ma-, and tho' very many Remedies have been applied Perſons infected with it, few of them have ever wed ſucceſsful. Some have been cauterized with Sa- and Lampoons, but have received little or no Be- fit from them; others have had their Heads faſtned an Hour together between a Cleft Board, which is de uſe of as a Cure for the Diſeaſe when it appears its greateſt Malignity. There is indeed one kind of is Malady which has been ſometimes removed, like e Biting of a *Tarantula*, with the Sound of a muſical ſtrument, which is commonly known by the Name a Cat-Call. But if you have a Patient of this kind der your Care, you may aſſure your ſelf there no other way of recovering him effectually, but by bidding him the uſe of Pen, Ink, and Paper.

BUT to drop the Allegory before I have tired it , there is no Species of Scribblers more offenſive, and

and more incurable, than your Periodical Writers, who Works return upon the Publick on certain Days and ſtated Times. We have not the Conſolation in the P ruſal of theſe Authors, which we find at the readi of all others, (namely) that we are ſure, if we ha but Patience, we may come to the End of their L bours. I have often admired a humorous Saying *Diogenes*, who reading a dull Author to ſeveral of h Friends, when every one began to be tired, finding h was almoſt come to a Blank Leaf at the End of it, cr ed, *Courage, Lads, I ſee Land.* On the contrary, ou Progreſs though that kind of Writers I am no ſpeaking of is never at an End. One Day mak Work for another, we do not know when to promi our ſelves Reſt.

IT is a melancholy thing to conſider, that the A of Printing, which might be the greateſt Bleſſing t Mankind, ſhould prove detrimental to us, and that ſhould be made uſe of to ſcatter Prejudice and Igno rance through a People, inſtead of conveying to the Truth and Knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimſical Treatiſe, e titled, *William Ramſey's Vindication of Aſtrology.* Th profound Author, among many myſtical Paſſages, h the following one: 'The Abſence of the Sun is no 'the Cauſe of Night, foraſmuch as his Light is 'great that it may illuminate the Earth all over at onc 'as clear as broad Day, but there are tenebrificous an 'dark Stars, by whoſe Influence Night is brought on 'and which do ray out Darkneſs and Obſcurity upo 'the Earth, as the Sun does Light.

I conſider Writers in the ſame View this ſage A ſtrologer does the heavenly Bodies. Some of them are Stars that ſcatter Light, as others do Darkneſs. could mention ſeveral Authors who are tenebrificou Stars of the firſt Magnitude, and point out a Knot o Gentlemen who have been dull in Conſort, and ma be looked upon as a dark Conſtellation. The Natio has been a great while benighted with ſeveral of thei Antiluminaries. I ſuffered them to ray out thei

kneſs as long as I was able to endure it, till at length ame to a Reſolution of riſing upon them, and hope little time to drive them quite out of the *Britiſh* miſphere.

No. 583. *Friday, Auguſt* 20.

thymum pinoſque ferens de montibus altis,
ta ſerat latè circum, cui talia Curæ:
labore manum duro terat, ipſe feraces
at humo plantas, & amicos irriget Imbres. Virg.

EVERY Station of Life has Duties which are proper to it. Thoſe who are determined by Choice to any particular kind of Buſineſs, are in- more happy than thoſe who are determined by ceſſity, but both are under an equal Obligation of ng on Employment, which may be either uſeful themſelves, or beneficial to others. No one of the s of *Adam* ought to think himſelf exempt from Labour and Induſtry, which were denounced to firſt Parent, and in him to all his Poſterity. Thoſe whom Birth or Fortune may ſeem to make ſuch an plication unneceſſary, ought to find out ſome Cal- g or Profeſſion for themſelves, that they may not lie a Burden on the Species, and be the only uſeleſs rts of the Creation.

MANY of our Country Gentlemen in their buſie urs apply themſelves wholly to the Chaſe, or to ne other Diverſion which they find in the Fields Woods. This gave occaſion to one of our moſt inent *Engliſh* Writers to repreſent every one of them lying under a kind of Curſe pronounced to them in Words of *Goliah*, *I will give thee to the Fowls of the , and to the Beaſts of the Field.*

THO' Exerciſes of this Kind, when indulged with deration, may have a good Influence both on the

the Mind and Body, the Country affords many ot Amuſements of a more noble Kind.

AMONG theſe I know none more delightful itſelf, and beneficial to the Publick, than that *PLANTING*. I could mention a Nobleman wh Fortune has placed him in ſeveral Parts of *England*, who has always left theſe viſible Marks behind hi which ſhow he has been there: He never hired a Ho in his Life, without leaving all about it the Seeds Wealth, and beſtowing Legacies on the Poſterity the Owner. Had all the Gentlemen of *England* m the ſame Improvements upon their Eſtates, our wh Country would have been at this time as one gr Garden. Nor ought ſuch an Employment to be lo ed upon as too inglorious for Men of the higheſt Ra There have been Heroes in this Art, as well as in thers. We are told in particular of *Cyrus* the Gr that he planted all the Leſſer *Aſia*. There is ind ſomething truly magnificent in this kind of Amu ment: It gives a nobler Air to ſeveral Parts of Natur it fills the Earth with a Variety of beautiful Scen and has ſomething in it like Creation. For this R ſon the Pleaſure of one who plants is ſomething li that of a Poet, who, as *Ariſtotle* obſerves, is more lighted with his Productions than any other Writer Artiſt whatſoever.

PLANTATIONS have one Advantage in the which is not to be found in moſt other Works, as th give a Pleaſure of a more laſting Date, and continu improve in the Eye of the Planter. When you have niſhed a Building or any other Undertaking of the li Nature, it immediately decays upon your Hands; y ſee it brought to the utmoſt Point of Perfection, from that time haſtening to its Ruin. On the co trary, when you have finiſhed your Plantations, th are ſtill arriving at greater Degrees of Perfection as lo as you live, and appear more delightful in every ſu ceeding Year, than they did in the foregoing.

BUT I do not only recommend this Art to M of Eſtates as a pleaſing Amuſement, but as it is a ki of Virtuous Employment, and may therefore be i culcat

ulcated by moral Motives; particularly from the Love which we ought to have for our Country, and the egard which we ought to bear to our Poſterity. As r the firſt, I need only mention what is frequently ſerved by others, that the Increaſe of Foreſt-Trees es by no Means bear a Proportion to the Deſtruction them, inſomuch that in a few Ages the Nation ay be at a Loſs to ſupply it ſelf with Timber ſufficit for the Fleets of *England*. I know when a Man ks of Poſterity in Matters of this Nature, he is look- upon with an Eye of Ridicule by the cunning and liſh Part of Mankind. Moſt People are of the mour of an old Fellow of a College, who, when was preſſed by the Society to come into ſomething t might redound to the good of their Succeſſors, w very peeviſh, *We are always doing*, ſays he, *ſomeng for Poſterity, but I would fain ſee Poſterity do ſomeng for us.*

BUT I think Men are inexcuſable, who fail in a Duty this Nature, ſince it is ſo eaſily diſcharged. When a n conſiders, that the putting a few Twigs into the ound, is doing good to one who will make his Apance in the World about Fifty Years hence, or that is perhaps making one of his own Deſcendants eaſie rich, by ſo inconſiderable an Expence, if he finds nſelf averſe to it, he muſt conclude that he has a poor baſe Heart, void of all generous Principles and Love Mankind.

THERE is one Conſideration, which may very ch inforce what I have here ſaid. Many honeſt nds that are naturally diſpoſed to do good in the rld, and become Beneficial to Mankind, complain hin themſelves that they have not Talents for it. is therefore is a good Office, which is ſuited to the neſt Capacities, and which may be performed by litudes, who have not Abilities ſufficient to deſerve l of their Country and to recommend themſelves their Poſterity, by any other Method. It is the ſe of a Friend of mine, when any uſeful Coun- Neighbour dies, that *you may trace him*: which I look

look upon as a good Funeral Oration, at the Death of an honeſt Husbandman, who hath left the Impreſſions of his Induſtry behind him, in the Place where he has lived.

UPON the foregoing Conſiderations, I can ſcarce forbear repreſenting the Subject of this Paper as a kind of Moral Virtue: Which, as I have already ſhown, recommends it ſelf likewiſe by the Pleaſure that attends it. It muſt be confeſſed, that this is none of thoſe turbulent Pleaſures which is apt to gratify a Man in the Heats of Youth; but if it be not ſo Tumultuous, it is more Laſting. Nothing can be more delightful, than to entertain our ſelves with Proſpects of our own making; and to walk under thoſe Shades which our own Induſtry has raiſed. Amuſements of this Nature compoſe the Mind, and lay at reſt all thoſe Paſſions which are uneaſy to the Soul of Man, beſides, that they naturally engender good Thoughts, and diſpoſe us to laudable Contemplations. Many of the old Philoſophers paſſed away the greateſt Parts of their Lives among their Gardens. *Epicurus* himſelf could not think ſenſual Pleaſure attainable in any other Scene. Every Reader who is acquainted with *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Horace*, the greateſt Genius's of all Antiquity, knows very well with how much Rapture they have ſpoken on this Subject; and that *Virgil* in particular has Written a whole Book on the Art of Planting.

THIS Art ſeems to have been more eſpecially adapted to the Nature of Man in his Primæval State, when he had Life enough to ſee his Productions flouriſh in their utmoſt Beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the Flood might have ſeen a Wood of the talleſt Oakes in the Acron. But I only mention this Particular, in order to introduce in my next Paper, a Hiſtory which I have found among the Accounts of *China*, and which may be looked upon as an Antediluvian Novel.

№ 584. *Monday, Auguſt* 23.

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic Nemus, hic toto tecum conſumerer ævo. Virg.

HILPA was one of the 150 Daughters of *Zilpah*, of the Race of *Cohu*, by whom ſome of the Learned think is meant *Cain*. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when ſhe was but a Girl of Threeſcore and ten Years of Age, received the Addreſſes of ſeveral who made Love to her. Among theſe were two Brothers, *Harpath* and *Shalum*; *Harpath*, being the Firſt-born, was Maſter of that fruitful Region which lies at the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, in the Southern Parts of *China*. *Shalum* (which is to ſay the Planter in the *Chineſe* Language) poſſeſſed all the neighbouring Hills, and that great Range of Mountains which goes under the Name of *Tirzah*. *Harpath* was of a haughty contemptuous Spirit; *Shalum* was of a gentle Diſpoſition, beloved both by God and Man.

IT is ſaid that, among the Antediluvian Women, the Daughters of *Cohu* had their Minds wholly ſet upon Riches; for which Reaſon the beautiful *Hilpa* preferr'd *Harpath* to *Shalum*, becauſe of his numerous Flocks and Herds, that covered all the low Country which runs along the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, and is watered by ſeveral Fountains and Streams breaking out of the Sides of that Mountain.

HARPATH made ſo quick a Diſpatch of his Courtſhip, that he married *Hilpa* in the Hundredth Year of her Age; and being of an inſolent Temper, laughed to Scorn his Brother *Shalum* for having pretended to the beautiful *Hilpa*, when he was Maſter of nothing but a long Chain of Rocks and Mountains. This ſo much provoked *Shalum*, that he is ſaid to have curſed his Brother in the Bitterneſs of his Heart, and

to have prayed that one of his Mountains might fall upon his Head if ever he came within the Shadow of it.

FROM this Time forward *Harpath* would never venture out of the Vallies, but came to an untimely End in the 250th Year of his Age, being drowned in a River as he attempted to croſs it. This River is called to this Day, from his Name who periſhed in it, the River *Harpath*, and, what is very remarkable, iſſues out of one of thoſe Mountains which *Shalum* wiſhed might fall upon his Brother, when he curſed him in the Bitterneſs of his Heart.

HILPA was in the 160th Year of her Age at the Death of her Husband, having brought him but 50 Children, before he was ſnatched away, as has been already related. Many of the Antediluvians made Love to the young Widow, tho' no one was thought ſo likely to ſucceed in her Affections as her firſt Lover *Shalum*, who renewed his Court to her about ten Years after the Death of *Harpath*; for it was not thought decent in thoſe Days that a Widow ſhould be ſeen by a Man within ten Years after the Deceaſe of her Huſband.

SHALUM falling into a deep Melancholy, and reſolving to take away that Objection which had been raiſed againſt him when he made his firſt Addreſſes to *Hilpa*, began immediately after her Marriage with *Harpath*, to plant all that mountainous Region which fell to his Lot in the Diviſion of this Country. He knew how to adapt every Plant to its proper Soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional Secrets of that Art from the firſt Man. This Employment turn'd at length to his Profit as well as to his Amuſement: His Mountains were in a few Years ſhaded with young Trees, that gradually ſhot up into Groves, Woods, and Foreſts, intermixed with Walks, and Launs, and Gardens; inſomuch that the whole Region, from a naked and deſolate Proſpect, began now to look like a ſecond Paradiſe. The Pleaſantneſs of the Place, and the agreeable Diſpoſition of *Shalum*, who was reckoned one of the mildeſt and wiſeſt of all who lived before

fore the Flood, drew into it Multitudes of People, who were perpetually employed in the ſinking of Wells, the digging of Trenches, and the hollowing of Trees, for the better Diſtribution of Water through every Part of this ſpacious Plantation.

THE Habitations of *Shalum* looked every Year more beautiful in the Eyes of *Hilpa*, who after the Space of 70 Autumns, was wonderfully pleaſed with the diſtant Proſpect of *Shalum*'s Hills, which were then covered with innumerable Tufts of Trees and gloomy Scenes that gave a Magnificence to the Place, and converted it into one of the fineſt Landskips the Eye of Man could behold.

THE *Chineſe* record a Letter which *Shalum* is ſaid to have written to *Hilpa*, in the Eleventh Year of her Widowhood. I ſhall here tranſlate it, without departing from that noble Simplicity of Sentiments, and Plainneſs of Manners which appears in the Original.

SHALUM was at this Time 180 Years old, and *Hilpa* 170.

Shalum, *Maſter of Mount* Tirzah, *to* Hilpa, *Miſtreſs of the Vallies.*

In the 788th Year of the Creation.

'WHAT have I not ſuffered, O thou Daughter 'of *Zilpah*, ſince thou gaveſt thy ſelf away in Marriage to my Rival? I grew weary of the Light of the Sun, and have been ever ſince covering my ſelf with Woods and Foreſts. Theſe threeſcore and ten Years have I bewailed the Loſs of thee on the Tops of Mount *Tirzah*, and ſoothed my Melancholy among a thouſand gloomy Shades of my own raiſing. My Dwellings are at preſent as the Garden of God; every Part of them is filled with Fruits, and Flowers, and Fountains. The whole Mountain is perfumed for thy Reception. Come up into it, O my Beloved, and let us People this Spot of the new World with a beautiful Race of Mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among theſe delightful Shades, and

'fill every Quarter of them with Sons and Daughters.
'Remember, O thou Daughter of *Zilpah*, that the
'Age of Man is but a thouſand Years; that Beauty is
'the Admiration but of a few Centuries. It flouri-
'ſhes as a Mountain Oak, or as a Cedar on the Top
'of *Tirzah*, which in three or four hundred Years
'will fade away, and never be thought of by Poſterity,
'unleſs a young Wood ſprings from its Roots. Think
'well on this, and remember thy Neighbour in the
'Mountains.

HAVING here inſerted this Letter, which I look upon as the only Antediluvian *Billet-doux* now extant, I ſhall in my next Paper give the Anſwer to it, and the Sequel of this Story.

N° 585. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 25.

Ipſi lætitia voces ad ſidera jactant
Intonſi montes: ipſæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipſa ſonant arbuſta ——— Virg.

The Sequel of the Story of Shalum *and* Hilpa.

THE Letter inſerted in my laſt had ſo good an Effect upon *Hilpa*, that ſhe anſwered it in leſs than a Twelvemonth, after the following manner.

Hilpa, *Miſtreſs of the Vallies, to* Shalum, *Maſter of Mount* Tirzah.

In the 789th Year of the Creation.

'WHAT have I to do with thee, O *Shalum*? 'Thou praiſeſt *Hilpa*'s Beauty, but art thou 'not ſecretly enamoured with the Verdure of her 'Meadows? Art thou not more affected with the 'Proſpect of her green Vallies, than thou wouldeſt 'be

'be with the Sight of her Perſon? The Lowings of 'my Herds and the Bleatings of my Flocks, make a 'pleaſant Eccho in thy Mountains, and ſound ſweetly 'in thy Ears. What tho' I am delighted with the 'Wavings of thy Forreſts, and thoſe Breezes of Per-'fumes which flow from the Top of *Tirzah*: Are 'theſe like the Riches of the Valley?

'I know thee, O *Shalum*; thou art more wiſe and 'happy than any of the Sons of Men. Thy Dwellings 'are among the Cedars; thou ſearcheſt out the Diver-'ſity of Soils, thou underſtandeſt the Influences of the 'Stars, and markeſt the Change of Seaſons. Can a 'Woman appear lovely in the Eyes of ſuch a one? 'Diſquiet me not, O *Shalum*; let me alone, that I 'may enjoy thoſe goodly Poſſeſſions which are fallen 'to my Lot. Win me not by thy enticing Words. 'May thy Trees encreaſe and multiply; mayeſt thou 'add Wood to Wood, and Shade to Shade; but tempt 'not *Hilpa* to deſtroy thy Solitude, and make thy Re-'tirement populous.

THE *Chineſe* ſay, that a little time afterwards ſhe accepted of a Treat in one of the neighbouring Hills to which *Shalum* had invited her. This Treat laſted for two Years, and is ſaid to have coſt *Shalum* five hundred Antelopes, two thouſand Oſtriches, and a thouſand Tun of Milk; but what moſt of all recommended it, was that Variety of delicious Fruits and Pot-herbs, in which no Perſon then living could any way equal *Shalum*.

HE treated her in the Bower which he had planted amidſt the Wood of Nightingales. The Wood was made up of ſuch Fruit Trees and Plants as are moſt agreeable to the ſeveral Kinds of Singing Birds; ſo that it had drawn into it all the Muſick of the Country, and was filled from one End of the Year to the other with the moſt agreeable Conſort in Seaſon.

HE ſhewed her every Day ſome beautiful and ſurpriſing Scene in this new Region of Wood-lands; and as by this Means he had all the Opportunities he could wiſh for of opening his Mind to her, he ſuc-

ceeded ſo well, that upon her Depature ſhe made him a kind of Promiſe, and gave him her Word to return him a poſitive Anſwer in leſs than Fifty Years.

SHE had not been long among her own People in the Vallies, when ſhe received new Overtures, and at the ſame Time a moſt ſplendid Viſit from *Miſhpach*, who was a mighty Man of old, and had built a great City, which he called after his own Name. Every Houſe was made for at leaſt a thouſand Years, nay there were ſome that were leaſed out for three Lives; ſo that the Quantity of Stone and Timber conſumed in this Building is ſcarce to be imagined by thoſe who live in the preſent Age of the World. This great Man entertained her with the Voice of muſical Inſtruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the Sound of the Timbrel. He alſo preſented her with ſeveral domeſtick Utenſils wrought in Braſs and Iron, which had been newly found out for the Conveniency of Life. In the mean time *Shalum* grew very uneaſie with himſelf, and was ſorely diſpleaſed at *Hilpa* for the Reception which ſhe had given to *Miſhpach*, inſomuch that he never wrote to her or ſpoke of her during a whole Revolution of *Saturn*; but finding that this Intercourſe went no further than a Viſit, he again renewed his Addreſſes to her, who during his long Silence is ſaid very often to have caſt a wiſhing Eye upon Mount *Tirzah*.

HER Mind continued wavering about twenty Years longer between *Shalum* and *Miſhpach*; for tho' her Inclinations favoured the former, her Intereſt pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her Heart was in this unſettled Condition, the following Accident happened which determined her Choice. A high Tower of Wood that ſtood in the City of *Miſhpach* having caught Fire by a Flaſh of Lightning, in a few Days reduced the whole Town to Aſhes. *Miſhpach* reſolved to rebuild the Place, whatever it ſhould coſt him; and having already deſtroyed all the Timber of the Country, he was forced to have Recourſe to *Shalum*, whoſe Foreſts were now two hundred

dred Years old. He purchaſed theſe Woods with ſo many Herds of Cattle and Flocks of Sheep, and with ſuch a vaſt Extent of Fields and Paſtures, that *Shalum* was now grown more wealthy than *Miſhpach*; and therefore appeared ſo charming in the Eyes of *Zilpah*'s Daughter, that ſhe no longer refuſed him in Marriage. On the Day in which he brought her up into the Mountains he raiſed a moſt prodigious Pile of Cedar and of every ſweet ſmelling Wood, which reached above 300 Cubits in Height: He alſo caſt into the Pile Bundles of Mirth and Sheaves of Spikenard, enriching it with every ſpicy Shrub, and making it fat with the Gums of his Plantations. This was the Burnt-Offering which *Shalum* offered in the Day of his Eſpouſals: The Smoke of it aſcended up to Heaven, and filled the whole Country with Incenſe and Perfume.

N° 586. *Friday, Auguſt* 27.

— *Quæ in vita uſurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident, Quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique in ſomno accidunt.* Cic. de Div.

BY the laſt Poſt I received the following Letter, which is built upon a Thought that is new, and very well carried on; for which Reaſons I ſhall give it to the Publick without Alteration, Addition, or Amendment.

SIR,

IT was a good Piece of Advice which *Pythagoras* gave to his Scholars, That every Night before they ſlept they ſhould examine what they had been a doing that Day, and ſo diſcover what Actions were worthy of Purſuit to-morrow, and what little Vices were to be prevented from ſlipping unawares into

'a Habit. If I might ſecond the Philoſopher's Advice
'it ſhould be mine, That in a Morning before m
'Scholar roſe, he ſhould conſider what he had bee
'about that Night, and with the ſame Strictneſs, a
'if the Condition he has believed himſelf to be i
'was real. Such a Scrutiny into the Actions of h
'Fancy muſt be of conſiderable Advantage, for th
'Reaſon, becauſe the Circumſtances which a Ma
'imagines himſelf in during Sleep, are generally ſuc
'as entirely favour his Inclinations good or bad, an
'give him imaginary Opportunities of purſuing ther
'to the utmoſt; ſo that his Temper will lye fairl
'open to his View, while he conſiders how it is mo
'ved when free from thoſe Conſtraints which th
'Accidents of real Life put it under. Dreams are cer
'tainly the Reſult of our waking Thoughts, an
'our daily Hopes and Fears are what give the Min
'ſuch nimble Reliſhes of Pleaſure, and ſuch ſever
'Touches of Pain, in its Midnight Rambles. A Ma
'that murders his Enemy, or deſerts his Friend in
'Dream, had need to guard his Temper againſt Re
'venge and Ingratitude, and take heed that he be no
'tempted to do a vile thing in the Purſuit of falſe
'or the Neglect of true Honour. For my Part,
'ſeldom receive a Benefit, but in a Night or two'
'Time I make moſt noble Returns for it; which
'tho' my Benefactor is not a whit the better for, ye
'it pleaſes me to think that it was from a Princip
'of Gratitude in me, that my Mind was ſuſceptibl
'of ſuch generous Tranſport while I thought my ſel
'repaying the Kindneſs of my Friend: And I have
'often been ready to beg Pardon, inſtead of returning
'an Injury, after conſidering, that when the Offender
'was in my Power I had carried my Reſentment
'much too far.

'I think it has been obſerved in the Courſe of your
'Papers, how much one's Happineſs or Miſery may
'depend upon the Imagination: Of which Truth
'thoſe ſtrange Workings of Fancy in Sleep are no
'inconſiderable Inſtances; ſo that not only the Ad-

'vantage

vantage a Man has of making Diſcoveries of himſelf, but a Regard to his own Eaſe or Diſquiet, may induce him to accept of my Advice. Such as are willing to comply with it, I ſhall put into a way of doing it with Pleaſure, by obſerving only one Maxim which I ſhall give them, *viz. To go to Bed with a Mind entirely free from Paſſion, and a Body clear of the leaſt Intemperance.*

'THEY indeed who can ſink into Sleep with their Thoughts leſs calm or innocent than they ſhould be, do but plunge themſelves into Scenes of Guilt and Miſery; or they who are willing to purchaſe my Midnight Diſquietudes for the Satisfaction of a full Meal, or a Skin full of Wine; theſe I have nothing to ſay to, as not knowing how to invite them to Reflections full of Shame and Horrour: But thoſe that will obſerve this Rule, I promiſe them they ſhall awake into Health and Cheerfulneſs, and be capable of recounting with Delight thoſe glorious Moments wherein the Mind has been indulging it ſelf in ſuch Luxury of Thought, ſuch noble Hurry of Imagination. Suppoſe a Man's going ſupperleſs to Bed ſhould introduce him to the Table of ſome great Prince or other, where he ſhall be entertained with the nobleſt Marks of Honour and Plenty, and do ſo much Buſineſs after, that he ſhall riſe with as good a Stomach to his Breakfaſt as if he had faſted all Night long; or ſuppoſe he ſhould ſee his deareſt Friends remain all Night in great Diſtreſſes, which he ſhould inſtantly have diſengaged them from, could he have been content to have gone to Bed without t'other Bottle: Believe me, theſe Effects of Fancy are no contemptible Conſequences of commanding or indulging one's Appetite.

'I forbear recommending my Advice upon many other Accounts, till I hear how you and your Readers reliſh what I have already ſaid, among whom, if there be any that may pretend it is uſeleſs to them, becauſe they never dream at all, there may be others, perhaps, who do little elſe all Day long.

'Were

'Were every one as ſenſible as I am what happens to him in his Sleep, it would be no Diſpute whether we paſt ſo conſiderable a Portion of our Time in the Condition of Stocks and Stones, or whether the Soul were not perpetually at Work upon the Principle of Thought. However, 'tis an honeſt Endeavour of mine to perſwade my Countrymen to reap ſome Advantage from ſo many unregarded Hours, and as ſuch you will encourage it.

'I ſhall conclude with giving you a Sketch or two of my Way of proceeding.

'IF I have any Buſineſs of Conſequence to do to-morrow, I am ſcarce dropt aſleep to-night but I am in the midſt of it, and when awake I conſider the whole Proceſſion of the Affair, and get the Advantage of the next Day's Experience before the Sun has riſen upon it.

'THERE is ſcarce a great Poſt but what I have ſome Time or other been in; but my Behaviour while I was Maſter of a College, pleaſes me ſo well that whenever there is a Province of that Nature vacant, I intend to ſtep in as ſoon as I can.

'I have done many Things that would not paſs Examination, when I have had the Art of Flying, or being inviſible; for which Reaſon I am glad I am not poſſeſſed of thoſe extraordinary Qualities.

'LASTLY, Mr. SPECTATOR, I have been a great Correſpondent of yours, and have read many of my Letters in your Paper which I never wrote you. If you have a Mind I ſhould really be ſo, I have got a Parcel of Viſions and other Miſcellanies in my Noctuary, which I ſhall ſend you to enrich your Paper with on proper Occaſions.

Oxford, Aug. 20. *I am*, &c.

John Shadow

Monday

N° 587. *Monday, Auguſt* 30.

——— *Intus, & in Cute novi.* Perſ.

THO' the Author of the following Viſion is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the Work of that ingenious Gentleman, who promiſed me, in the laſt Paper, ſome Extracts out of his Noctuary.

SIR,

'I Was the other Day reading the Life of *Mahomet*. 'Among many other Extravagancies, I find it recorded of that Impoſtor, that in the fourth Year of his Age the Angel *Gabriel* caught him up, while he was among his Play-fellows, and, carrying him aſide, cut open his Breaſt, plucked out his Heart, and wrung out of it that black Drop of Blood, in which, ſay the *Turkiſh* Divines, is contained the *Fomes Peccati*, ſo that he was free from Sin ever after. I immediately ſaid to my ſelf, tho' this Story be a Fiction, a very good Moral may be drawn from it, would every Man but apply it to himſelf, and endeavour to ſqueeze out of his Heart whatever Sins or ill Qualities he finds in it.

'WHILE my Mind was wholly taken up with 'this Contemplation, I inſenſibly fell into a moſt pleaſing 'Slumber, when methought two Porters entered my 'Chamber, carrying a large Cheſt between them. 'After having ſet it down in the middle of the Room 'they departed. I immediately endeavour'd to open 'what was ſent me, when a Shape, like that in which 'we paint our Angels, appeared before me, and for-'bad me. Encloſed, ſaid he, are the Hearts of ſeveral 'of your Friends and Acquaintance; but before you

'can

'can be qualified to ſee and animadvert on the Fail
'ings of others, you muſt be pure your ſelf; where
'upon he drew out his Inciſion Knife, cut me open
'took out my Heart, and began to ſqueeze it. I was
'in a great Confuſion, to ſee how many things, which
'I had always cheriſhed as Virtues, iſſued out of my
'Heart on this Occaſion. In ſhort, after it had been
'throughly ſqueezed, it looked like an empty Bladder
'when the Phantome, breathing a freſh Particle of
'Divine Air into it, reſtored it ſafe to its former Re-
'poſitory: and having ſewed me up, we began to ex-
'amine the Cheſt.

'THE Hearts were all encloſed in tranſparent
'Phials, and preſerved in a Liquor which looked like
'Spirits of Wine. The firſt which I caſt my Eye up-
'on, I was afraid would have broke the Glaſs which
'contained it. It ſhot up and down, with incredible
'Swiftneſs, thro' the Liquor in which it ſwam, and
'very frequently bounced againſt the Side of the Phial.
'The *Fomes*, or Spot in the Middle of it, was not
'large, but of a red fiery Colour, and ſeemed to be the
'Cauſe of theſe violent Agitations. That, ſays my
'Inſtructor, is the Heart of *Tom. Dread-Nought*, who
'behaved himſelf well in the late Wars, but has for
'theſe Ten Years laſt paſt been aiming at ſome Poſt
'of Honour to no Purpoſe. He is lately retired into
'the Country, where, quite choaked up with Spleen
'and Choler, he rails at better Men than himſelf, and
'will be for ever uneaſie, becauſe it is impoſſible he
'ſhould think his Merit ſufficiently rewarded. The
'next Heart that I examined was remarkable for its
'Smallneſs; it lay ſtill at the Bottom of the Phial, and
'I could hardly perceive that it beat at all. The
'*Fomes* was quite black, and had almoſt diffuſed it-
'ſelf over the whole Heart. This, ſays my Interpre-
'ter, is the Heart of *Dick Gloomy*, who never thirſted
'after any thing but Money. Notwithſtanding all his
'Endeavours, he is ſtill poor. This has flung him in-
'to a moſt deplorable State of Melancholy and De-
'ſpair. He is a Compoſition of Envy and Idleneſs,

'hates

hates Mankind, but gives them their Revenge by being more uneaſie to himſelf, than to any one elſe.

'THE Phial I looked upon next contained a large fair Heart, which beat very ſtrongly. The *Fomes* or Spot in it was exceeding ſmall; but I could not help obſerving, that which way ſoever I turned the Phial it always appeared uppermoſt, and in the ſtrongeſt Point of Light. The Heart you are examining, ſays my Companion, belongs to *Will. Worthy*. He has, indeed, a moſt noble Soul, and is poſſeſſed of a thouſand good Qualities. The Speck which you diſcover is *Vanity*.

'HERE, ſays the Angel, is the Heart of *Freelove*, your intimate Friend. *Freelove* and I, ſaid I, are at preſent very cold to one another, and I do not care for looking on the Heart of a Man, which I fear is overcaſt with Rancour. My Teacher commanded me to look upon it; I did ſo, and, to my unſpeakable Surprize, found that a ſmall ſwelling Spot, which I at firſt took to be *Ill-will* towards me, was only *Paſſion*, and that upon my nearer Inſpection it wholly diſappeared; upon which the Phantome told me *Freelove* was one of the beſt-natured Men alive.

'THIS, ſays my Teacher, is a Female Heart of your Acquaintance. I found the *Fomes* in it of the largeſt Size, and of a hundred different Colours, which were ſtill varying every Moment. Upon my asking to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the Heart of *Coquetilla*.

'I ſet it down, and drew out another, in which I took the *Fomes* at firſt Sight to be very ſmall, but was amazed to find, that as I looked ſtedfaſtly upon it, it grew ſtill larger. It was the Heat of *Meliſſa*, a noted Prude who lives the next Door to me.

'I ſhow you this, ſays the Phantome, becauſe it is indeed a Rarity, and you have the Happineſs to know the Perſon to whom it belongs. He then put into my Hands a large Chryſtal Glaſs, that encloſed an Heart, in which, though I examined it with the

'utmoſt

'utmoſt Nicety, I could not perceive any Blemiſ
'I made no Scruple to affirm that it muſt be t
'Heart of *Seraphina*, and was glad, but not ſurprize
'to find that it was ſo. She is, indeed, continu
'my Guide, the Ornament, as well as the Envy,
'her Sex; at theſe laſt Words, he pointed to the Hea
'of ſeveral of her Female Acquaintance which lay
'different Phials, and had very large Spots in them
'all of a deep *Blue*. You are not to wonder, ſays h
'that you ſee no Spot in an Heart, whoſe Innocenc
'has been Proof againſt all the Corruptions of a depr
'ved Age. If it has any Blemiſh, it is too ſmall to b
'diſcovered by Human Eyes.

'I layed it down, and took up the Hearts of othe
'Females, in all of which the *Fomes* ran in ſeveral
'Veins, which were twiſted together, and made
'very perplexed Figure. I asked the Meaning of i
'and was told it repreſented *Deceit*.

'I ſhould have been glad to have examined th
'Hearts of ſeveral of my Acquaintance, whom I kne
'to be particularly addicted to Drinking, Gaming
'Intreaguing, *&c.* but my Interpreter told me I mu
'let that alone till another Opportunity, and ſlung
'down the Cover of the Cheſt with ſo much Vio
'lence, as immediately awoke me.

Nº 588. *Wedneſday, September* 1.

Dicitis, Omnis in Imbecillitate eſt et Gratia, et Caritas.
Cicero de Nat. Deor. L.

MAN may be conſidered in two Views, as a Reaſonable, and as a Sociable Being; capable of becoming himſelf either happy or miſerable, and of contributing to the Happineſs or Miſery of his Fellow Creatures. Suitably to this double Capacity, the Contriver of Human Nature hath wiſely fur-

niſhed it with two Principles of Action, Self-love
d Benevolence; deſigned one of them to render Man
keful to his own perſonal Intereſt, the other to
poſe him for giving his utmoſt Aſſiſtance to all
gaged in the ſame Purſuit. This is ſuch an Ac-
unt of our Frame, ſo agreeable to Reaſon, ſo much
the Honour of our Maker, and the Credit of our
ecies, that it may appear ſomewhat unaccountable
at ſhould induce Men to repreſent human Nature
hey do under Characters of Diſadvantage, or, hav-
drawn it with a little and ſordid Aſpect, what
aſure they can poſſibly take in ſuch a Picture. Do
y reflect that it is their own, and, if we ſhall be-
e themſelves, is not more odious than the Origi-
? One of the firſt that talked in this lofty Strain of
Nature was *Epicurus*. Beneficence, would his Fol-
wers ſay, is all founded in Weakneſs; and, whate-
be pretended, the Kindneſs that paſſeth between
n and Men is by every Man directed to himſelf.
is, it muſt be confeſſed, is of a Piece with the reſt
that hopeful Philoſophy, which having patched
n up out of the four Elements, attributes his Be-
to Chance, and derives all his Actions from an
ntelligible Declination of Atoms. And for theſe
rious Diſcoveries the Poet is beyond meaſure tran-
rted in the Praiſes of his Hero, as if he muſt needs
ſomething more than Man, only for an Endeavour
prove that Man is in nothing ſuperior to Beaſts. In
s School was Mr. *Hobbes* inſtructed to ſpeak after
ſame Manner, if he did not rather draw his Know-
ge from an Obſervation of his own Temper; for
ſomewhere unluckily lays down this as a Rule,
That from the Similitudes of Thoughts and Paſſions
f one Man to the Thoughts and Paſſions of ano-
her, whoſoever looks into himſelf and conſiders
what he doth when he thinks, hopes, fears, *&c.*
nd upon what Grounds; he ſhall hereby read and
now what are the Thoughts and Paſſions of all o-
her Men upon the like Occaſion. Now we will
w Mr. *Hobbes* to know beſt how he was inclined;

But

But in earneſt, I ſhould be heartily out of Conc
with my ſelf, if I thought my ſelf of this unamia
Temper, as he affirms, and ſhould have as little Ki
neſs for my ſelf as for any Body in the World.
therto I always imagined that kind and benevol
Propenſions were the Original Growth of the Heart
Man, and, however checked and overtopped by cour
Inclinations that have ſince ſprung up within us, h
ſtill ſome Force in the worſt of Tempers, and a co
ſiderable Influence on the beſt. And, methinks, it
a fair Step towards the Proof of this, that the m
beneficent of all Beings is He who hath an abſol
Fullneſs of Perfection in Himſelf, who gave Exiſte
to the Univerſe, and ſo cannot be ſuppoſed to w
that which He communicated, without diminiſhi
from the Plenitude of his own Power and Happine
The Philoſophers before mentioned have indeed do
all that in them lay to invalidate this Argument;
placing the Gods in a State of the moſt elevated Bl
ſedneſs, they deſcribe them as Selfiſh as we poor m
ſerable Mortals can be, and ſhut them out from
Concern for Mankind, upon the Score of their havi
no Need of us. But if He that ſitteth in the Heave
wants not us, we ſtand in continual Need of Hi
and ſurely, next to the Survey of the immenſe Tr
ſures of his own Mind, the moſt exalted Pleaſure
receives is from beholding Millions of Creatures, la
drawn out of the Gulph of Non-exiſtence, rejoici
in the various Degrees of Being and Happineſs impa
ed to them. And as this is the true, the glorio
Character of the Deity, ſo in forming a reaſona
Creature He would not, if poſſible, ſuffer his Image
paſs out of his Hands unadorned with a Reſemblan
of Himſelf in this moſt lovely Part of his Nature.
what Complacency could a Mind, whoſe Love is
unbounded as his Knowledge, have in a Work ſo u
like Himſelf? a Creature that ſhould be capable
knowing and converſing with a vaſt Circle of Objec
and love none but Himſelf? What Proportion wou
there be between the Head and the Heart of ſuch

Creatu

rature, its Affections, and its Underſtanding? Or ld a Society of ſuch Creatures, with no other Bot- m but Self-Love on which to maintain a Commerce, r flouriſh? Reaſon, 'tis certain, would oblige every n to purſue the general Happineſs, as the Means to ure and eſtabliſh his own; and yet if, beſides this nſideration, there were not a natural Inſtinct, mpting Men to deſire the Welfare and Satisfaction others, Self-Love, in Defiance of the Admonitions Reaſon, would quickly run all Things into a State War and Confuſion. As nearly intereſted as the Soul in the Fate of the Body, our provident Creator ſaw neceſſary, by the conſtant Returns of Hunger and irſt, thoſe importunate Appetites, to put it in Mind its Charge; knowing, that if we ſhould eat and nk no oftner than cold abſtracted Speculation ſhould t us upon theſe Exerciſes, and then leave it to Rea- n to preſcribe the Quantity, we ſhould ſoon refine r ſelves out of this bodily Life. And, indeed, 'tis vious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily, leſs carried to it by Inclinations which anticipate r Reaſon, and, like a Biaſs, draw the Mind ſtrongly wards it. In order, therefore, to eſtabliſh a perpe- l Intercouſe of Benefits among Mankind, their ker would not fail to give them this generous Pre- ſeſſion of Benevolence, if, as I have ſaid, it were ſible. And from whence can we go about to ar- e its Impoſſibility? Is it inconſiſtent with Self-Love? re their Motions contrary? No more than the diur- l Rotation of the Earth is oppoſed to its Annual; or Motion round its own Center, which may be im- oved as an Illuſtration of Self-Love, to that which hirls it about the common Center of the World, an- wering to univerſal Benevolence. Is the Force of Self- ove abated, or its Intereſt prejudiced by Benevolence? o far from it, that Benevolence, though a diſtinct rinciple, is extreamly ſerviceable to Self-Love, and en doth moſt Service when 'tis leaſt deſigned.

BUT

BUT to descend from Reason to Matter of
the Pity which arises on Sight of Persons in D
and the Satisfaction of Mind which is the Conseq
of having removed them into a happier State, a
stead of a thousand Arguments to prove such a
as a disinterested Benevolence. Did Pity proceed
a Reflection we make upon our Liableness to
same ill Accidents we see befall others, it were
thing to the present Purpose; but this is assigni
artificial Cause of a natural Passion, and can by no M
be admitted as a tolerable Account of it, because
dren and Persons most Thoughtless about their
Condition, and incapable of entering into the Prosp
of Futurity, feel the most violent Touches of Com
sion. And then as to that charming Delight w
immediately follows the giving Joy to another, o
lieving his Sorrow, and is, when the Objects are
merous, and the Kindness of Importance, really i
pressible, what can this be owing to but Consci
ness of a Man's having done something Praise-wor
and expressive of a great Soul? Whereas, if in all
he only Sacrificed to Vanity and Self-Love, as t
would be nothing brave in Actions that make
most shining Appearance, so Nature would not h
rewarded them with this divine Pleasure; nor c
the Commendations, which a Person receives for
nefits done upon selfish Views, be at all more Sati
ctory, than when he is applauded for what he d
without Design; because in both Cases the Ends
Self-Love are equally answered. The Conscience
approving ones self a Benefactor to Mankind is
noblest Recompence for being so; doubtless it is,
the most interested cannot propose any thing so m
to their own Advantage, notwithstanding which,
Inclination is nevertheless unselfish. The Pleas
which attends the Gratification of our Hunger
Thirst, is not the Cause of these Appetites; they
previous to any such Prospect; and so likewise is t
Desire of doing Good; with this Difference, that b
ing seated in the intellectual Part, this last, thou

edent to Reaſon, may yet be improved and re-
d by it, and, I will add, is no otherwiſe a Vir-
an as it is ſo. Thus have I contended for the Dig-
of that Nature I have the Honour to partake of
after all the Evidence produced, think I have a
to conclude, againſt the Motto of this Paper,
here is ſuch a thing as Generoſity in the World.
gh if I were under a Miſtake in this, I ſhould ſay
ero in Relation to the Immortality of the Soul,
ingly err, and ſhould believe it very much for the
ſt of Mankind to lye under the ſame Deluſion.
he contrary Notion naturally tends to diſpirit the
, and ſinks it into a Meanneſs fatal to the God-
Zeal of doing good. As on the other hand, it
s People to be Ungrateful, by poſſeſſing them
a Perſwaſion concerning their Benefactors, that
have no Regard to them in the Benefits they be-
. Now he that baniſhes Gratitude from among
by ſo doing ſtops up the Stream of Beneficence.
hough in conferring Kindneſſes, a truly generous
doth not aim at a Return, yet he looks to the
ties of the Perſon obliged, and as nothing renders
ſon more unworthy of a Benefit, than his being
ut all Reſentment of it, he will not be extreamly
rd to oblige ſuch a Man. *By Mr. Hen. Grove of Taunton*

589. *Friday, September 3.*

ſequitur ſcelus ille ſuum: labefactaque tandem
ibus innumeris adductaque funibus arbor
ruit. ——— Ovid.

I R,

Am ſo great an Admirer of Trees, that the Spot
of Ground I have choſen to build a ſmall Seat
upon, in the Country, is almoſt in the midſt
a large Wood. I was obliged, much againſt my
Will,

'Will, to cut down ſeveral Trees, that I might h
'any ſuch thing as a Walk in my Gardens; but the
'have taken Care to leave the Space, between ev
'Walk, as much a Wood as I found it. The Mom
'you turn either to the Right or Left, you are in a
'reſt, where Nature preſents you with a much m
'beautiful Scene than could have been raiſed by Art,

'INSTEAD of *Tulips* or *Carnations*, I can ſh
'you *Oakes* in my Gardens of four hundred Ye
'ſtanding, and a Knot of *Elms* that might ſhelte
'Troop of Horſe from the Rain.

'IT is not without the utmoſt Indignation, t
'I obſerve ſeveral prodigal young Heirs in the Nei
'bourhood, felling down the moſt glorious Mo
'ments of their Anceſtors Induſtry, and ruining, i
'Day, the Product of Ages.

'I am mightily pleaſed with your Diſcourſe up
'Planting, which put me upon looking into
'Books to give you ſome Account of the Venerati
'the Ancients had for Trees. There is an old Tra
'tion, that *Abraham* planted a *Cypreſs*, a *Pine*, an
'*Cedar*, and that theſe three incorporated into o
'Tree, which was cut down for the building of t
'Temple of *Solomon*.

'*ISIDORUS*, who liv'd in the Reign of *Conſt*
'*tius*, aſſures us, that he ſaw, even in his Time, t
'famous *Oak* in the Plains of *Mambré*, under whi
'*Abraham* is reported to have dwelt, and adds, that t
'People looked upon it with a great Veneration, a
'preſerved it as a ſacred Tree.

'THE Heathens ſtill went farther, and regard
'it as the higheſt Piece of Sacrilege to injure cert
'Trees which they took to be protected by ſo
'Deity. The Story of *Eriſichthon*, the Grove of *D*
'*dona*, and that at *Delphi*, are all Inſtances of t
'Kind.

'IF we conſider the Machine in *Virgil*, ſo mu
'blamed by ſeveral Criticks, in this Light, we ſh
'hardly think it too violent.

'ÆNEA

ÆNEAS, when he built his Fleet, in order to
l for *Italy*, was obliged to cut down the Grove on
ount *Ida*, which however he durſt not do till he
d obtained Leave from *Cybele*, to whom it was de-
cated. The Goddeſs could not but think her ſelf
liged to protect the Ships, which were made of
nſecrated Timber, after a very extraordinary Man-
r, and therefore deſired *Jupiter*, that they might
t be obnoxious to the Power of Waves or Winds.
piter would not grant this, but promiſed her, that
many as came ſafe to *Italy* ſhould be transformed
o Goddeſſes of the Sea; which the Poet tells u s
as accordingly executed.

And now at length the number'd Hours were come,
x'd by Fate's irrevocable Doom,
n the great Mother of the Gods was free
ave her Ships, and finiſh Jove's *Decree.*
, from the Quarter of the Morn, there ſprung
Light that ſign'd the Heavens, and ſhot along:
n from a Clould, fring'd round with Golden Fires,
e Timbrels heard, and Berecynthian *Quires:*
d laſt a Voice, with more than Mortal ſounds,
h Hoſts in Arms oppos'd, with equal Horror wounds.
O Trojan *Race, your needleſs Aid forbear;*
d know my Ships are my peculiar Care.
th greater Eaſe the bold Rutulian *may,*
th hiſſing Brands, attempt to burn the Sea,
an ſinge my ſacred Pines. But you my Charge,
u'd from your crooked Anchors launch at large,
alted each a Nymph: Forſake the Sand,
d ſwim the Seas, at Cybele's *Command.*
o ſooner had the Goddeſs ceas'd to ſpeak,
om lo, th' obedient Ships their Haulſers break;
d ſtrange to tell, like Dolphins in the Main,
ey plunge their Prows, and dive, and ſpring again:
s many beauteous Maids the Billows ſweep,
s rode before tall Veſſels on the Deep.

Dryden's Virg.

'THE common Opinion concerning the Nymp
'whom the Anciens called *Hamadryads*, is more
'the Honour of Trees than any thing yet mention
'It was thought the Fate of theſe Nymphs had
'near a Dependance on ſome Trees, more eſpeci
'Oaks, that they lived and died together. For t
'Reaſon they were extreamly grateful to ſuch Perſo
'who preſerved thoſe Trees with which their Bei
'ſubſiſted. *Apollonius* tells us a very remarkable Sto
'to this Purpoſe, with which I ſhall conclude m
'Letter.

'A certain Man, called *Rhacus*, obſerving an o
'Oak ready to fall, and being moved with a ſort
'Compaſſion towards the Tree, ordered his Servan
'to pour in freſh Earth at the Roots of it, and ſ
'it upright. The *Hamadryad* or Nymph who mu
'neceſſarily have periſhed with the Tree, appeared
'him the next Day, and after having returned hi
'her Thanks, told him, ſhe was ready to grant wha
'ever he ſhould ask. As ſhe was extreamly Beauti
'ful, *Rhacus* deſired he might be entertained as h
'Lover. The *Hamadryad*, not much diſpleaſed wit
'the Requeſt, promis'd to give him a Meeting, bu
'commanded him for ſome Days to abſtain from
'the Embraces of all other Women, adding, that ſh
'would ſend a Bee to him, to let him know whe
'he was to be happy. *Rhacus* was, it ſeems, too
'much addicted to Gaming, and happened to be i
'a Run of ill Luck when the faithful Bee came buz-
'zing about him; ſo that inſtead of minding his kind
'Invitation, he had like to have killed him for his
'Pains. The *Hamadryad* was ſo provoked at her own
'Diſappointment, and the ill Uſage of her Meſſenger,
'that ſhe deprived *Rhacus* of the Uſe of his Limbs.
'However, ſays the Story, he was not ſo much a
'Cripple, but he made a Shift to cut down the Tree,
'and conſequently to fell his Miſtreſs.

Monday,

No 590. *Monday, September 6.*

—— Aſſiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non ſecus ac flumen. Neque enim conſiſtere flumen,
Nec levis hora poteſt: ſed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora ſic fugiunt pariter, pariterque ſequuntur;
Et nova ſunt ſemper. Nam quod fuit ante relictum eſt;
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.
Ov. Met.

The following Diſcourſe comes from the ſame Hand with the Eſſays upon Infinitude.

WE conſider infinite Space as an Expanſion without a Circumference: We conſider Eternity, or infinite Duration, as a Line that has either a Beginning nor an End. In our Speculations of infinite Space, we conſider that particular Place in which we exiſt, as a kind of Center to the whole Expanſion. In our Speculations of Eternity, we conſider the Time which is preſent to us as the Middle, which divides the whole Line into two equal Parts. For this reaſon, many witty Authors compare the preſent Time to an Iſthmus or narrow Neck of Land, that riſes in the midſt of any Ocean, immeaſurably diffuſed on either ſide of it.

PHILOSOPHY, and indeed common Senſe, naturally throws Eternity under two Diviſions; which we may call in *Engliſh*, that Eternity which is paſt, and that Eternity which is to come. The learned Terms of *Æternitas a Parte ante*, and *Æternitas a Parte poſt*, may be more amuſing to the Reader, but can have no other Idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by thoſe Words, an Eternity that is paſt, and an Eternity that is to come. Each of theſe

Eternities is bounded at the one Extream; or, in othe Words, the former has an End, and the latter a Begin ning.

LET us firſt of all conſider that Eternity which i paſt, reſerving that which is to come for the Subje of another Paper. The Nature of this Eternity is ut terly inconceivable by the Mind of Man: Our Reaſon demonſtrates to us that it *has been*, but at the ſam Time can frame no Idea of it, but what is big wit Abſurdity and Contradiction. We can have no othe Conception of any Duration which is paſt, than tha all of it was once preſent; and whatever was onc preſent, is at ſome certain Diſtance from us, and what ever is at any certain Diſtance from us, be the Di ſtance never ſo remote, cannot be Eternity. The ver Notion of any Duration's being paſt, implies tha it was once preſent; for the Idea of being once pre ſent, is actually included in the Idea of its being paſ This therefore is a Depth not to be ſounded by huma Underſtanding. We are ſure that there has been a Eternity, and yet contradict our ſelves when we mea ſure this Eternity by any Notion which we can fram of it.

IF we go to the Bottom of this Matter, we ſha find, that the Difficulties we meet with in our Con ceptions of Eternity proceed from this ſingle Reaſon That we can have no other Idea of any kind of Du tation, than that by which we our ſelves, and all o ther created Beings, do exiſt; which is, a ſucceſſiv Duration, made up of paſt, preſent, and to com There is nothing which exiſts after this Manner, a the Parts of whoſe Exiſtence were not once actual preſent, and conſequently may be reached by a ce tain Number of Years applied to it. We may aſcen as high as we pleaſe, and employ our Being to th Eternity which is to come, in adding Millions of Yea to Millions of Years, and we can never come up t any Fountain-head of Duration, to any Beginning i Eternity: But at the ſame time we are ſure, th whatever was once preſent does lye within the Reac

of Numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that Purpoſe. We may as well ſay, that any thing may be actually preſent in any Part of infinite Space, which does not lye at a certain Diſtance from us, as that any Part of infinite Duration was once actually preſent, and does not alſo lye at ſome determined Diſtance from us. The Diſtance in both Caſes may be immeaſurable and indefinite as to our Faculties, but our Reaſon tells us that it cannot be ſo in it ſelf. Here therefore is that Difficulty which humane Underſtanding is not capable of ſurmounting. We are ſure that ſomething muſt have exiſted from Eternity, and are at the ſame Time unable to conceive, that any thing which exiſts, according to our Notion of Exiſtence, can have exiſted from Eternity.

IT is hard for a Reader, who has not rolled this Thought in his own Mind, to follow in ſuch an abſtracted Speculation; but I have been the longer on it, becauſe I think it is a demonſtrative Argument of the Being and Eternity of a God: And tho' there are many other Demonſtrations which lead us to this great Truth, I do not think we ought to lay aſide any Proofs in this Matter which the Light of Reaſon has ſuggeſted to us, eſpecially when it is ſuch a one as has been urged by Men famous for their Penetration and Force of Underſtanding, and which appears altogether concluſive to thoſe who will be at the Pains to examine it.

HAVING thus conſidered that Eternity which is paſt, according to the beſt Idea we can frame of it, I ſhall now draw up thoſe ſeveral Articles on this Subject which are dictated to us by the Light of Reaſon, and which may be looked upon as the Creed of a Philoſopher in this great Point.

FIRST, It is certain that no Being could have made it ſelf; for if ſo, it muſt have acted before it was, which is a Contradiction.

SECONDLY, That therefore ſome Being muſt have exiſted from all Eternity.

THIRDLY, That whatever exists after the manner of created Beings, or according to any Notions which we have of Existence, could not have existed from Eternity.

FOURTHLY, That this eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of Nature, *The Ancient of Days*, who, being at infinite Distance in his Perfections from all finite and created Beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no Idea.

I know that several of the School-men, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the Manner of God's Existence, by telling us, That he comprehends infinite Duration in every Moment; That Eternity is with him a *Punctum stans*, a fixed Point; or, which is as good Sense, an *Infinite Instant*; That nothing with Reference to his Existence is either past or to come: To which the ingenious Mr. *Cowley* alludes in his Description of Heaven,

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an Eternal NOW *does always last.*

FOR my own Part, I look upon these Propositions as Words that have no Ideas annexed to them; and think Men had better own their Ignorance, than advance Doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which indeed are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our Disquisitions, when we meditate on him who is environed with so much Glory and Perfection, who is the Source of Being, the Fountain of all that Existence which we and his whole Creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost Humility acknowledge, that as some Being must necessarily have existed from Eternity, so this Being does exist after an incomprehensible manner since it is impossible for a Being to have existed from Eternity after our Manner or Notions of Existence. Revelation confirms these natural Dictates of Reason in the Accounts which it gives us of the Divine Existence, where it

it tell us, that he is the ſame Yeſterday, to Day, and for Ever; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the Beginning and the Ending; that a thouſand Years are with him as one Day, and one Day as a Thouſand Years; by which and the like Expreſſions, we are taught, that his Exiſtence, with Relation to Time or Duration, is infinitely different from the Exiſtence of any of his Creatures, and conſequently that it is impoſſible for us to frame any adequate Conceptions of it.

IN the firſt Revelation which he makes of his own Being, he entitles himſelf, *I am that I am*; and when *Moſes* deſires to know what Name he ſhall give him in his Embaſſy to *Pharaoh*, he bids him ſay that, *I am* hath ſent you. Our great Creator, by this Revelation of himſelf, does in a manner exclude every thing elſe from a real Exiſtence, and diſtinguiſhes himſelf from his Creatures, as the only Being which truly and really exiſts. The ancient Platonick Notion, which was drawn from Speculations of Eternity, wonderfully agrees with this Revelation which God has made of himſelf. There is nothing, ſay they, which in Reality exiſts, whoſe Exiſtence, as we call it, is pieced up of paſt, preſent, and to come. Such a flitting and ſucceſſive Exiſtence is rather a Shadow of Exiſtence, and ſomething which is like it, than Exiſtence it ſelf. He only properly exiſts whoſe Exiſtence is intirely preſent; that is, in other Words, who exiſts in the moſt perfect manner, and in ſuch a manner as we have no Idea of.

I ſhall conclude this Speculation with one uſeful Inference. How can we ſufficiently proſtrate our ſelves and fall down before our Maker, when we conſider that ineffable Goodneſs and Wiſdom which contrived this Exiſtence for finite Natures? What muſt be the Overflowings of that good Will, which prompted our Creator to adapt Exiſtence to Beings, in whom it is not neceſſary? Eſpecially when we conſider, that he himſelf was before in the compleat Poſſeſſion of Exiſtence and of Happineſs, and in the full Enjoyment

of Eternity. What Man can think of himſelf as called out and ſeparated from nothing, of his being made a conſcious, a reaſonable and a happy Creature, in ſhort, of being taken in as a Sharer of Exiſtence and a kind of Partner in Eternity, without being ſwallowed up in Wonder, in Praiſe, in Adoration! It is indeed a Thought too big for the Mind of Man, and rather to be entertained in the Secrecy of Devotion and in the Silence of the Soul, than to be expreſſed by Words. The Supreme Being has not given us Powers or Faculties ſufficient to extol and magnifie ſuch unutterable Goodneſs.

IT is however ſome Comfort to us, that we ſhall be always doing what we ſhall be never able to do, and that a Work which cannot be finiſhed, will however be the Work of an Eternity.

Nº 591. *Wedneſday, September* 8.

——*Tenerorum luſor amorum.* Ovid.

I Have juſt receiv'd a Letter from a Gentleman, who tells me he has obſerved with no ſmall Concern, that my Papers have of late been very barren in relation to Love; a Subject which when agreeably handled, can ſcarce fail of being well receiv'd by both Sexes.

IF my Invention therefore ſhould be almoſt exhauſted on this Head, he offers to ſerve under me in the Quality of a *Love Caſuiſt*; for which Place he conceives himſelf to be throughly qualified, having made this Paſſion his Principal Study, and obſerved it in all its different Shapes and Appearances, from the Fifteenth to the Forty Fifth Year of his Age.

HE aſſures me with an Air of Confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real Abilities, that he does not

not doubt of giving Judgment to the Satisfaction of the Parties concerned, on the moſt nice and intricate Caſes which can happen in an Amour; as,

HOW great the Contraction of the Fingers muſt be before it amounts to a Squeeze by the Hand.

WHAT can be properly termed an abſolute Denial from a Maid, and what from a Widow.

WHAT Advances a Lover may preſume to make, after having received a Patt upon his Shoulder from his Miſtreſs's Fan.

WHETHER a Lady, at the firſt Interview, may allow an Humble Servant to kiſs her Hand.

HOW far it may be permitted to careſs the Maid in order to ſucceed with the Miſtreſs.

WHAT Conſtructions a Man may put upon a Smile, and in what Caſes a Frown goes for nothing.

ON what Occaſion a ſheepiſh Look may do Service, *&c.*

AS a farther Proof of his Skill, he alſo ſent me ſeveral Maxims in Love, which he aſſures me are the Reſult of a long and profound Reflection, ſome of which I think my ſelf obliged to communicate to the Publick, not remembring to have ſeen them before in any Author.

'THERE are more Calamities in the World ariſing from Love than from Hatred.

'LOVE is the Daughter of *Idleneſs*, but the Mother of *Diſquietude*.

'MEN of grave Natures (ſays Sir *Francis Bacon*) are the moſt conſtant; for the ſame Reaſon Men ſhould be more conſtant than Women.

'THE Gay Part of Mankind is moſt amorous, the Serious moſt loving.

'A Coquet often loſes her Reputation, whilſt ſhe preſerves her Virtue.

'A Prude often preſerves her Reputation when ſhe has loſt her Virtue.

'LOVE refines a Man's Behaviour, but makes a Woman's ridiculous.

'LOVE is generally accompanied with Good-w
'in the Young, Intereſt in the Middle-aged, and a Pa
'ſion too groſs to name in the Old.

'THE Endeavours to revive a decaying Paſſion g
'nerally extinguiſh the Remains of it.

'A Woman who from being a Slattern becomes
'ver-neat, or from being over-neat becomes a Slatter
'is moſt certainly in Love.

I ſhall make uſe of this Gentleman's Skill as I ſ
Occaſion; and ſince I am got upon the Subject
Love, ſhall conclude this Paper with a Copy of Ve
ſes which were lately ſent me by an unknown Han
as I look upon them to be above the ordinary Run
Sonneteers.

THE Author tells me they were written in o
of his deſpairing Fits; and I find entertains ſom
Hope that his Miſtreſs may pity ſuch a Paſſion as h
has deſcribed, before ſhe knows that ſhe is herſelf C

rinna.

COnceal, fond Man, conceal the mighty Smart,
Nor tell Corinna *ſhe has fir'd thy Heart.*
In vain would'ſt thou complain, in vain pretend
To ask a Pity which ſhe muſt not lend.
She's too much thy Superior to comply,
And too too fair to let thy Paſſion dye.
Languiſh in Secret, and with dumb Surprize
Drink the reſiſtleſs Glances of her Eyes.
At awful Diſtance entertain thy Grief,
Be ſtill in Pain, but never ask Relief.
Ne'er tempt her Scorn of thy conſuming State;
Be any way undone, but fly her Hate.
Thou muſt ſubmit to ſee thy Charmer bleſs
Some happier Youth that ſhall admire her leſs;
Who in that lovely Form, that Heav'nly Mind,
Shall miſs ten thouſand Beauties thou could'ſt find;
Who with low Fancy ſhall approach her Charms,
While half enjoy'd ſhe ſinks into his Arms.
She knows not, muſt not know, thy nobler Fire,
Whom ſhe, and whom the Muſes do inſpire;

H

Her Image only ſhall thy Breaſt employ,
And fill thy captiv'd Soul with Shades of Joy;
Direct thy Dreams by Night, thy Thoughts by Day;
And never, never, from thy Boſom ſtray.

N° 592. *Friday, September* 10.

——*Studium ſine divite Vena.* Hor.

I Look upon the Play-houſe as a World within it ſelf. They have lately furniſhed the middle Region of it with a new Sett of Meteors, in order to give the Sublime to many modern Tragedies. I was there laſt Winter at the firſt Rehearſal of the new Thunder, which is much more deep and ſonorous than any hitherto made uſe of. They have a *Salmoneus* behind the Scenes, who plays it off with great Succeſs. Their Lightnings are made to flaſh more briskly than heretofore; their Clouds are alſo better furbelow'd, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent Storm locked up in a great Cheſt that is deſigned for the *Tempeſt*. They are alſo provided with above a Dozen Showers of Snow, which, as I am informed, are the Plays of many unſucceſsful Poets artificially cut and ſhreaded for that Uſe. Mr. *Rimer's Edgar* is to fall in Snow at the next acting of King *Lear*, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the Diſtreſs of that unfortunate Prince; and to ſerve by way of Decoration to a Piece which that great Critick has written againſt.

I do not indeed wonder that the Actors ſhould be ſuch profeſſed Enemies to thoſe among our Nation who are commonly known by the Name of Criticks, ſince it is a Rule among theſe Gentlemen to fall upon a Play, not becauſe it is ill written, but becauſe it takes. Several of them lay it down as a Maxim, That whatever Dramatick Performance has a long Run, muſt of Neceſſity be good for nothing; as though the firſt

Precept in Poetry were *not to please*. Whether this Rule holds good or not, I shall leave to the Determination of those who are better Judges than my self: If it does, I am sure it tends very much to the Honour of those Gentlemen who have established it; few of their Pieces having been disgraced by a Run of three Days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the Town would never give them more than one Night's Hearing.

I have a great Esteem for a true Critick, such as *Aristotle* and *Longinus* among the *Greeks*, *Horace* and *Quintilian* among the *Romans*, *Boileau* and *Dacier* among the *French*. But it is our Misfortune, that some who set up for professed Criticks among us are so stupid, that they do not know how to put ten Words together with Elegance or common Propriety, and withal so illiterate, that they have no Taste of the learned Languages, and therefore criticise upon old Authors only at second Hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any Notions they have of the Authors themselves. The Words Unity, Action, Sentiment, and Diction, pronounced with an Air of Authority, give them a Figure among unlearned Readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, because they are unintelligible. The ancient Criticks are full of the Praises of their Contemporaries; they discover Beauties which escaped the Observation of the Vulgar, and very often find out Reasons for palliating and excusing such little Slips and Oversights as were committed in the Writings of eminent Authors. On the contrary, most of the Smatterers in Criticism who appear among us, make it their Business to vilifie and depreciate every new Production that gains Applause, to descry imaginary Blemishes, and to prove by far-fetch'd Arguments, that what pass for Beauties in any celebrated Piece are Faults and Errors. In short, the Writings of these Criticks compared with those of the Ancients, are like the Works of the Sophists compared with those of the old Philosophers.

ENVY

ENVY and Cavil are the natural Fruits of Lazineſs d Ignorance; which was probably the Reaſon, that the Heathen Mythology *Momus* is ſaid to be the n of *Nox* and *Somnus*, of Darkneſs and Sleep. Idle en, who have not been at the Pains to accompliſh diſtinguiſh themſelves, are very apt to detract from hers; as ignorant Men are very ſubject to decry oſe Beauties in a celebrated Work which they have t Eyes to diſcover. Many of our Sons of *Momus*, ho dignify themſelves by the Name of Criticks, are genuine Deſcendants of thoſe two illuſtrious An-ſtors. They are often led into thoſe numerous Ab-rdities, in which they daily inſtruct the People, by t conſidering that, *1ſt*, There is ſometimes a greater dgment ſhewn in deviating from the Rules of Art, n in adhering to them; and, *2dly*, That there is ore Beauty in the Works of a great Genius who is norant of all the Rules of Art, than in the Works of little Genius, who not only knows, but ſcrupulouſly ſerves them.

FIRST, We may often take Notice of Men who e perfectly acquainted with all the Rules of good riting, and notwithſtanding chuſe to depart from m on extraordinary Occaſions. I could give In-nces out of all the Tragick Writers of Antiquity who ve ſhewn their Judgment in this Particular, and pur-ſely receded from an eſtabliſhed Rule of the Drama, hen it has made way for a much higher Beauty than e Obſervation of ſuch a Rule would have been. Thoſe who have ſurveyed the nobleſt Pieces of Archi-ecture and Statuary both ancient and modern, know ry well that there are frequent Deviations from rt in the Works of the greateſt Maſters, which have oduced a much nobler Effect than a more accurate d exact way of Proceeding could have done. This ten ariſes from what the *Italians* call the *Guſto Grande* theſe Arts, which is what we call the Sublime in riting.

IN the next Place, our Criticks do not ſeem ſenſible at there is more Beauty in the Works of a great Ge-

nius

nius who is ignorant of the Rules of Art, than in thoſe of a little Genius who knows and obſerves them. It is of theſe Men of Genius that *Terence* ſpeaks, in Oppoſition to the little artificial Cavillers of his Time;

Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potiùs, quàm iſtorum obſcuram diligentiam.

A Critick may have the ſame Conſolation in the ill Succeſs of his Play, as Dr. *South* tells us a Phyſician has at the Death of a Patient, That he was killed *ſecundum artem*. Our inimitable *Shakeſpear* is a Stumbling-block to the whole Tribe of theſe rigid Critick: Who would not rather read one of his Plays, where there is not a ſingle Rule of the Stage obſerved, than any Production of a modern Critick, where there is not one of them violated? *Shakeſpear* was indeed born with all the Seeds of Poetry, and may be compared to the Stone in *Pyrrhus*'s Ring, which, as *Pliny* tells us, had the Figure of *Apollo* and the Nine Muſes in the Veins of it, produced by the ſpontaneous Hand of Nature, without any Help from Art.

N° 593. *Monday, September* 13.

Quale per incertam Lunam ſub luce maligna
Eſt iter in Sylvis: ——— Virg.

MY dreaming Correſpondent, Mr. *Shadow*, has ſent me a ſecond Letter, with ſeveral curious Obſervations on Dreams in general, and the Method to render Sleep improving: An Extract from his Letter will not, I preſume, be diſagreeable to my Readers.

'SINCE we have ſo little Time to ſpare, that none of it may be loſt, I ſee no Reaſon why

'we ſhould neglect to examine thoſe imaginary Scenes 'we are preſented with in Sleep, only becauſe they 'have leſs Reality in them than our waking Medita-'tions. A Traveller would bring his Judgment in 'Queſtion who ſhould deſpiſe the Directions of his 'Map for want of real Roads in it, becauſe here 'ſtands a *Dott* inſtead of a Town, or a *Cypher* inſtead 'of a City, and it muſt be a long Day's Journey to 'travel thro' two or three Inches. Fancy in Dreams 'gives much ſuch another Landskip of Life as that 'does of Countries, and tho' its Appearances may 'ſeem ſtrangely jumbled together, we may often ob-'ſerve ſuch Traces and Footſteps of noble Thoughts, 'as, if carefully purſued, might lead us into a proper 'Path of Action. There is ſo much Rapture and Ec-'ſtaſie in our fancied Bliſs, and ſomething ſo diſmal 'and ſhocking in our fancied Miſery, that tho' the In-'activity of the Body has given Occaſion for calling 'Sleep the Image of *Death*, the Briskneſs of the Fancy 'affords us a ſtrong Intimation of ſomething within 'us that can never die.

'I have wondered, that *Alexander* the Great, who 'came into the World ſufficiently dreamt of by his 'Parents, and had himſelf a tolerable Knack at dream-'ing, ſhould often ſay, that *Sleep was one thing which 'made him ſenſible he was Mortal.* I who have not 'ſuch Fields of Action in the Day-time to divert my 'Attention from this Matter, plainly perceive, that in 'thoſe Operations of the Mind, while the Body is at 'reſt, there is a certain Vaſtneſs of Conception very 'ſuitable to the Capacity, and demonſtrative of the 'Force of that Divine Part in our Compoſition which 'will laſt for ever. Neither do I much doubt but 'had we a true Account of the Wonders the Hero 'laſt mentioned performed in his Sleep, his conquer-'ing this little Globe would hardly be worth menti-'oning. I may affirm, without Vanity, that when I 'compare ſeveral Actions in *Quintus Curtius* with ſome 'others in my own Nocturary, I appear the greater 'Hero of the two.

I ſhall cloſe this Subject with obſerving, that while we are awake we are at Liberty to fix our Thoughts on what we pleaſe, but in Sleep we have not the Command of them. The Ideas which ſtrike the Fancy, ariſe in us without our Choice, either from the Occurrences of the Day paſt, the Temper we lye down in, or it may be the Direction of ſome ſuperior Being.

It is certain the Imagination may be ſo indifferently affected in Sleep, that our Actions of the Day might be either rewarded or puniſhed with a little Age of Happineſs or Miſery. St. *Auſtin* was of Opinion, that if in *Paradiſe* there was the ſame Viciſſitude of ſleeping and waking as in the preſent World, the Dreams of its Inhabitants would be very happy.

AND ſo far at preſent our Dreams are in our Power, that they are generally conformable to our waking Thoughts, ſo that it is not impoſſible to convey our ſelves to a Conſort of Muſick, the Converſation of diſtant Friends, or any other Entertainment which has been lodged in the Mind.

MY Readers, by applying theſe Hints will find the Neceſſity of making a *good Day* of it, if they heartily wiſh themſelves a *good Night*.

I have often conſider'd *Marcia*'s Prayer, and *Lucius*'s Account of *Cato*, in this Light.

Marc. *O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Juſt,*
Watch round his Couch, and ſoften his Repoſe,
Baniſh his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With eaſie Dreams; remember all his Virtues!
And ſhew Mankind that Goodneſs is your Care.

Luc. *Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man!*
O Marcia, *I have ſeen thy Godlike Father:*
Some Pow'r inviſible ſupports his Soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted Greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing Sleep is fallen upon him:
I ſaw him ſtretch'd at Eaſe, his Fancy loſt
In pleaſing Dreams; as I drew near his Couch,
He ſmil'd, and cry'd, Cæſar *thou canſt not hurt me.*

Mr. *Shadow* acquaints me in a Poſtſcript, that he has o manner of Title to the Viſion which ſucceeded his ſt Letter; but adds, that as the Gentleman who wrote Dreams very ſenſibly, he ſhall be glad to meet him me Night or other, under the great Elm Tree, by hich *Virgil* has given us a fine Metaphorical Image of leep, in order to turn over a few of the Leaves to-ether, and oblige the Publick with an Account of the reams that lye under them.

N° 594. *Wedneſday, September* 15.

—Abſentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; ſolutos
Qui captat riſus hominum, famamque dicacis,
Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, commiſſa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger eſt: hunc tu Romane caveto. Hor.

WERE all the Vexations of Life put toge-ther, we ſhould find that a great Part of them proceed from thoſe Calumnies and eproaches which we ſpread abroad concerning one nother.

THERE is ſcarce a Man living who is not, in ome Degree, guilty of this Offence; tho', at the ſame ime, however we treat one another, it muſt be con-eſſed, that we all conſent in ſpeaking ill of the Per-ons who are notorious for this Practice. It generally akes its Riſe either from an Ill-will to Mankind, a rivate Inclination to make our ſelves eſteemed, an Oſtentation of Wit, and Vanity of being thought in the ecrets of the World, or from a Deſire of gratifying ny of theſe Diſpoſitions of Mind in thoſe Perſons with hom we converſe.

THE

THE Publiſher of Scandal is more or leſs odious to Mankind, and criminal in himſelf, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing Motives. But whatever may be the Occaſion of ſpreading theſe falſe Reports, he ought to conſider, that the Effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the Perſon at whom they are aimed. The Injury is the ſame tho' the Principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

AS every one looks on himſelf with too much Indulgence, when he paſſes a Judgment on his own Thoughts or Actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable Proceeding, which is ſo univerſally practiſed, and, at the ſame time, ſo univerſally blamed, I ſhall lay down three Rules by which I would have a Man examine and ſearch into his own Heart, before he ſtands acquitted to himſelf of that evil Diſpoſition of Mind which I am here mentioning.

Firſt of all, LET him conſider whether he does not take Delight in hearing the Faults of others.

Secondly, WHETHER he is not too apt to believe ſuch little blackning Accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured Side.

Thirdly, WHETHER he is not ready to ſpread and propagate ſuch Reports as tend to the Diſreputation of another.

THESE are the ſeveral Steps by which this Vice proceeds, and grows up into Slander and Defamation.

IN the firſt Place, A Man who takes delight in hearing the Faults of others, ſhows ſufficiently that he has a true Reliſh of Scandal, and conſequently the Seeds of this Vice within him. If his Mind is gratified with hearing the Reproaches which are caſt on others, he will find the ſame Pleaſure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converſes with is delighted in the ſame manner with himſelf. A Man ſhould endeavour therefore to wear out of his Mind this crimi-

Curiosity, which is perpetually heighten'd and inflamed by listening to such Stories as tend to the Disreputation of others.

IN the second Place, a Man should consult his own Heart, whether he be not apt to *believe* such little blackening Accounts, and more enclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured Side.

SUCH a Credulity is very vicious in it self, and generally arises from a Man's Consciousness of his own secret Corruptions. It is a pretty Saying of *Thales*, Falshood is just as far distant from Truth, as the Ears are from the Eyes. By which he would intimate, that a wise Man should not easily give Credit to the Reports of Actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this Head, mention two or three remarkable Rules to be observed by the Members of the celebrated Abby *de la Trape*, as they are published in a little *French* Book.

THE Fathers are there ordered, never to give an Ear to any Accounts of base or criminal Actions; to turn off all such Discourse if possible; but in Case they hear any thing of this Nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose, that the criminal Action may have proceeded from a good Intention in him who is guilty of it. This is perhaps carrying Charity to an Extravagance, but it is certainly much more Laudable, than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the World does, that indifferent, and even Good Actions, proceed from bad Principles and wrong Intentions.

IN the third Place, a Man should examine his Heart, whether he does not find in it a secret Inclination to propagate such Reports, as tend to the Disreputation of another.

WHEN the Disease of the Mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this Degree of Malignity it discovers its self in its worst Symptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the Guilt in this last Particular, which

which every one cannot but diſapprove, who is not void of Humanity, or even common Diſcretion. I ſhall only add, that whatever Pleaſure any Man may take in ſpreading Whiſpers of this Nature, he will find an infinitely greater Satisfaction in conquering the Temptation he is under, by letting the Secret die within his own Breaſt.

Nº 595. *Friday, September* 17.

——— *Non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut*
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. Hor.

IF ordinary Authors would condeſcend to write as they think, they would at leaſt be allow'd the Praiſe of being intelligible. But they really take Pains to be ridiculous; and, by the ſtudied Ornaments of Style perfectly diſguiſe the little Senſe they aim at. There is a Grievance of this Sort in the Common-wealth of Letters, which I have for ſome time reſolved to redreſs, and accordingly I have ſet this Day apart for Juſtice. What I mean is *the Mixture of inconſiſtent Metaphors*, which is a Fault but too often found in learned Writers, but in all the unlearned without Exception.

IN order to ſet this Matter in a clear Light to every Reader, I ſhall in the firſt Place obſerve, that a Metaphor is a Simile in one Word, which ſerves to convey the Thoughts of the Mind under Reſemblances and Images which affect the Senſes. There is not any thing in the World, which may not be compared to ſeveral Things, if conſidered in ſeveral diſtinct Lights; or, in other Words, the ſame thing may be expreſſed by different Metaphors. But the Miſchief is, that an unskilful Author ſhall run theſe Metaphors ſo abſurdly into one another, that there ſhall be no Simile, no agreeable Picture, no apt Reſemblance, but Confuſion, Obſcurity,

ſcurity, and Noiſe. Thus I have known a Hero mpared to a Thunderbolt, a Lion, and the Sea; all each of them proper Metaphors for Impetuoſity, rage or Force. But by bad Management it hath happened, that the Thunder-bolt hath overflowed Banks; the Lion hath been darted through the e, and the Billows have rolled out of the *Libyan* ſart.

THE Abſurdity in this Inſtance is obvious. And every time that claſhing Metaphors are put toge-r, this Fault is committed more or leſs. It hath ady been ſaid, that Metaphors are Images of things ich affect the Senſes. An Image therefore, taken m what acts upon the Sight, cannot, without Vio-ce, be applied to the Hearing; and ſo of the reſt. is no leſs an Impropriety to make any Being in ture or Art to do things in its Metaphorical State, ich it could not do in its Original. I ſhall illuſtrate at I have ſaid by an Inſtance which I have read re than once in Controverſial Writers. *The heavy ſhes, ſays a celebrated Author, that have dropp'd from r Pen,* &c. I ſuppoſe this Gentleman having fre-ently heard of *Gall dropping from a Pen*, and *being ſed in a Satyr*, he was reſolved to have them both ny Rate, and ſo uttered this compleat Piece of onſenſe. It will moſt effectually diſcover the Abſur-y of theſe monſtrous Unions, if we will ſuppoſe eſe Metaphors or Images actually Painted. Imagine n a Hand holding a Pen, and ſeveral Laſhes of hip-cord falling from it, and you have the true Re-ſentation of this ſort of Eloquence. I believe, by is very Rule, a Reader may be able to judge of the ion of all Metaphors whatſoever, and determine ich are Homogeneous and which Heterogeneous: or ſpeak more plainly, which are Conſiſtent, and which conſiſtent.

THERE is yet one Evil more which I muſt take tice of, and that is the running of Metaphors into ious Allegories; which, though an Error on the ter Hand, cauſes Confuſion as much as the other.

This

This becomes abominable, when the Luſtre of o
Word leads a Writer out of his Road, and makes h
wander from his Subject for a Page together. I
member a young Fellow, of this Turn, who hav
ſaid by Chance that his Miſtreſs had a *World* of Char
thereupon took Occaſion to conſider her as one p
ſeſſed of Frigid and Torrid Zones, and purſued
from the one Pole to the other.

I ſhall conclude this Paper with a Letter written
that enormous Style, which I hope my Reader h
by this time ſet his Heart againſt. The Epiſtle h
heretofore received great Applauſe; but after what ha
been ſaid, let any Man commend it if he dare.

SIR,

'AFTER the many heavy *Laſhes* that have
'len from your *Pen*, you may juſtly expect
'return, all the *Load* that my *Ink* can lay upon yo
'Shoulders. You have *Quartered* all the foul *L*
'*guage* upon me, that could be *raked* out of the *Air*
'*Billingsgate*, without knowing who I am, or w
'ther I deſerve to be *Cupped* and *Scarified* at t
'rate. I tell you once for all, turn your *Eyes* wh
'you pleaſe, you ſhall never *Smell* me out. Do y
'think that the *Panicks*, which you *ſow* about the
'riſh, will ever *build* a Monument to your Glo
'No, Sir, you may *Fight* theſe Battles as long as y
'will, but when you come to *Ballance* the Account y
'will find that you have been *Fiſhing* in troubled W
'ters, and that an *Ignis fatuus* hath bewildered y
'and that indeed you have *built* upon a ſandy Foun
'tion, and brought your *Hogs* to a fair Market.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

Monda

N° 596. *Monday, September* 20.

Molle meum levibus Cor eſt violabile Telis. Ovid.

THE Caſe of my Correſpondent who ſends me the following Letter has ſomewhat in it ſo very whimſical, that I know not how to entertain my Readers better than by laying it before them.

SIR,

I Am fully convinced that there is not upon Earth a more impertinent Creature than an importunate Lover: We are daily complaining of the Severity of our Fate, to People who are wholly unconcerned in it; and hourly improving a Paſſion, which we would perſuade the World is the Torment of our Lives. Notwithſtanding this Reflection, Sir, I cannot forbear acquainting you with my own Caſe. You muſt know then, Sir, that even from my Childhood, the moſt prevailing Inclination I could perceive in my ſelf, was a ſtrong Deſire to be in Favour with the Fair Sex. I am at preſent in the one and twentieth Year of my Age, and ſhould have made Choice of a She Bed-fellow many Years ſince, had not my Father, who has a pretty good Eſtate of his own getting, and paſſes in the World for a prudent Man, been pleaſed to lay it down as a Maxim, That nothing ſpoils a young Fellow's Fortune ſo much as marrying early; and that no Man ought to think of Wedlock 'till ſix and twenty. Knowing his Sentiments upon this Head, I thought it in vain to apply my ſelf to Women of Condition, who expect Settlements; ſo that all my Amours have hitherto been with Ladies who had no Fortunes: But I know not how to give you ſo good an Idea of me, as by laying before you the Hiſtory of my Life.

'I can very well remember, that at my Scho
'miſtreſſes, whenever we broke up, I was alw
'for joining my ſelf with the Miſs who *Lay in*,
'was conſtantly one of the firſt to make a Party
'the Play of *Husband and Wife*. This Paſſion for
'ing well with the Females ſtill increaſed as I
'vanced in Years. At the Dancing-School I cont
'cted ſo many Quarrels by ſtruggling with my F
'low-Scholars for the Partner I liked beſt, t
'upon a Ball Night, before our Mothers made th
'Appearance, I was uſually up to the Noſe in Blo
'My Father, like a diſcreet Man, ſoon removed
'from this Stage of Softneſs to a School of Diſcipli
'where I learnt *Latin* and *Greek*. I underwent ſe
'ral Severities in this Place, 'till it was thought co
'venient to ſend me to the Univerſity; though,
'confeſs the Truth, I ſhould not have arrived ſo e
'ly at that Seat of Learning, but from the Diſcov
'of an Intrigue between me and my Maſter's Hou
'Keeper; upon whom I had employed my Rheto
'ſo effectually, that, though ſhe was a very elde
'Lady, I had almoſt brought her to conſent to ma
'me. Upon my Arrival at *Oxford*, I found Log
'ſo dry, that, inſtead of giving Attention to the De
'I ſoon fell to addreſſing the Living. My firſt Am
'was with a pretty Girl whom I ſhall call *Parthen*
'Her Mother ſold Ale by the Town-Wall. Being
'ten caught there by the Proctor, I was forced
'laſt, that my Miſtreſs's Reputation might receive
'Blemiſh, to confeſs my Addreſſes were honoura
'Upon this I was immediately ſent Home; but P
'*thenope* ſoon after marrying a Shoe-maker, I
'again ſuffered to return. My next Affair was w
'my Taylor's Daughter, who deſerted me for
'ſake of a young Barber. Upon my complaining
'one of my particular Friends on this Misfortu
'the cruel Wagg made a meer Jeſt of my Calam
'and asked me with a Smile, *Where the* Needle *ſho*
'*turn but to the* Pole? After this I was deeply in L
'with a Millener, and at laſt with my Bed-mak
'up

upon which I was ſent away, or in the Univerſity Phraſe, *Ruſticated* for ever.

'UPON my coming home, I ſettled to my Studies ſo heartily, and contracted ſo great a Reſervedneſs by being kept from the Company I moſt affected, that my Father thought he might venture me at the *Temple*.

'WITHIN a Week after my Arrival I began to ſhine again, and became enamoured with a mighty pretty Creature, who had every thing but Mony to recommend her. Having frequent Opportunities of uttering all the ſoft things which an Heart formed for Love could inſpire me with, I ſoon gained her Conſent to treat of Marriage; but, unfortunately to us all, in the Abſence of my Charmer I uſually talked the ſame Language to her eldeſt Siſter, who is alſo very pretty. Now I aſſure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, this did not proceed from any real Affection I had conceived for her; but being a perfect Stranger to the Converſation of Men, and ſtrongly addicted to aſſociate with the Women, I knew no other Language but that of Love. I ſhould however be very much obliged to you, if you could free me from the Perplexity I am at preſent in. I have ſent Word to my old Gentleman in the Country, that I am deſperately in Love with the younger Siſter; and her Father, who knew no better, poor Man! acquainted him by the ſame Poſt, that I had for ſome time made my Addreſſes to the Elder. Upon this old Teſty ſends me up Word, that he has heard ſo much of my Exploits, that he intends immediately to order me to the *South-Sea*. Sir, I have occaſionally talked ſo much of dying, that I begin to think there is not much in it; and if the old Squire perſiſts in his Deſign, I do hereby give him Notice that I am providing my ſelf with proper Inſtruments for the Deſtruction of deſpairing Lovers; let him therefore look to it, and conſider that by his Obſtinacy he may himſelf loſe the Son of his Strength, the

'World

'World an hopeful Lawyer, my Miſtreſs a paſſiona
'Lover, and you, Mr. SPECTATOR,

Your conſtant Admirer,
Jeremy Lovemo

Middle-Temple,
Sept. 18.

N° 579. *Wedneſday, September* 2

——Mens ſine Pondere ludit. Petr.

SINCE I received my Friend *Shadow*'s Letter, veral of my Correſpondents have been pleaſed ſend me an Account how they have been empl ed in Sleep, and what notable Adventures they h been engaged in during that Moonſhine in the Br I ſhall lay before my Readers an Abridgment of ſo few of their Extravagancies, in hopes that they will Time accuſtom themſelves to dream a little more the Purpoſe.

ONE who ſtiles himſelf *Gladio*, complains hea that his Fair One charges him with Inconſtancy, does not uſe him with half the Kindneſs which Sincerity of his Paſſion may demannd; the ſaid *Gl* having by Valour and Stratagem put to Death Tyra Inchanters, Monſters, Knights, *&c.* without Numb and expoſed himſelf to all manner of Dangers for Sake and Safety. He deſires in his Poſtſcript to kno whether, from a conſtant Succeſs in them, he m not promiſe himſelf to ſucceed in her Eſteem laſt.

ANOTHER who is very prolix in his Narrat writes me Word, that having ſent a Venture beyo Sea, he took Occaſion one Night to fancy him gone along with it, and grown on a ſudden the ri eſt Man in all the *Indies*. Having been there abou Year or two, a Guſt of Wind that forced open

C

ſement blew him over to his native Country again, here awaking at Six a Clock, and the Change of e Air not agreeing with him, he turned to his Left de in order to a ſecond Voyage; but e'er he could on Shipboard, was unfortunately apprehended for aling a Horſe, try'd and condemn'd for the Fact, d in a fair way of being executed, if ſome Body pping haſtily into his Chamber had not brought him Reprieve. This Fellow too wants Mr. *Shadow*'s Adce, who, I dare ſay, would bid him be content to e after his firſt Nap, and learn to be ſatisfied as ſoon Nature is.

THE next is a publick-ſpirited Gentleman, who ls me, That on the Second of *September* at Night e whole City was on Fire, and would certainly have en reduced to Aſhes again by this Time, if he had flown over it with the *New River* on his Back, d happily extinguiſhed the Flames before they had vailed too far. He would be informed whether he not a Right to petition the Lord Mayor and Alrmen for a Reward.

A Letter dated *September* the Ninth acquaints me, at the Writer being reſolved to try his Fortune, had ted all that Day; and that he might be ſure of dreamg upon ſomething at Night, procured an handſome ce of Bride-Cake, which he placed very conveniy under his Pillow. In the Morning his Memory ppened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing an odd Fancy that he had eaten his Cake; which ng found upon Search reduced to a few Crums, he reſolved to remember more of his Dreams another me, believing from this that there may poſſibly be mewhat of Truth in them.

I have received numerous Complaints from ſeveral icious Dreamers, deſiring me to invent ſome Med of ſilencing thoſe noiſy Slaves, whoſe Occupatis lead them to take their early Rounds about the y in a Morning, doing a deal of Miſchief; and workg ſtrange Confuſion in the Affairs of its Inhabitants. veral Monarchs have done me the Honour to ac-

quaint me, how often they have been ſhook from their reſpective Thrones by the rattling of a Coach or the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow. And many private Gentlemen, I find, have been baul'd of vaſt Eſtates by Fellows not worth Three-pence. A fair Lady was juſt upon the Point of being married to a young, handſome, rich, ingenious Nobleman, when an impertinent Tinker paſſing by forbid the Banns; and an hopeful Youth, who had been newly advanced to great Honour and Preferment, was forced by a neighbouring Cobler to reſign all for an old Song. It has been repreſented to me, that thoſe inconſiderable Raſcals do nothing but go about diſſolving of Marriages and ſpoiling of Fortunes, impoveriſhing rich and ruining great People, interrupting Beauties in the midſt of their Conqueſts, and Generals in the Courſe of their Victories. A boiſterous Peripatetick hardly goes through a Street without waking half a Dozen Kings and Princes to open their Shops or clean Shoes; frequently transforming Scepters into Paring-Shovels and Proclamations into Bills. I have by me a Letter from a young Stateſman, who in five or ſix Hours came to be Emperor of *Europe*, after which he made War upon the Great Turk, routed him Horſe and Foot, and was crowned Lord of the Univerſe in *Conſtantinople*: the Concluſion of all his Succeſſes is, that on the 14th Inſtant, about Seven in the Morning, his Imperial Majeſty was depoſed by a Chimney-Sweeper.

ON the other hand, I have Epiſtolary Teſtimonies of Gratitude from many miſerable People, who owe to this clamorous Tribe frequent Deliverance from great Misfortunes. A Small-coal-Man, by waking one of theſe diſtreſſed Gentlemen, ſaved him from ten Years Impriſonment. An honeſt Watchman bidding aloud Good-morrow to another, freed him from the Malice of many potent Enemies, and brought all their Deſigns againſt him to nothing. A certain Valetudinarian confeſſes he has often been cured of a ſore Throat by the Hoarſeneſs of a Carman, and relieved from a Fit of the Gout by the Sound of *old Shoes*.

A noiſy Puppy that plagued a ſober Gentleman all Night long with his Impertinence, was ſilenced by a Cinder-Wench with a Word ſpeaking.

INSTEAD therefore of ſuppreſſing this Order of Mortals, I would propoſe it to my Readers to make the beſt Advantage of their Morning Salutations. A famous *Macedonian* Prince, for fear of forgetting himſelf in the midſt of his good Fortune, had a Youth to wait on him every Morning, and bid him remember that he was a Man. A Citizen who is waked by one of theſe Criers, may regard him as a kind of Remembrancer, come to admoniſh him that it is time to return to the Circumſtances he has overlooked all the Night-time, to leave off fancying himſelf what he is not, and prepare to act ſuitably to the Condition he is really placed in.

PEOPLE may dream on as long as they pleaſe, but I ſhall take no Notice of any imaginary Adventures that do not happen while the Sun is on this Side the Horizon. For which Reaſon I ſtifle *Fritilla*'s Dream at Church laſt *Sunday*, who while the reſt of the Audience were enjoying the Benefit of an excellent Diſcourſe, was loſing her Money and Jewels to a Gentleman at Play, till after a ſtrange Run of ill Luck ſhe was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty Children for her laſt Stake. When ſhe had thrown them away her Companion went off, diſcovering himſelf by his uſual Tokens, a cloven Foot and a ſtrong Smell of Brimſtone; which laſt proved only a Bottle of Spirits, which a good old Lady applied to her Noſe, to put her in a Condition of hearing the Preacher's third Head concerning Time.

IF a Man has no Mind to paſs abruptly from his imagined to his real Circumſtances, he may employ himſelf a while in that new kind of Obſervation which my Onicrocritical Correſpondent has directed him to make of himſelf. Purſuing the Imagination through all its Extravagancies, whether in Sleeping or Waking, is no improper Method of correcting and bringing it to act in Subordinancy to Reaſon, ſo as to be delight-

ed only with ſuch Objects as will affect it with Pleaſure, when it is never ſo cool and ſedate.

N° 598. *Friday, September 24.*

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de ſapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protulemque pedem: flebat contrarius alter? Juv.

MANKIND may be divided into the Merry and the Serious, who, both of them, make a very good Figure in the Species, ſo long as they keep their reſpective Humours from degenerating into the neighbouring Extreme; there being a natural Tendency in the one to a melancholy Moroſeneſs, and in the other to a fantaſtick Levity.

THE merry Part of the World are very amiable, whilſt they diffuſe a Chearfulneſs through Converſation at proper Seaſons and on proper Occaſions; but, on the contrary, a great Grievance to Society, when they infect every Diſcourſe with inſipid Mirth, and turn into Ridicule ſuch Subjects as are not ſuited to it. For though Laughter is looked upon by the Philoſophers as the Property of Reaſon, the Exceſs of it has been always conſidered as the Mark of Folly.

ON the other Side, Seriouſneſs has its Beauty whilſt it is attended with Chearfulneſs and Humanity, and does not come in unſeaſonably to pall the good Humour of thoſe with whom we converſe.

THESE two Sets of Men, notwithſtanding they each of them ſhine in their reſpective Characters, are apt to bear a natural Averſion and Antipathy to one another.

WHAT is more uſual, than to hear Men of ſerious Tempers and auſtere Morals, enlarging upon the Vanities and Follies of the young and gay Part of the Species; whilſt they look with a kind of Horror upon ſuch Pomps and Diverſions as are innocent in themſelves,

ſelves, and only culpable when they draw the Mind too much?

I could not but ſmile upon reading a Paſſage in the Account which Mr. *Baxter* gives of his own Life, wherein he repreſents it as a great Bleſſing, that in his Youth he very narrowly eſcaped getting a Place at Court.

IT muſt indeed be confeſſed that Levity of Temper takes a Man off his Guard, and opens a Paſs to his Soul for any Temptation that aſſaults it. It favours all the Approaches of Vice, and weakens all the Reſiſtance of Virtue. For which Reaſon a renowned Stateſman in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Days, after having retir'd from Court and publick Buſineſs, in order to give himſelf up to the Duties of Religion; when any of his old Friends uſed to viſit him, had ſtill this Word of Advice in his Mouth, *Be ſerious.*

AN eminent *Italian* Author of this Caſt of Mind, ſpeaking of the great Advantage of a ſerious and compoſed Temper, wiſhes very gravely, that for the Benefit of Mankind he had *Trophonius*'s Cave in this Poſſeſſion; which, ſays he, would contribute more to the Reformation of Manners than all the Work-houſes and *Bridewells* in *Europe.*

WE have a very particular Deſcription of this Cave in *Pauſanias*, who tells us, that it was made in the Form of a huge Oven, and had many particular Circumſtances, which diſpoſed the Perſon who was in it to be more penſive and thoughtful than ordinary; inſomuch that no Man was ever obſerved to laugh all his Life after, who had once made his Entry into this Cave. It was uſual in thoſe Times, when any one carried a more than ordinary Gloomineſs in his Features, to tell him that he looked like one juſt come out of *Trophonius*'s Cave.

ON the other Hand, Writers of a more merry Complexion have been no leſs ſevere on the oppoſite Party; and have had one Advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more Turns of Wit and Humour.

AFTER all, if a Man's Temper was at his own Diſpoſal, I think he would not chuſe to be of either of theſe Parties; ſince the moſt perfect Character is that which is formed out of both of them. A Man would neither chuſe to be a Hermit nor a Buffoon: Human Nature is not ſo miſerable, as that we ſhould be always melancholy; nor ſo happy, as that we ſhould be always merry. In a Word, a Man ſhould not live as if there was no God in the World; nor, at the ſame time, as if there were no Men in it.

N° 599. *Monday, September 27.*

——— Ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor ——— Virg.

IT has been my Cuſtom, as I grow old, to allow my ſelf in ſome little Indulgences which I never took in my Youth. Among others is that of an Afternoon's Napp, which I fell into in the Fifty fifth Year of my Age, and have continued for the three laſt Years paſt. By this means I enjoy a double Morning, and riſe twice a-day freſh to my Speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that ſome of my Dreams have proved inſtructive to my Countrymen, ſo that I may be ſaid to ſleep, as well as to wake, for the Good of the Publick. I was Yeſterday meditating on the Account with which I have already entertained my Readers concerning the Cave of *Trophonius*. I was no ſooner fallen into my uſual Slumber, but I dreamt that this Cave was put into my Poſſeſſion, and that I gave publick Notice of its Virtue, inviting every one to it who had a mind to be a ſerious Man for the remaining Part of his Life. Great Multitudes immediately reſorted to me. The firſt who made the Experiment was a *Merry-Andrew*, who was put into my Hands by a neighbouring Juſtice of Peace, in order to reclaim him

him from that profligate kind of Life. Poor Pickleherring had not taken above one Turn in it, when he came out of the Cave, like a Hermit from his Cell, with a penitential Look, and a moſt rueful Countenance. I then put in a young laughing Fop, and, watching for his Return, asked him, with a Smile, how he liked the Place? He replied, Pr'ythee Friend be not impertinent; and ſtalked by me as grave as a Judge. A Citizen then deſired me to give free Ingreſs and Egreſs to his Wife, who was dreſſed in the gayeſt coloured Ribbons I had ever ſeen. She went in with a Flirt of her Fan and a ſmirking Countenance, but came out with the Severity of a Veſtal, and throwing from her ſeveral Female Gugaws, told me, with a Sigh, that ſhe reſolved to go into deep Mourning, and to wear Black all the reſt of her Life. As I had many Coquets recommended to me by their Parents, their Husbands, and their Lovers, I let them in all at once, deſiring them to divert themſelves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into Day-light, you would have fancied my Cave to have been a Nunnery, and that you had ſeen a ſolemn Proceſſion of Religious marching out, one behind another, in the moſt profound Silence and the moſt exemplary Decency. As I was very much delighted with ſo edifying a Sight, there came towards me a great Company of Males and Females laughing, ſinging, and dancing, in ſuch a manner that I could hear them a great while before I ſaw them. Upon my asking their Leader, what brought them thither? they told me all at once, that they were *French* Proteſtants newly arrived in *Great-Britain*, and that finding themſelves of too gay a Humour for my Country, they applyed themſelves to me in order to compoſe them for *Britiſh* Converſation. I told them, that to oblige them I would ſoon ſpoil their Mirth; upon which I admitted a whole Shole of them, who, after having taken a Survey of the Place, came out in very good Order, and with Looks entirely *Engliſh*. I afterwards put in a *Dutch* Man, who had a great Fancy to ſee the

Kelder, as he called it, but I could not obſerve that it had made any manner of Alteration in him.

A Comedian who had gained great Reputation in Parts of Humour, told me, that he had a mighty Mind to act *Alexander* the Great, and fancied that he ſhould ſucceed very well in it, if he could ſtrike two or three laughing Features out of his Face: He tried the Experiment, but contracted ſo very ſolid a Look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no Part hereafter but a *Timon* of *Athens*, or a Mute in the *Funeral*.

I then clapt up an empty fantaſtick Citizen, in order to qualifie him for an Alderman. He was ſucceeded by a young Rake of the *Middle-Temple*, who was brought to me by his Grandmother; but to her great Sorrow and Surprize, he came out a *Quaker*. Seeing my ſelf ſurrounded with a Body of *Free-Thinkers*, and Scoffers at Religion, who were making themſelves merry at the ſober Looks and thoughtful Brows of thoſe who had been in the Cave; I thruſt them all in, one after another, and locked the Door upon 'em. Upon my opening it, they all looked as if they had been frighted out of their Wits, and were marching away with Ropes in their Hands to a Wood that was within Sight of the Place. I found they were not able to bear themſelves in their firſt ſerious Thoughts; but knowing theſe would quickly bring them to a better Frame of Mind, I gave them into the Cuſtody of their Friends, 'till that happy Change was wrought in them.

THE laſt that was brought to me was a young Woman, who at the firſt Sight of my ſhort Face fell into an immoderate Fit of Laughter, and was forced to hold her Sides all the while her Mother was ſpeaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old Lady, and taking her Daughter by the Hand, Madam, ſaid I, be pleaſed to retire into my Cloſet, while your Mother tells me your Caſe. I then put her into the Mouth of the Cave, when the Mother, after having begg'd Pardon for the Girl's Rudeneſs, told me, that ſhe often treated her Father, and the graveſt of her Relations in

in the ſame manner; that ſhe would ſit giggling and laughing with her Companions from one End of a Tragedy to the other; nay, that ſhe would ſometimes burſt out in the Middle of a Sermon, and ſet the whole Congregation a ſtaring at her. The Mother was going on, when the young Lady came out of the Cave to us with a compoſed Countenance, and a low Curtſie. She was a Girl of ſuch exuberant Mirth, that her Viſit to *Trophonius* only reduc'd her to a more than ordinary Decency of Behaviour, and made a very pretty Prude of her. After having performed innumerable Cures, I looked about me with great Satisfaction, and ſaw all my Patients walking by themſelves in a very penſive and muſing Poſture, ſo that the whole Place ſeem'd covered with Philoſophers. I was at length reſolv'd to go into the Cave my ſelf, and ſee what it was that had produced ſuch wonderful Effects upon the Company; but as I was ſtooping at the Entrance, the Door being ſomething low, I gave ſuch a Nodd in my Chair, that I awaked. After having recovered my ſelf from my firſt Startle, I was very well pleas'd at the Accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little Stay in the Place might have ſpoiled my SPECTATORS.

N° 600. *Wedneſday, September* 29.

——*Solemque ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt.* Virg.

I Have always taken a particular Pleaſure in examining the Opinions which Men of different Religion, different Ages, and different Countries, have entertained concerning the Immortality of the Soul, and the State of Happineſs which they promiſe themſelves in another World. For whatever Prejudices and Errors human Nature lies under; we find that either Reaſon, or Tradition from our firſt Parents,

has diſcovered to all People ſomething in theſe gre
Points which bear Analogy to Truth, and to the Do
ctrines opened to us by Divine Revelation. I wa
lately diſcourſing on this Subject with a learned Pe
ſon who has been very much converſant among th
Inhabitants of the more Weſtern Parts of *Africk*. Up
on his converſing with ſeveral in that Country, h
tells me that their Notion of Heaven or of a futur
State of Happineſs is this, That every thing we the
wiſh for will immediately preſent it ſelf to us. W
find, ſay they, our Souls are of ſuch a Nature th
they require Variety, and are not capable of bein
always delighted with the ſame Objects. The Su
preme Being therefore, in Compliance with this Taſt
of Happineſs which he has planted in the Soul of Man
will raiſe up from time to time, ſay they, every Gra
tification which it is in the Humour to be pleaſed wit
If we wiſh to be in Groves or Bowers, among run
ning Streams or Falls of Water, we ſhall immediate
find our ſelves in the midſt of ſuch a Scene as we de
ſire. If we would be entertained with Muſick an
the Melody of Sounds, the Conſort riſes upon ou
Wiſh, and the whole Region about us is filled wit
Harmony. In ſhort, every Deſire will be followed b
Fruition, and whatever a Man's Inclination directs hi
to will be preſent with him. Nor is it material whe
ther the Supreme Power creates in Conformity to ou
Wiſhes, or whether he only produces ſuch a Chang
in our Imagination, as makes us believe our ſelve
converſant among thoſe Scenes which delight us. Ou
Happineſs will be the ſame, whether it proceed from
external Objects, or from the Impreſſions of the Deity
upon our own private Fancies. This is the Account
which I have received from my learned Friend. Not
withſtanding this Syſtem of Belief be in general very
chimerical and viſionary, there is ſomething ſublime
in its manner of conſidering the Influence of a Divine
Being on a Humane Soul. It has alſo, like moſt other
Opinions of the Heathen World upon theſe important
Points, it has, I ſay, its Foundation in Truth, as it

ſup-

ſuppoſes the Souls of good Men after this Life to be in a State of perfect Happineſs, that in this State there will be no barren Hopes, nor fruitleſs Wiſhes, and that we ſhall enjoy every thing we can deſire. But the particular Circumſtance which I am moſt pleas'd with in this Scheme, and which ariſes from a juſt Reflection upon Humane Nature, is that Variety of Pleaſures which it ſuppoſes the Souls of good Men will be poſſeſſed of in another World. This I think highly probable, from the Dictates both of Reaſon and Revelation. The Soul conſiſts of many Faculties, as the Underſtanding, and the Will, with all the Senſes both outward and inward; or to ſpeak more Philoſophically, the Soul can exert herſelf in many different Ways of Action. She can underſtand, will, imagine, ſee, and hear, love, and diſcourſe, and apply her ſelf to many other the like Exerciſes of different Kinds and Natures; but what is more to be conſidered, the Soul is capable of receiving a moſt exquiſite Pleaſure and Satisfactions from the Exerciſe of any of theſe its Powers, when they are gratified with their proper Objects; ſhe can be entirely happy by the Satisfaction of the Memory, the Sight, the Hearing, or any other Mode of Perception. Every Faculty is as a diſtinct Taſte in the Mind, and hath Objects accommodated to its proper Reliſh. Doctor *Tillotſon* ſomewhere ſays that he will not preſume to determine in what conſiſts the Happineſs of the Bleſt, becauſe God Almighty is capable of making the Soul happy by Ten Thouſand different Ways. Beſides thoſe ſeveral Avenues to Pleaſure which the Soul is endowed with in this Life; it is not impoſſible, according to the Opinion of many eminent Divines, but there may be new Faculties in the Souls of good Men made perfect, as well as new Senſes in their glorified Bodies. This we are ſure of, that there will be new Objects offer'd to all thoſe Faculties which are eſſential to us.

WE are likewiſe to take Notice that every particular Faculty is capable of being employed on a very great Variety of Objects. The Underſtanding, for Exam-

Example, may be happy in the Contemplation of M
ral, Natural, Mathematical, and other Kinds of Tru
The Memory likewiſe may turn it ſelf to an infini
Multitude of Objects, eſpecially when the Soul ſh
have paſs'd through the Space of many Millions
Years, and ſhall reflect with Pleaſure on the Days
Eternity. Every other Faculty may be conſider'd in t
ſame Extent.

WE cannot queſtion but that the Happineſs of
Soul will be adequate to its Nature, and that it is n
endowed with any Faculties which are to lye uſel
and unemploy'd. The Happineſs is to be the Happ
neſs of the whole Man, and we may eaſily conce
to our ſelves the Happineſs of the Soul, whilſt a
one of its Faculties is in the Fruition of its chief Goo
The Happineſs may be of a more exalted Nature
Proportion as the Faculty employ'd is ſo, but as t
whole Soul acts in the Exertion of any of its particul
Powers, the whole Soul is happy in the Pleaſu
which ariſes from any of its particular Acts. For no
withſtanding, as has been before hinted, and as it h
been taken Notice of by one of the greateſt mode
Philoſophers, we divide the Soul into ſeveral Powe
and Faculties, there is no ſuch Diviſion in the Soul
ſelf, ſince it is the whole Soul that remembers, u
derſtands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of co
ſidering the Memory, Underſtanding, Will, Imagina
tion, and the like Faculties, is for the better enablin
us to expreſs our ſelves in ſuch abſtracted Subjects o
Speculation, not that there is any ſuch Diviſion in th
Soul it ſelf.

SEEING then that the Soul has many differe
Faculties, or in other Words, many different Ways o
acting; that it can be intenſely pleas'd, or made hap
py by all theſe different Faculties, or Ways of acting
that it may be endow'd with ſeveral latent Faculties
which it is not at preſent in a Condition to exert
that we cannot believe the Soul is endow'd with an
Faculty which is of no Uſe to it; that whenever an
one of theſe Faculties is tranſcendently pleaſed, th
Sou

Soul is in a State of Happineſs; and in the laſt Place conſidering that the Happineſs of another World is to be the Happineſs of the whole Man; who can queſtion but that there is an infinite Variety in thoſe Pleaſures we are ſpeaking of; and that this Fulneſs of Joy will be made up of all thoſe Pleaſures which the Nature of the Soul is capable of receiving.

WE ſhall be the more confirmed in this Doctrine, if we obſerve the Nature of Variety, with regard to the Mind of Man. The Soul does not care to be always in the ſame bent. The Faculties relieve one another by Turns, and receive an additional Pleaſure from the Novelty of thoſe Objects about which they are converſant.

REVELATION likewiſe very much confirms this Notion, under the different Views which it gives us of our future Happineſs. In the Deſcription of the Throne of God, it repreſents to us all thoſe Objects which are able to gratify the Senſes and Imagination: In very many Places it intimates to us all the Happineſs which the Underſtanding can poſſibly receive in that State, where all Things ſhall be revealed to us, and we ſhall know, even as we are known; the Raptures of Devotion, of Divine Love, the Pleaſure of converſing with our Bleſſed Saviour, with an innumerable Hoſt of Angels, and with the Spirits of Juſt Men made Perfect, are likewiſe revealed to us in ſeveral Parts of the Holy Writings. There are alſo mentioned thoſe Hierarchies of Governments, in which the Bleſt ſhall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be ſure a great Part of our Happineſs will likewiſe conſiſt; for it will not be there as in this World, where every one is aiming at Power and Superiority; but on the contrary, every one will find that Station the moſt proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been ſo happy in any other Station. Theſe and many other Particulars, are marked in Divine Revelation, as the ſeveral Ingredients of our Happineſs in Heaven, which all imply ſuch a Variety

of

of Joys and such a Gratification of the Soul in all its different Faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

SOME of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubim are a Set of Angels who know most, and the Seraphim a Set of Angels who love most. Whether this Distinction be not altogether Imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable that among the Spirits of good Men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the Employment of one Faculty than another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous Habits or Inclinations which have here taken the deepest Root.

I might here apply this Consideration to the Spirits of wicked Men, with relation to the Pain which they shall suffer in every one of their Faculties, and the respective Miseries which shall be appropriated to each Faculty in particular. But leaving this to the Reflection of my Readers, I shall conclude, with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the Being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the Soul susceptible of Pleasure by so many different Ways. We see by what a Variety of Passages, Joy and Gladness may enter into the Thoughts of Man; how wonderfully a human Spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper Satisfactions, and taste the Goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into our selves with Rapture and Amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our Gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such a Profusion of Blessings, and opened in us so many Capacities of enjoying them.

THERE cannot be a stronger Argument that God has designed us for a State of future Happiness, and for that Heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the Soul for it, and made it a Being capable of receiving so much Bliss. He would never have made such Faculties in vain, and have endowed us with Powers that were not to be exerted on such Objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward Frame and Constitution of our

our Minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite Variety of Pleaſures and Gratifications, which are not to be met with in this Life. We ſhould therefore at all times take Care that we do not diſappoint this his gracious Purpoſe and Intention towards us, and make thoſe Faculties which he formed as ſo many Qualifications for Happineſs and Rewards, to be the Inſtruments of Pain and Puniſhment.

Nº 601. *Friday, October* 1.

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος ἐνεργετὸς πεφυκώς. Antonin. Lib. 9.

THE following Eſſay comes from an Hand which has entertained my Readers once before. *Vide pages 118, 122, 123, 124, 125.*

NOTWITHSTANDING a narrow contracted Temper be that which obtains moſt in the World, we muſt not therefore conclude this to be the genuine Characteriſtick of Mankind; becauſe there are ſome who delight in nothing ſo much as in doing Good, and receive more of their Happineſs at ſecond hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate Senſation. Now tho' theſe Heroick Souls are but few, and to Appearance ſo far advanced above the groveling Multitude, as if they were of another Order of Beings, yet in Reality their Nature is the ſame, moved by the ſame Springs, and endowed with all the ſame eſſential Qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the ſame fluid Body in Winter and in Summer; when it ſtands ſtiffened in Ice as when it flows along in gentle Streams gladdening a thouſand Fields in its Progreſs. 'Tis a Property of the Heart of Man to be diffuſive: Its kind Wiſhes ſpread abroad over the Face of the Creation; and if there be thoſe, as we may obſerve too many

of them, who are all wrapt up in their own dear ſelves without any viſible Concern for their Species, let us ſuppoſe that their Good-nature is frozen, and by the prevailing Force of ſome contrary Quality reſtrained in its Operations. I ſhall therefore endeavour to aſſign ſome of the principal Checks upon this generous Propenſion of the Human Soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what Method, this moſt uſeful Principle may be unfettered, and reſtored to its native Freedom of Exerciſe.

THE firſt and leading Cauſe is an unhappy Complexion of Body. The Heathens, ignorant of the true Source of Moral Evil, generally charged it on the Obliquity of Matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of Change in any of its Properties, even by the Almighty Mind, who, when He came to faſhion it into a World of Beings muſt take it as he found it. This Notion, as moſt others of theirs, is a Compoſition of Truth and Error. That Matter is eternal, that from the firſt Union of a Soul to it, it perverted its Inclinations, and that the ill Influence it hath upon the Mind is not to be corrected by God himſelf, are all very great Errors, occaſioned by a Truth as evident, that the Capacities and Diſpoſitions of the Soul depend, to a great Degree, on the bodily Temper. As there are ſome Fools, others are Knaves, by Conſtitution; and particularly, it may be ſaid of many, that they are born with an illiberal Caſt of Mind; the Matter that compoſes them is tenacious as Birdlime, and a kind of Cramp draws their Hands and their Hearts together, that they never care to open them unleſs to graſp at more. 'Tis a melancholy Lot this; but attended with one Advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good Offices, as it is to theſe Men to perform them; that whereas Perſons naturally Beneficent often miſtake Inſtinct for Virtue, by reaſon of the Difficulty of diſtinguiſhing when one rules them and when the other, Men of the oppoſite Character may be more certain of the Motive that predominates in every Action.

If

they cannot confer a Benefit with that Eaſe and Frankneſs which are neceſſary to give it a Grace in the Eye of the World, in requital, the real Merit of what they do is inhanc'd by the Oppoſition they ſurmount in doing it. The Strength of their Virtue is ſeen in riſing againſt the Weight of Nature, and every time they have the Reſolution to diſcharge their Duty, they make a Sacrifice of Inclination to Conſcience, which is always too grateful to let its Followers go without ſuitable Marks of its Approbation. Perhaps the entire Cure of this ill Quality is no more poſſible, than of ſome Diſtempers that deſcend by Inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a Courſe of Beneficence obſtinately perſiſted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of eſtabliſhing a moral Habit, which ſhall be ſomewhat of a Counterpoiſe to the Force of Mechaniſm. Only it muſt be remembred, that we do not intermit, upon any Pretence whatſoever, the Cuſtom of doing Good, in regard if there be the leaſt Ceſſation, Nature will watch the Opportunity to return, and in a ſhort time to recover the Ground it was ſo long in quitting; For there is this Difference between mental Habits, and ſuch as have their Foundation in the Body; that theſe laſt are in their Nature more forcible and violent, and, to gain upon us, need only not to be oppoſed; whereas the former muſt be continually reinforced with freſh Supplies, or they will languiſh and die away. And this ſuggeſts the Reaſon why good Habits, in general, require longer time for their Settlement than bad; and yet are ſooner diſplaced; the Reaſon is, that vicious Habits (as Drunkenneſs for Inſtance) produce a Change in the Body, which the others not doing, muſt be maintained the ſame way they are acquired, by the mere Dint of Induſtry, Reſolution, and Vigilance.

ANOTHER Thing which ſuſpends the Operations of Benevolence, is the Love of the World; proceeding from a falſe Notion Men have taken up, that an abundance of the World is an eſſential Ingredient into

into the Happineſs of Life. Worldly Things are ſuch a Quality as to leſſen upon dividing, ſo that more Partners there are, the leſs muſt fall to ev Man's private Share. The Conſequence of this that they look upon one another with an evil Eye, ea imagining all the reſt to be embarked in an Intere that cannot take Place but to his Prejudice. Her are thoſe eager Competitions for Wealth or Pow hence one Man's Succeſs becomes another's Diſappoi ment; and, like Pretenders to the ſame Miſtreſs, th can ſeldom have common Charity for their Riva Not that they are naturally diſpoſed to quarrel and f out, but 'tis natural for a Man to prefer himſelf to others, and to ſecure his own Intereſt firſt. If th which Men eſteem their Happineſs were like t Light, the ſame ſufficient and unconfined Good, wh ther Ten Thouſand enjoy the Benefit of it, or but On we ſhould ſee Mens Good-will, and kind Endeavou would be as univerſal.

Homo qui Erranti comiter monſtrat Viam,
Quaſi Lumen de ſuo Lumine accendat, facit,
Nihilominus ipſi luceat, cum illi accenderit.

But, unluckily, Mankind agree in making Choice Objects, which inevitably engage them in perpetu Differences. Learn therefore, like a wiſe Man, th true Eſtimate of Things. Deſire not more of th World than is neceſſary to accommodate you in pa ſing through it; look upon every thing beyond, no as uſeleſs only, but burthenſome. Place not you Quiet in things which you cannot have without put ting others beſide them, and thereby making them your Enemies; and which, when attain'd, will giv you more Trouble to keep, than Satisfaction in th Enjoyment. Virtue is a Good of a nobler kind; i grows by Communication, and ſo little reſemble earthly Riches, that the more Hands it is lodged in the greater is every Man's particular Stock. So, b propagating and mingling their Fires, not only a th

Lights of a Branch together caſt a more extenſive ightneſs, but each ſingle Light burns with a ſtronger ame. And laſtly, take this along with you, that if ealth be an Inſtrument of Pleaſure, the greateſt leaſure it can put into your Power, is that of doing ood. 'Tis worth conſidering, that the Organs of enſe act within a narrow Compaſs, and the Appe-es will ſoon ſay they have enough: Which of the wo therefore is the happier Man? He, who confin-g all his Regard to the Gratification of his own Ap-etites, is capable but of ſhort Fits of Pleaſure? Or the an, who, reckoning himſelf a Sharer in the Satiſ-ctions of others, eſpecially thoſe which come to em by his Means, enlarges the Sphere of his Happi-eſs?

THE laſt Enemy to Benevolence I ſhall mention s Uneaſineſs of any Kind. A guilty, or a diſcontent-d Mind, a Mind ruffled by ill Fortune, diſconcerted y its own Paſſions, ſowered by Neglect, or fretting Diſappointments, hath not Leiſure to attend to the Neceſſity or Reaſonableneſs of a Kindneſs deſir'd, nor Taſte for thoſe Pleaſures which wait on Beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted Heart to reliſh hem. The moſt miſerable of all Beings is the moſt envious; as, on the other Hand, the moſt communi-cative is the happieſt. And if you are in ſearch of the Seat of perfect Love and Friendſhip, you will not find it till you come to the Region of the Bleſſed, where Happineſs, like a refreſhing Stream, flows from Heart to Heart in an endleſs Circulation, and is preſerv'd ſweet and untainted by the Motion. 'Tis old Advice, if you have a Favour to requeſt of any one, to obſerve the ſofteſt times of Addreſs, when the Soul, in a Fluſh of good Humour, takes a Pleaſure to ſhew it ſelf plea-ſed. Perſons conſcious of their own Integrity, ſatiſ-fied with themſelves, and their Condition, and full of Confidence in a Supreme Being, and the Hope of Immortality, ſurvey all about them with a Flow of Good-will. As Trees which like their Soil, they ſhoot out in Expreſſions of Kindneſs, and bend beneath their

their own precious Load, to the Hand of the Gathe
Now if the Mind be not thus eaſie, 'tis an infall
Sign that it is not in its natural State: Place the M
in its right Poſture, it will immediately diſcover its
nate Propenſion to Beneficence.

Nº 602. *Monday, October* 4.

——— *Facit hoc illos Hyacinthos.* Jur

THE following Letter comes from a Gentlem
who, I find, is very diligent in making his O
ſervations, which I think too material not to
communicated to the Publick.

SIR,

'IN order to execute the Office of Love-Caſu
'to *Great Britain*, with which I take my ſelf to
'inveſted by your Paper of *September* 8, I ſhall ma
'ſome further Obſervations upon the two Sexes in g
'neral, beginning with that which always ought
'have the upper Hand. After having obſerved wi
'much Curioſity the Accompliſhments which are a
'to captivate female Hearts, I find that there is n
'Perſon ſo irreſiſtable as one who is a Man of Im
'portance, provided it be in Matters of no Conſequenc
'One who makes himſelf talked of, tho' it be for th
'particular Cock of his Hat, or for prating aloud in th
'Boxes at a Play, is in a fair way of being a Favou
'rite. I have known a young Fellow make his Fo
'tune by knocking down a Conſtable; and may ven
'ture to ſay, tho' it may ſeem a Paradox, that many
'Fair One has died by a Duel in which both the Com
'batants have ſurvived.

'ABOUT three Winters ago I took Notice of
'young Lady at the Theatre, who conceived a Paſſi
'on for a notorious Rake that headed a Party of Cat

'calls

ills; and am credibly informed, that the Emperor f the Mohocks married a rich Widow within three eeks after having rendered himſelf formidable in e Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. Scowring and eaking of Windows have done frequent Execution on the Sex; but there is no Sett of theſe Male harmers who make their way more ſucceſsfully, an thoſe who have gained themſelves a Name for rigue, and have ruined the greateſt Number of eputations. There is a ſtrange Curioſity in the male World to be acquainted with the dear Man ho has been loved by others, and to know what is that makes him ſo agreeable. His Reputation es more than half his Buſineſs. Every one that is mbitious of being a Woman of Faſhion, looks out r Opportunities of being in his Company; ſo that uſe the old Proverb, When his Name is up he ay lye a-bed.

I was very ſenſible of the great Advantage of be- a Man of Importance upon theſe Occaſions on e Day of the King's Entry, when I was ſeated in Balcony behind a Cluſter of very pretty Country adies, who had one of theſe ſhowy Gentlemen in e midſt of them. The firſt Trick I caught him at s bowing to ſeveral Perſons of Quality whom he d not know; nay, he had the Impudence to hem a Blue Garter who had a finer Equipage than or- nary, and ſeemed a little concerned at the imperti- nt Huzzas of the Mob, that hindered his Friend om taking Notice of him. There was indeed one ho pull'd off his Hat to him, and upon the Ladies king who it was, he told them, it was a Foreign iniſter that he had been very merry with the Night fore; whereas in Truth, it was the City Common unt.

HE was never at a Loſs when he was asked any rſon's Name, tho' he ſeldom knew any one un- r a Peer. He found Dukes and Earls among the dermen, very good-natured Fellows among the

Privy-

'Privy Counſellors, with two or three agreeable
'Rakes among the Biſhops and Judges.

'IN ſhort, I collected from his whole Diſcou
'that he was acquainted with every Body, and kn
'no Body. At the ſame Time, I am miſtaken if
'did not that Day make more Advances in the A
'ctions of his Miſtreſs, who ſat near him, than
'could have done in half a Year's Courtſhip.

'*OVID* has finely touched this Method of maki
'Love, which I ſhall here give my Reader in Mr. D
'den's Tranſlation.

Page the Eleventh.

Thus Love in Theatres did firſt improve,
And Theatres are ſtill the Scenes of Love:
Nor ſhun the Chariots, and the Courſers Race;
The Circus *is no inconvenient Place.*
Nor Need is there of talking on the Hand,
Nor Nods, nor Signs, which Lovers underſtand;
But boldly next the Fair your Seat provide,
Cloſe as you can to hers, and Side by Side:
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no Matter; crowding ſit;
For ſo the Laws of publick Shows permit.
Then find Occaſion to begin Diſcourſe,
Enquire whoſe Chariot this, and whoſe that Horſe;
To whatſoever Side ſhe is inclin'd,
Suit all your Inclinations to her Mind;
Like what ſhe likes, from thence your Court begin,
And whom ſhe favours, wiſh that he may win.

Again, Page the Sixteenth.

O when will come the Day, by Heav'n deſign'd,
When thou, the beſt and faireſt of Mankind,
Drawn by white Horſes, ſhalt in Triumph ride,
With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy Side;
Slaves, that no longer can be ſafe in flight,
O glorious Object! O ſurprizing Sight!
O Day of publick Joy, too good to end in Night!

such a Day, if thou, and next to thee
Beauty ſits, the Spectacle to ſee;
ſe enquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,
Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden Springs;
wer to all thou knoweſt; and, if Need be,
things unknown ſeem to ſpeak knowingly:
is Euphrates, *crown'd with Reeds; and there*
s the ſwift Tigris, *with his Sea-green Hair.*
nt new Names of Things unknown before;
ll this Armenia; *that, the* Caſpian *Shore:*
ll this a Mede, *and that a* Parthian *Youth;*
k probably; no Matter for the Truth.

№ 603. *Wedneſday, October 6.*

ucite ab Urbe Domum, mea Carmina, ducite Daphnim.
Virg.

THE following Copy of Verſes comes from one of my Correſpondents, and has ſomething in it ſo Original, that I do not much doubt but it ll divert my Readers.

I.

MY *Time, O ye Muſes, was happily ſpent,*
When Phebe *went with me wherever I went;*
n thouſand ſweet Pleaſures I felt in my Breaſt:
re never fond Shepherd like Colin *was bleſt!*
t now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
hat a marvellous Change on a ſudden I find?
hen things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was ſhe.

II.

With ſuch a Companion, to tend a few Sheep,
riſe up and play, or to lye down and ſleep:

I was so good humour'd, so chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known,
My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart —— I am sure it weighs more than a Pou

III.

The Fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, *if* Phebe *was there,*
'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide,
Must you be so chearful, while I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentime play,
And when Phebe *and I were as joyful as they,*
How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in their Prime?
But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

V.

My Dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair one and me;
And Phebe *was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,*
Come hither, poor Fellow; and patted his Head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour Look
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a Blow with my Crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his Master, when Phebe's *away?*

VI.

When walking with Phebe, *what Sights have I seen?*
How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the Green?
What a lovely appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made?

now she has left me, tho' all are still there,
ny none of 'em now so delightful appear:
as nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes,
ke so many beautiful Prospects arise.

VII.

Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood thro',
e Lark, Linnet, Throstle, and Nightingale too;
ds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
d chirp went the Grashopper under our Feet.
now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone:
Voice in the Consort, as now I have found,
es ev'ry thing else its agreeable Sound.

VIII.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
d where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
s ought of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile,
t Meadow, those Daisies, why do they not smile?
! Rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
d made your selves fine for; a Place in her Breast:
put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
be pluckt by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

IX.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phebe return?
ile amidst the soft Zephyr's cool Breezes I burn;
thinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
uld breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the Lead.
swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
d rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Colin! old Time is full of Delay,
will budge one Foot faster for all thou canst say.

X.

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?
be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy Passion remove;
t what Swain is so silly to live without Love?
, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
r ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn.

Ah! What ſhall I do? I ſhall die with Deſpair;
Take heed, all ye Swains, how you love one ſo fair.

Nº 604. *Friday, October* 8.

Tu ne quæſieris (ſcire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconoe; nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros ——— Ho

THE Deſire of knowing future Events, is one the ſtrongeſt Inclinations in the Mind of Ma Indeed an Ability of foreſeeing probable Acciden is what, in the Language of Men, is called Wiſdom a Prudence: But, not ſatisfied with the Light that Reaſ holds out, Mankind hath endeavoured to penetra more compendiouſly into Futurity. Magick, Oracl Omens, lucky Hours, and the various Arts of Supe ſtition, owe their Riſe to this powerful Cauſe. this Principle is founded in Self-Love, every Man ſure to be ſollicitous in the firſt Place about his ow Fortune, the Courſe of his Life, and the Time a Manner of his Death.

IF we conſider that we are free Agents, we ſh diſcover the Abſurdity of ſuch Enquiries. One of o Actions, which we might have performed or neglec ed, is the Cauſe of another that ſucceeds it, and the whole Chain of Life is link'd together. Pain, P verty, or Infamy, are the natural Product of vicio and imprudent Acts; as the contrary Bleſſings are good ones; ſo that we cannot ſuppoſe our Lot to determined without Impiety. A great Enhanceme of Pleaſure ariſes from its being unexpected; and Pa is doubled by being foreſeen. Upon all theſe, and veral other Accounts, we ought to reſt ſatisfied in t Portion beſtowed on us; to adore the Hand that ha fitted every Thing to our Nature, and hath not mo di

diſplay'd his Goodneſs in our Knowledge than in our Ignorance.

IT is not unworthy Obſervation, that ſuperſtitious Enquiries into future Events prevail more or leſs, in proportion to the Improvement of liberal Arts and uſeful Knowledge in the ſeveral Parts of the World. Accordingly we find, that magical Incantations remain in *Lapland*, in the more remote Parts of *Scotland* they have their ſecond Sight, and ſeveral of our own Countrymen ſeen abundance of Fairies. In *Aſia* this Credulity is ſtrong; and the greateſt Part of refined Learning there conſiſts in the Knowledge of Amulets, Taliſmans, occult Numbers, and the like.

WHEN I was at *Grand Cairo*, I fell into the Acquaintance of a good-natured Muſſulman, who promiſed me many good Offices, which he deſigned to do me when he became the Prime Miniſter, which was a Fortune beſtowed on his Imagination by a Doctor very deep in the curious Sciences. At his repeated Sollicitations I went to learn my Deſtiny of this wonderful Sage. For a ſmall Sum I had his Promiſe; but was requir'd to wait in a dark Apartment till he had run thro' the preparatory Ceremonies. Having a ſtrong Propenſity, even then, to Dreaming, I took a Nap upon the Sofa where I was placed, and had the following Viſion, the Particulars whereof I picked up the other Day among my Papers.

I found my ſelf in an unbounded Plain, where methought the whole World, in ſeveral Habits and with different Tongues, was aſſembled. The Multitude glided ſwiftly along, and I found in my ſelf a ſtrong Inclination to mingle in the Train. My Eyes quickly fingled out ſome of the moſt ſplendid Figures. Several in rich Caftans and glittering Turbans buſtled through the Throng, and trampled over the Bodies of thoſe they threw down; till to my great Surprize I found, that the great Pace they went only haſtned them to a Scaffold or a Bowſtring. Many beautiful Damſels on the other Side moved forward with great Gaiety; ſome danced till they fell all along; and o-

thers painted their Faces till they loſt their Noſes. A Tribe of Creatures with buſie Looks falling into a Fit of Laughter at the Misfortunes of the unhappy Ladies I turn'd my Eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his Pockets with Gold and Jewels, and when there was no Room left for more, theſe Wretches looking round with Fear and Horror, pined away before my Face with Famine and Diſcontent.

THIS Proſpect of human Miſery ſtruck me dumb for ſome Miles. Then it was that, to diſburthen my Mind, I took Pen and Ink, and did every Thing that hath ſince happen'd under my Office of SPECTATOR. While I was employing my ſelf for the Good of Mankind, I was ſurpriz'd to meet with very unſuitable Returns from my Fellow-Creatures. Never was poor Author ſo beſet with Pamphleteers, who ſometimes marched directly againſt me, but often ſhot at me from ſtrong Bulwarks, or roſe up ſuddenly in Ambuſh. They were of all Characters and Capacities, ſome with Enſigns of Dignity, and others in Liveries; but what moſt ſurpriz'd me, was to ſee two or three in black Gowns among my Enemies. It was no ſmall Trouble to me, ſometimes to have a Man come up to me with an angry Face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never ſeen or heard of him in my Life. With the Ladies it was otherwiſe: Many became my Enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who reſented the Satyr which they imagined I had directed againſt them. My great Comfort was in the Company of half a Dozen Friends, who, I found ſince, were the Club which I have ſo often mention'd in my Papers. I laughed often at Sir *Roger* in my Sleeve, and was the more diverted with *Will Honeycomb*'s Gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted) becauſe I had foreſeen his Marriage with a Farmer's Daughter. The Regret which aroſe in my Mind upon the Death of my Companions, my Anxieties for the Publick, and the many Calamities ſtill fleeting before my Eyes, made me repent my Curioſity; when

the

the Magician entered the Room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

N. B. I have only deliver'd the Prophecy of that Part of my Life which is paſt, it being inconvenient to divulge the ſecond Part 'till a more proper Opportunity.

№ 605. *Monday, October* 11.

Venerint ſylveſtrem animum, cultuque frequenti
In quaſcunque voces artes, haud tarda ſequentur. Virg.

HAVING peruſed the following Letter, and finding it to run upon the Subject of Love, I referred it to the Learned *Caſuiſt*, whom I have retained in my Service for Speculations of that Kind. He return'd it to me the next Morning with his Report annexed to it, with both of which I ſhall here preſent my Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'FINDING that you have Entertained an uſeful 'Perſon in your Service in quality of *Love-Caſuiſt*, I apply my ſelf to you, under a very great Difficulty, that hath for ſome Months perplexed me. I 'have a Couple of humble Servants, one of which I 'have no Averſion to; the other I think of very kindly. The firſt hath the Reputation of a Man of good 'Senſe, and is one of thoſe People that your Sex are 'apt to Value. My Spark is reckoned a Coxcomb 'among the Men, but is a Favourite of the Ladies. 'If I marry the Man of Worth, as they call him, I 'ſhall oblige my Parents and improve my Fortune; 'but with my dear Beau I promiſe my ſelf Happineſs, 'altho' not a Jointure. Now I would ask you, whether I ſhould conſent to lead my Life with a Man

'that I have only no Objection to, or with him againſt
'whom all Objections to me appear frivolous. I am
'determined to follow the *Caſuiſt*'s Advice, and I dare
'ſay he will not put me upon ſo ſerious a thing as Ma-
'trimony, contrary to my Inclination.

I am, *&c.*

Fanny Fickle.

P. S. 'I forgot to tell you, that the pretty Gentle-
'man is the moſt complaiſant Creature in the World,
'and is always of my Mind; but the other, forſooth,
'fancies he hath as much Wit as my ſelf, ſlights my
'Lap-Dog, and hath the Inſolence to contradict me
'when he thinks I am not in the Right. About half
'an Hour ago, he maintained to my Face, that a Patch
'always implies a Pimple.

AS I look upon it to be my Duty rather to ſide with
the Parents than the Daughter, I ſhall propoſe ſome
Conſiderations to my gentle Querift, which may incline
her to comply with thoſe, under whoſe Direction ſhe
is: And at the ſame time, convince her, that it is not
impoſſible but ſhe may, in time, have a true Affection
for him who is, at preſent, indifferent to her: Or, to
uſe the old Family Maxim, that *If ſhe marries firſt, Love
will come after.*

THE only Objection, that ſhe ſeems to inſinuate
againſt the Gentleman propoſed to her, is his want of
Complaiſance, which, I perceive, ſhe is very willing
to return. Now, I can diſcover from this very Cir-
cumſtance, that ſhe and her Lover, whatever they
may think of it, are very good Friends in their Hearts.
It is difficult to determine, whether Love delights
more in giving Pleaſure or Pain. Let Miſs *Fickle* aſk
her own Heart, if ſhe doth not take a Secret Pride in
making this Man of good Senſe look very ſilly. Hath
ſhe ever been better pleas'd, than when her Behaviour
hath made her Lover ready to hang himſelf? Or doth
ſhe

he ever rejoice more, than when ſhe thinks ſhe hath driven him to the very Brink of a purling Stream? Let her conſider, at the ſame time, that it is not impoſſible but her Lover may have diſcovered her Tricks, and hath a Mind to give her as good as ſhe brings. I remember a handſome young Baggage that treated a hopeful *Greek* of my Acquaintance, juſt come from *Oxford*, as if he had been a *Barbarian*. The firſt Week, after ſhe had fixed him, ſhe took a Pinch of Snuff out of his Rival's Box, and apparently touched the Enemy's little Finger. She became a profeſt Enemy to the Arts and Sciences, and ſcarce ever wrote a Letter to him without wilfully miſpelling his Name. The young Scholar, to be even with her, railed at *Coquettes* as ſoon as he had got the Word; and did not want Parts to turn into Ridicule her Men of Wit and Pleaſure of the Town. After having irritated one another for the Space of five Months, ſhe made an Aſſignation with him fourſcore Miles from *London*. But as he was very well acquainted with her Pranks, he took a Journey the quite contrary Way. Accordingly they met, quarrell'd, and in a few Days were married. Their former Hoſtilities are now the Subject of their Mirth, being content at preſent with that Part of Love only, which beſtows Pleaſure.

WOMEN, who have been married ſome time, not having it in their Heads to draw after them a numerous Train of Followers, find their Satisfaction in the Poſſeſſion of one Man's Heart. I know very well, that Ladies in their Bloom deſire to be excuſed in this Particular. But when Time hath worn out their natural Vanity and taught them Diſcretion, their Goodneſs ſettles on its proper Object. And it is probably for this Reaſon, that among Husbands, you will find more that are fond of Women beyond their Prime, than of thoſe that are actually in the Inſolence of Beauty. My Reader will apply the ſame Obſervation to the other Sex.

I need not inſiſt upon the Neceſſity of their purſuing one common Intereſt, and their united Care, for

their Children; but shall only observe, by the W that married Persons are both more warm in th Love, and more hearty in their Hatred, than any thers whatsoever. Mutual Favours and Obligatio which may be supposed to be greater here than in a other State, naturally beget an Intense Affection in nerous Minds. As, on the contrary, Persons w have bestowed such Favours, have a particular Bitt ness in their Resentments, when they think the selves ill treated by those of whom they have deseri so much.

BESIDES, Miss *Fickle* may consider, that as the are often many Faults conceal'd before Marriage, there are sometimes many Virtues unobserv'd.

TO this we may add the great Efficacy of Custo and constant Conversation, to produce a mutual Frie ship and Benevolence in two Persons. It is a nice R flection, which I have heard a Friend of mine ma that you may be sure a Woman loves a Man, when uses his Expressions, tells his Stories, or imitates Manner. This gives a secret Delight; for Imitat is a kind of artless Flattery, and mightily favours t powerful Principle of Self-love. It is certain, th married Persons, who are possest with a mutual seem, not only catch the Air and way of Talk fro one another, but fall into the same Traces of thin ing and liking. Nay, some have carried the Rema so far as to assert, that the Features of Man and W grow, in time, to resemble one another. Let my f Correspondent therefore consider, that the Gentlem recommended will have a good deal of her own Fa in two or three Years; which she must not expe from the Beau, who is too full of his dear self to c py after another. And I dare appeal to her own Jud ment, if that Person will not be the handsomest, th is the most like her self.

WE have a remarkable Instance to our present Pu pose in the History of King *Edgar*, which I shall he relate, and leave it with my fair Correspondent to applied to her self.

THI

THIS great Monarch, who is ſo famous in *Britiſh* ſtory, fell in Love, as he made his Progreſs through is Kingdom, with a certain Duke's Daughter who ved near *Wincheſter*, and was the moſt celebrated eauty of the Age. His Importunities and the Vio-nce of his Paſſion were ſo great, that the Mother of e young Lady promiſed him to bring her Daughter his Bed the next Night, though in her Heart ſhe ab-orr'd ſo infamous an Office. It was no ſooner dark an ſhe convey'd into his Room a young Maid of no agreeable Figure, who was one of her Attendants, d did not want Addreſs to improve the Opportunity r the Advancement of her Fortune. She made ſo ood uſe of her Time, that when ſhe offered to riſe a tle before Day, the King could by no means think parting with her. So that finding her ſelf under a eceſſity of diſcovering who ſhe was, ſhe did it in handſome a Manner, that his Majeſty was exceeding acious to her, and took her ever after under his Pro-ction: inſomuch that our Chronicles tell us he carryed r along with him, made her his firſt Miniſter of State, d continued true to her alone, 'till his Marriage with e beautiful *Elfrida*.

№ 606. *Wedneſday, October* 13.

——*longum cantu ſolata laborem*
Arguto Conjux percurrit pectine Telas. Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Have a couple of Néices under my Direction, 'who ſo often run gadding abroad, that I 'don't know where to have them. Their Dreſs, their Tea, and their Viſits take up all their Time, and they go to Bed as tired with doing nothing, as

'I am after quilting a whole Under-Petticoat. The
'only time they are not idle, is while they read
'your SPECTATORS; which being dedicated to the
'Intereſts of Virtue, I deſire you to recommend the
'long neglected Art of Needle-work. Thoſe Hours
'which in this Age are thrown away in Dreſs, Play,
'Viſits, and the like, were employ'd, in my time,
'in writing out Receipts, or working Beds, Chairs
'and Hangings for the Family. For my Part, I have
'ply'd my Needle theſe fifty Years, and by my good
'Will would never have it out of my Hand. It
'grieves my Heart to ſee a couple of proud idle Flirts
'ſipping their Tea, for a whole Afternoon, in a
'Room hung round with the Induſtry of their great
'Grandmother. Pray, Sir, take the laudable Myſtery
'of Embroidery into your ſerious Conſideration, and
'as you have a great deal of the Virtue of the laſt
'Age in you, continue your Endeavours to reform the
'preſent.

I am, &c.

IN Obedience to the Commands of my venerable Correſpondent, I have duly weigh'd this important Subject, and promiſe my ſelf, from the Argument here laid down, that all the fine Ladies of *England* will be ready, as ſoon as their Mourning is over, to appear covered with the Work of their own Hands.

WHAT a delightful Entertainment muſt it be to the Fair Sex, whom their native Modeſty, and the Tenderneſs of Men towards them, exempts from Publick Buſineſs, to paſs their Hours in imitating Fruits and Flowers, and tranſplanting all the Beauties of Nature into their own Dreſs, or raiſing a new Creation in their Cloſets and Apartments. How pleaſing is the Amuſement of walking among the Shades and Groves planted by themſelves, in ſurveying Heroes ſlain by their Needle, or little *Cupids* which they have brought into the World without Pain!

THIS is, methinks, the moſt proper way wherein a Lady can ſhew a fine Genius, and I cannot forbear

ver wiſhing, that ſeveral Writers of that Sex had cho-
en to apply themſelves rather to Tapeſtry than
hime. Your Paſtoral Poeteſſes may vent their Fan-
y in Rural Landskips, and place deſpairing Shepherds
der ſilken Willows, or drown them in a Stream of
ohair. The Heroick Writers may work up Battles
ſucceſsful, and inflame them with Gold or ſtain
em with Crimſon. Even thoſe who have only a
urn to a Song or an Epigram, may put many valua-
e Stitches into a Purſe, and crowd a thouſand Graces
to a Pair of Garters.

IF I may, without breach of good Manners, imagine
at any pretty Creature is void of Genius, and would
erform her Part herein but very aukwardly, I muſt
evertheleſs inſiſt upon her working, if it be only to
ep her out of Harm's way.

ANOTHER Argument for buſying good Women
Works of Fancy, is, becauſe it takes them off from
candal, the uſual Attendant of Tea-Tables, and all o-
her unactive Scenes of Life. While they are forming
heir Birds and Beaſts, their Neighbours will be allow-
d to be the Fathers of their own Children: And
Whig and *Tory* will be but ſeldom mentioned, where
he great Diſpute is, whether Blue or Red is the more
roper Colour. How much greater Glory would *So-
hronia* do the General, if ſhe would chuſe rather to
work the Battle of *Blenheim* in Tapeſtry, than ſignalize
her ſelf with ſo much Vehemence againſt thoſe who
re *Frenchmen* in their Hearts.

A Third Reaſon that I ſhall mention, is the Profit
hat is brought to the Family where theſe pretty Arts
re encouraged. It is manifeſt that this way of Life
ot only keeps fair Ladies from running out into Ex-
pences, but is at the ſame time an actual Improve-
ment. How memorable would that Matron be, who
ſhould have it ſubſcribed upon her Monument, 'that
'ſhe Wrought out the whole Bible in Tapeſtry, and
'died in a good old Age, after having covered three
'hundred Yards of Wall in the Manſion-Houſe.

THE

THE Premiſes being conſider'd I humbly ſubmit the following Propoſals to all Mothers in *Great Britain*.

I. THAT no young Virgin whatſoever be allow'd to receive the Addreſſes of her firſt Lover, but in a Suit of her own Embroidering.

II. THAT before every freſh Servant, ſhe be obliig'd to appear with a new Stomacher at the leaſt.

III. THAT no one be actually Married, till ſhe has the Child-bed Pillows, *&c.* ready Stitched, as likewiſe the Mantle for the Boy quite finiſhed.

THESE Laws, if I miſtake not, would effectually reſtore the decay'd Art of Needle-work, and make the Virgins of *Great Britain* exceedingly Nimble-fingered in their Buſineſs.

THERE is a memorable Cuſtom of the *Grecian* Ladies in this particular, preſerv'd in *Homer*, which I hope will have a very good Effect with my Countrywomen. A Widow in Ancient Times could not without Indecency, receive a ſecond Husband, till ſhe had Woven a Shrowd for her deceaſed Lord, or the next of Kin to him. Accordingly, the Chaſt *Penelope* having, as ſhe thought, loſt *Ulyſſes* at Sea, ſhe employed her time in preparing a Winding-ſheet for *Laertes* the Father of her Husband. The Story of her Web being very Famous, and yet not ſufficiently known in its ſeveral Circumſtances, I ſhall give it to my Reader as *Homer* makes one of her Wooers relate it.

Sweet Hope ſhe gave to every Youth apart,
With well taught Looks, and a deceitful Heart:
A Web ſhe wove of many a ſlender Twine,
Of curious Texture, and perplext Deſign;
My Youths, ſhe cry'd, my Lord but newly dead,
Forbear a while to court my widow'd Bed,
'Till I have wov'n, as ſolemn Vows require,
This Web, a Shrowd for poor Ulyſſes' *Sire.*
His Limbs, when Fate the Hero's Soul demands,
Shall claim this Labour of his Daughter's Hands:

L

Leſt all the Dames of Greece *my Name deſpiſe,*
While the great King without a Covering lies.
Thus ſhe. Nor did my Friends miſtruſt the Guile,
All Day ſhe ſped the long laborious Toil:
But when the burning Lamps ſupply'd the Sun,
Each Night unravell'd what the Day begun.
Three live-long Summers did the Fraud prevail.
The Fourth her Maidens told th' amazing Tale.
Theſe Eyes beheld, as cloſe I took my Stand,
The backward Labours of her faithleſs Hand:
Till watch'd at length, and preſs'd on every Side,
Her Task ſhe ended, and commenc'd a Bride.

Nº 607. *Friday, October* 20.

Dicite Iö Paan, et Iö bis dicite Paan:
Decidit in caſſes præda petita meos. Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING in your Paper of *Monday* laſt 'publiſhed my Report on the Caſe of Mrs. *Fanny Fickle*, wherein I have taken Notice, that 'Love comes after Marriage; I hope your Readers are 'ſatisfied of this Truth, that as Love generally produ'ces Matrimony, ſo it often happens that Matrimony 'produces Love.

'IT perhaps requires more Virtues to make a good 'Husband or Wife, than what go to the finiſhing any 'the moſt ſhining Character whatſoever.

'DISCRETION ſeems abſolutely neceſſary, 'and accordingly we find that the beſt Husbands have 'been moſt famous for their Wiſdom. *Homer*, who 'hath drawn a perfect Pattern of a prudent Man, to 'make it the more compleat, hath celebrated him 'for the juſt Returns of Fidelity and Truth to his *Pe'nelope*; inſomuch that he refuſed the Careſſes of a 'Goddeſs for her ſake, and to uſe the Expreſſion of 'the beſt of Pagan Authors, *vetulam ſuam prætulit*

'*Immor-*

'*Immortalitati*, his old Woman was dearer to him than Immortality.

'VIRTUE is the next neceſſary Qualification for this domeſtick Character, as it naturally produces Conſtancy and mutual Eſteem. Thus *Brutus* and *Porcia* were more remarkable for Virtue and Affection than any others of the Age in which they lived.

'GOOD-NATURE is a third neceſſary Ingredient in the Marriage-State, without which it would inevitably ſower upon a thouſand Occaſions. When Greatneſs of Mind is joined with this amiable Quality, it attracts the Admiration and Eſteem of all who behold it. Thus *Caſar*, not more remarkable for his Fortune and Valour than for his Humanity, ſtole into the Hearts of the *Roman* People, when breaking through the Cuſtom, he pronounced an Oration at the Funeral of his firſt and beſt beloved Wife.

'GOOD-NATURE is inſufficient, unleſs it be ſteady and uniform, and accompannied with an Evenneſs of Temper, which is, above all things, to be preſerved in this Friendſhip contracted for Life. A Man muſt be eaſie within himſelf, before he can be ſo to his other ſelf. *Socrates*, and *Marcus Aurelius*, are Inſtances of Men, who, by the Strength of Philoſophy, having entirely compoſed their Minds, and ſubdued their Paſſions, are celebrated for good Husbands, notwithſtanding the firſt was yoked with *Xantippe*, and the other with *Fauſtina*. If the wedded Pair would but habituate themſelves for the firſt Year to bear with one another's Faults, the Difficulty would be pretty well conquer'd. This mutual Sweetneſs of Temper and Complacency, was finely recommended in the Nuptial Ceremonies among the Heathens, who, when they ſacrificed to *Juno* at that Solemnity, always tore out the Gaul from the Entrails of the Victim, and caſt it behind the Altar.

'I ſhall conclude this Letter with a Paſſage out of Dr. *Plot*'s *Natural Hiſtory of Staffordſhire*, not only as it

'it will ſerve to fill up your preſent Paper; but if I 'find my ſelf in the Humour, may give Riſe to ano-'ther; I having by me an old Regiſter, belonging to 'the Place here undermentioned.

SIR *Philip de Somervile* held the Manors of *Whichenovre*, *Scireſcot*, *Ridware*, *Neherton*, and *Cowlee*, all in *Com. Stafford*, of the Earls of *Lancaſter*, by this memorable Service. The ſaid Sir *Philip* ſhall find, maintain, and ſuſtain, one *Bacon Flitch*, hanging in his Hall at *Whichenovre* ready arrayed all times of the Year, but in *Lent*, to be given to every Man or Woman married, after the Day and the Year of their Marriage be paſt, in Form following.

WHENSOEVER that any one ſuch before named will come to enquire for the Bacon, in their own Perſon, they ſhall come to the Bailiff, or to the Porter of the Lordſhip of *Whichenovre*, and ſhall ſay to them in the manner as enſueth.

'BAYLIFF, or Porter, I doo you to know, 'that 'I am come for my ſelf, to demand one *Bacon Flyke* 'hanging in the Hall of the Lord of *Whichenovre*, after 'the Form thereunto belonging.

AFTER which Relation, the Bayliff or Porter ſhall aſſign a Day to him, upon Promiſe by his Faith to return, and with him to bring Twain of his Neighbours. And in the mean Time the ſaid Bailiff ſhall take with him Twain of the Freeholders of the Lordſhip of *Whichenovre*, and they three ſhall go to the Manor of *Rudlow*, belonging to *Robert Knightleye*, and there ſhall ſummon the aforeſaid *Knightleye*, or his Bayliff, commanding him to be ready at *Whichenovre* the Day appointed, at Prime of Day, with his Carriage, that is to ſay, a Horſe and a Saddle, a Sack and a Pryke, for to convey the ſaid Bacon and Corn a Journey out of the County of *Stafford*, at his Coſtages. And then the ſaid Bailiff ſhall, with the ſaid Freeholders, ſummon all the Tenants of the ſaid Manor, to be ready at the Day appointed, at *Whichenovre*, for to do and perform the Services which they owe to the Bacon. And at the Day aſſigned, all ſuch as owe Services to the Bacon, ſhall be ready at the Gate

of the Manor of *Whichenovre*, from the Sun-rising to Noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the Bacon. And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his Fellows, Chapelets; and to all those which shall be there, to do their Services due to the Bacon. And they shall lead the said Demandant with Trumps and Tabours, and other manner of Minstrels to the Hall-Door, where he shall find the Lord of *Whichenovre*, or his Steward, ready to deliver the Bacon in this Manner.

HE shall enquire of him, which demandeth the Bacon, if he have brought twain of his Neighbours with him: Which must answer, *They be here ready.* And then the Steward shall cause these two Neighbours to swear, if the said Demandant be a wedded Man, or have been a wedded Man; and if since his Marriage one Year and a Day be past; and if he be a Free-man, or a Villain. And if his said Neighbours make Oath, that he hath for him all these three Points rehearsed; then shall the Bacon be taken down and brought to the Hall-Door, and shall there be laid upon one half Quarter of Wheat, and upon one other of Rye. And he that demandeth the Bacon shall kneel upon his Knee, and shall hold his right Hand upon a Book, which Book shall be laid upon the Bacon and the Corn, and shall make Oath in this manner.

'HERE ye, Sir *Philip* de *Somerville*, Lord of *Whi-*
'*chenovre*, mayntener and gyver of this Baconne:
'That I *A.* sithe I Wedded *B.* my Wife, and sithe I
'had hyr in my kepying, and at my Wylle, by a
'Year and a Day after our Marriage, I would not have
'chaunged for none other; farer ne fowler; richer
'ne pourer; ne for none other descended of greater
'Lynage; slepying ne waking, at noo tyme. And if
'the seyd *B.* were sole and I sole I would take her to
'be my Wife before all the Wymen of the Worlde
'of what condiciones soever they be: good or evylle,
'as help me God and his Seyntes, and this Flesh and
'all Fleshes.

AND his Neighbours ſhall make Oath, that they truſt verily he hath ſaid truly. And if it be found by his Neighbours before-named that he be a Freeman, there ſhall be delivered to him half a Quarter of Wheat and a Cheeſe; and if he be a Villain, he ſhall have half a Quarter of Rye without Cheeſe. And then ſhall *Knightlye* the Lord of *Rudlow* be called for, to carry all theſe Things tofore rehearſed; and the ſaid Corn ſhall be laid on one Horſe and the Bacon above it: and he to whom the Bacon appertaineth ſhall aſcend upon his Horſe, and ſhall take the Cheeſe before him if he have a Horſe. And if he have none, the Lord of *Whichenovre* ſhall cauſe him to have one Horſe and Saddle, to ſuch time as he be paſſed his Lordſhip: and ſo ſhall they depart the Manor of *Whichenovre* with the Corn and the Bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with Trumpets, Tabourets, and other manner of Minſtrelſie. And all the Free Tenants of *Whichenovre* ſhall Conduct him to be paſſed the Lordſhip of *Whichenovre*. And then ſhall they all return; except him, to whom appertaineth to make the Carriage and Journey without the County of *Stafford*, at the Coſts of his Lord of *Whichenovre*.

№ 608. *Monday, October* 18.

——— Perjuria ridet Amantium. Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'ACCORDING to my Promiſe, I herewith tranſmit to you a Liſt of ſeveral Perſons, who from time to time demanded the *Flitch of Bacon* of Sir *Philip de Somerville* and his Deſcendants; as it is preſerved in an ancient Manuſcript

'under

'under the Title of *The Regiſter of Whichenovre-Ha*
'*and of the Bacon Flitch there maintained,*

'IN the Beginning of this Record is recited t
'Law or Inſtitution in Form, as it is already print
'in your laſt Paper: To which are added Two B
'Laws, as a Comment upon the General Law, t
'Subſtance whereof is, that the Wife ſhall take the ſa
'Oath as the Husband, *mutatis mutandis*; and that t
'Judges ſhall, as they think meet, interrogate or cro
'examine the Witneſſes. After this proceeds the R
'giſter in Manner following.

'AUBRY de Falſtaff, *Son of* Sir John Falſtaff, K
'*with Dame* Maude *his Wife, were the firſt that deman*
'*ed the Bacon, he having bribed twain of his Fathe*
'*Companions to ſwear falſely in his Behoof, whereby*
'*gained the Flitch: But he and his ſaid Wife falling in*
'*mediately into a Diſpute how the ſaid Bacon ſhould*
'*dreſſed, it was by Order of the Judges taken from hi*
'*and hung up again in the Hall.*

'ALISON *the Wife of* Stephen Freckle, *broug*
'*her ſaid Husband along with her, and ſet forth the go*
'*Conditions and Behaviour of her Conſort, adding with*
'*that ſhe doubted not but he was ready to atteſt the like*
'*her, his Wife; whereupon he, the ſaid* Stephen, *ſhaki*
'*his Head, ſhe turned ſhort upon him, and gave him*
'*Box on the Ear.*

'PHILIP de Waverland, *having laid his Hand u*
'*on the Book, when the Clauſe,* Were I ſole and ſhe ſo
'*was rehearſed, found a ſecret Compunction riſing in*
'*Mind, and ſtole it off again.*

'RICHARD de Loveleſs, *who was a Courtier, an*
'*a very well-bred Man, being obſerved to heſitate at t*
'*Words* after our Marriage, *was thereupon required to e*
'*plain himſelf. He reply'd, by talking very largely of*
'*exact Complaiſance while he was a Lover; and alledg'*
'*that he had not in the leaſt diſobliged his Wife for a Ye*
'*and a Day* before *Marriage, which he hoped was t*
'*ſame Thing.*

'Rejected.

'JOCE

'JOCELINE Jolly, *Esq*; *making it appear by unquestionable Testimony, That he and his Wife had preserved full and entire Affection for the Space of the first Month, commonly called the* Honey-Moon; *he had in Consideration thereof one Rasher bestowed upon him.*

'AFTER this, says the Record, many Years passed over before any Demandant appeared at *Whichenovre-Hall*; insomuch that one would have thought that the whole Country were turned *Jews*, so little was their Affection to the Flitch of Bacon.

'THE next Couple enrolled had like to have carried it, if one of the Witnesses had not deposed, That dining on a *Sunday* with the Demandant, whose Wife had sate below the Squire's Lady at Church, she the said Wife dropped some Expressions, as if she thought her Husband deserved to be knighted; to which he returned a passionate *Pish*! The Judges taking the Premises into Consideration, declared the aforesaid Behaviour to imply an unwarrantable Ambition in the Wife, and Anger in the Husband.

'IT is recorded as a sufficient Disqualification of a certain Wife, that speaking of her Husband, she said, *God forgive him.*

'IT is likewise remarkable, that a Couple were rejected upon the Deposition of one of their Neighbours, that the Lady had once told her Husband, that *it was her Duty to obey*; to which he replied, *Oh! my Dear, you are never in the wrong.*

'THE violent Passion of one Lady for her Lap-Dog; the turning away of the old House-Maid by another; a Tavern-Bill torn by the Wife, and a Taylor's by the Husband; a Quarrel about the Kissing-Crust; spoiling of Dinners, and coming in late of Nights; are so many several Articles which occasioned the Reprobation of some Scores of Demandants, whose Names are recorded in the aforesaid Register.

'WITHOUT enumerating other particular Persons, I shall content my self with observing, that the Sentence pronounced against one *Gervase Poacher*

'

cher is, that *he might have had Bacon to his Eggs, he had not heretofore ſcolded his Wife when they were over boiled.* And the Depoſition againſt *Dorothy* [illegible] *little* runs in theſe Words; *That ſhe had ſo far uſurped the Dominion of the Coalfire, (the Stirring whereof of her Husband claimed to himſelf) that by her good Will ſhe never would ſuffer the Poker out of her Hand.*

'I find but two Couples, in this firſt Century, that were ſucceſsful: The firſt, was a Sea-Captain and his Wife, who ſince the Day of their Marriage, have not ſeen one another till the Day of the Claim. The Second, was an honeſt Pair in the Neighbourhood. The Husband was a Man of plain good Senſe, and peaceable Temper; the Woman was dumb.

Nº 609. *Wedneſday, October* 20.

——— *Farrago libelli.* Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have for ſome Time deſired to appear in your Paper, and have therefore choſen a Day to ſhift into the SPECTATOR, when I take it for granted you will not have many ſpare Minutes for Speculations of your own. As I was the other Day walking with an honeſt Country-Gentleman, he very often was expreſſing his Aſtoniſhment to ſee the Town ſo mightily crowded with Doctors of Divinity. Upon which I told him he was very much miſtaken if he took all thoſe Gentlemen he ſaw in Scarfs to be Perſons of that Dignity; for, that a young Divine after his firſt Degree in the Univerſity, uſually comes hither only to ſhow himſelf; and on that Occaſion is apt to think he is but half equipp'd with a Gown

and Caſſock for his publick Appearance, if he hath not the additional Ornament of a Scarf of the firſt Magnitude to intitle him to the Appellation of Doctor from his Landlady and the Boy at *Childs*. Now ſince I know that this Piece of Garniture is looked upon as a Mark of Vanity or Affectation, as it is made uſe of among ſome of the little ſpruce Adventurers of the Town, I ſhould be glad if you would give it a Place among thoſe Extravagancies you have juſtly expoſed in ſeveral of your Papers; being very well aſſured that the main Body of the Clergy, both in the Country and the Univerſities, who are almoſt in a Man untainted with it, would be very well pleaſed to ſee this venerable Foppery well expoſed. When my Parton did me the Honour to take me into his Family, (for I muſt own my ſelf of this Order) he was pleaſed to ſay he took me as a Friend and Companion; and whether he looked upon the Scarf like the Lace and Shoulder-knot of a Footman, as a Badge of Servitude and Dependance, I do not know, but he was ſo kind as to leave my wearing of it to my own Diſcretion; and not having any juſt Title to it from my Degrees, I am content to be without the Ornament. The Privileges of our Nobility to keep a certain Number of Chaplains are undiſputed, though perhaps not one in ten of thoſe reverend Gentlemen have any Relation to the noble Families their Scarfs belong to; the Right generally of creating all Chaplains except the Domeſtick, where there is one, being nothing more than the Perquiſite of a Steward's Place, who, if he happens to out-live any conſiderable Number of his noble Maſters, ſhall probably, at one and the ſame Time, have fifty Chaplains, all in their proper Accoutrements, of his own Creation; though perhaps there hath been neither Sermon nor Prayer ſaid in the Family ſince the Introduction of the firſt Coronet.

I am, &c.

Mr,

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Wiſh you would write a Philoſophical Paper ab
Natural Antipathies, with a Word or two c
'cerning the Strength of Imagination. I can give y
'a Liſt upon the firſt Notice, of a Rational *China* C
'of an Egg that walks upon two Legs, and a Qua
'Pot that ſings like a Nightingale. There is in
'Neighbourhood a very pretty prattling Shoulder
'Veal, that ſquawls out at the Sight of a Knife. Th
'as for Natural Antipathies, I know a General Offi
'who was never conquered but by a ſmother'd R
'bit; and a Wife that domineers over her Husband
'the Help of a Breaſt of Mutton. A Story that
'lates to my ſelf on this Subject may be thought
'unentertaining, eſpecially when I aſſure you that i
'literally true. I had long made Love to a Lady
'the Poſſeſſion of whom I am now the happieſt
'Mankind, whoſe Hand I ſhou'd have gained w
'much Difficulty without the Aſſiſtance of a Cat.
'muſt know then, that my moſt dangerous Rival
'ſo ſtrong an Averſion to this Species, that he inf
'bly ſwooned away at the Sight of that harm
'Creature. My Friend Mrs. *Lucy*, her Maid, havi
'greater Reſpect for me and my Purſe than ſhe
'for my Rival, always took Care to pin the Ta
'a Cat under the Gown of her Miſtreſs, when
'ſhe knew of his coming; which had ſuch an Ef
'that every Time he entered the Room, he looked n
'like one of the Figures in Mrs. *Salmon*'s Wax-w
'than a deſirable Lover. In ſhort, he grew ſic
'her Company; which the young Lady taking
'tice of, (who no more knew why, than he did)
'ſent me a Challenge to meet her in *Lincoln*'s
'Chappel, which I joyfully accepted, and have
'mongſt other Pleaſures) the Satisfaction of b
'praiſed by her for my Stratagem, I am, *&c.*

From the Hoop. Tom. Nin

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE Virgins of *Great Britain* are very much oblig'd to you for putting them upon ſuch tedious Drudgeries in Needlework as were fit only for the *Hilpa's* and the *Nilpa's* that lived before the Flood. Here's a Stir indeed with your Hiſtories in Embroidery, your Groves with Shades of Silk and Streams of Mohair! I would have you to know, that I hope to kill a hundred Lovers before the beſt Houſwife in *England* can ſtitch out a Battel, and do not fear but to provide Boys and Girls much faſter than your Diſciples can embroider them. I love Birds and Beaſts as well as you, but am content to fancy them when they are really made. What do you think of Gilt Leather for Furniture? There's your pretty Hangings for a Chamber; and what is more, our own Country is the only Place in *Europe* where Work of that kind is tolerably done. Without minding your muſty Leſſons; I am this Minute going to *Paul's* Church-Yard to beſpeak a Screen and a Set of Hangings; and am reſolved to encourage the Manufacture of my Country.

Yours,

CLEORA.

Friday,

N° 610. *Friday, October* 22.

Sic, cum transierint mei
Nullo cum ſtrepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar ſenex.
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur ſibi. Seneca.

I have often wondered that the *Jews* ſhould co trive ſuch worthleſs Greatneſs for the Delive whom they expected, as to dreſs him up in ext nal Pomp and Pageantry, and repreſent him to th Imagination, as making Havock amongſt his Creatur and acted with the poor Ambition of a *Ceſar* or an *lexander*. How much more illuſtrious doth he app in his real Character, when conſidered as the Auth of univerſal Benevolence among Men, as refining o Paſſions, exalting our Nature, giving us vaſt Ideas Immortality, and teaching us a Contempt of that lit ſhowy Grandeur, wherein the *Jews* made the Glo of their *Meſſiah* to conſiſt!

NOTHING (ſays *Longinus*) *can be Great, the Co tempt of which is Great.* The Poſſeſſion of Wealth a Riches cannot give a Man a Title to Greatneſs, becau it is looked upon as a Greatneſs of Mind, to conten theſe Gifts of Fortune, and to be above the Deſire them. I have therefore been inclined to think, th there are greater Men who lye concealed among t Species, than thoſe who come out, and draw up themſelves the Eyes and Admiration of Mankind. *V gil* would never have been heard of, had not his Dom ſtick Misfortunes driven him out of his Obſcurity, a brought him to *Rome*.

If we ſuppoſe that there are Spirits or Angels wh look into the Ways of Men, as it is highly probab the

ere are, both from Reaſon and Revelation; how ferent are the Notions which they entertain of us, om thoſe which we are apt to form of one another? ere they to give us in their Catalogue of ſuch orthies as are now living, how different would it from that, which any of our own Species would aw up?

WE are dazled with the Splendour of Titles, the ſtentation of Learning, the Noiſe of Victories; They, the contrary, ſee the Philoſopher in the Cottage, ho poſſeſſes his Soul in Patience and Thankfulneſs, der the Preſſures of what little Minds call Poverty d Diſtreſs. They do not look for great Men at e Head of Armies, or among the Pomps of a Court, often find them out in Shades and Solitudes, in e private Walks and By-paths of Life. The Even-g's Walk of a wiſe Man is more illuſtrious in their ght, than the March of a General at the Head of a ndred thouſand Men. A Contemplation of God's orks; a voluntary Act of Juſtice to our own De-ment; a generous Concern for the Good of Man-nd; Tears that are ſhed in Silence for the Miſery of hers; a private Deſire or Reſentment broken and bdued; in ſhort, an unfeigned Exerciſe of Humili-, or any other Virtue; are ſuch Actions as are glo-ous in their Sight, and denominate Men great and putable. The moſt famous among us are often look-upon with Pity, with Contempt, or with Indigna-on; while thoſe who are moſt obſcure among their wn Species, are regarded with Love, with Approba-on and Eſteem.

THE Moral of the preſent Speculation amounts to is, That we ſhould not be led away by the Cenſures d Applauſes of Men, but conſider the Figure that e-ry Perſon will make, at that Time when Wiſdom all be juſtified of her Children, and nothing paſs for reat or Illuſtrious, which is not an Ornament and erfection to humane Nature.

THE Story of *Gyges* the rich *Lydian* Monarch, is a emorable Inſtance to our preſent Purpoſe. The Ora-

cle being asked by *Gyges*, who was the happieſt M replied *Aglaüs*. *Gyges*, who expected to have he himſelf named on this Occaſion, was much ſurpriz and very curious to know who this *Aglaüs* ſhould After much Enquiry he was found to be an obſc Country-man, who employ'd all his Time in culti ting a Garden, and a few Acres of Land about Houſe.

COWLEY's agreeable Relation of this Story cloſe this Day's Speculation.

Thus Aglaüs (*a Man unknown to Men,*
But the Gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obſcurely then without a Name,
Aglaüs, *now conſign'd t'eternal Fame.*
For Gyges, *the rich King, wicked and great,*
Preſum'd at wiſe Apollo's Delphick *Seat,*
Preſum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole World's Eye,
See'ſt thou a Man that happier is than I?
The God, who ſcorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,
Aglaüs *happier is. But* Gyges *cry'd,*
In a proud Rage, Who can that Aglaüs *be?*
We've heard as yet of no ſuch King as he.
And true it was, through the whole Earth around,
No King of ſuch a Name was to be found.
Is ſome old Hero *of that Name alive,*
Who his high Race does from the Gods derive?
Is it ſome mighty Gen'ral, that has done
Wonders in Fight, and God-like Honours won?
Is it ſome Man of endleſs Wealth? ſaid he:
None, none of theſe; who can this Aglaüs *be?*
After long Search, and vain Enquiries paſt,
In an obſcure Arcadian *Vale at laſt,*
(*Th'* Arcadian *Life has always Shady been*)
Near Sopho's *Town* (*which he but once had ſeen*)
This Aglaüs, *who Monarchs Envy drew,*
Whoſe Happineſs the Gods ſtood Witneſs to,
This mighty Aglaüs *was lab'ring found,*
With his own Hands, in his own little Ground.

So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among thoſe fooliſh Gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on ſuch a private Stage,
The laſt dull Scenes of my declining Age;
After long Toils and Voyages in vain,
This quiet Port let my toſs'd Veſſel gain;
Of heav'nly Reſt, this Earneſt to me lend,
Let my Life ſleep, and learn to love her End.

№ 611. *Monday, October 25.*

Perfide! ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucaſus, Hircanaque admôrunt ubera tigres. Virg.

I Am willing to poſtpone every thing, to do any the leaſt Service for the Deſerving and Unfortunate. Accordingly I have cauſed the following Letter to be inſerted in my Paper the Moment that it came to my Hands, without altering one Tittle in an Account which the Lady relates ſo handſomely her ſelf.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Flatter my ſelf, you will not only pity, but, if 'poſſible, redreſs a Misfortune my ſelf and ſeveral others of my Sex lye under. I hope you will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to juſtifie my own imprudent Conduct, or expect You ſhould. No! I am ſenſible how ſeverely, in ſome of your former Papers, you have reproved Perſons guilty of the like Miſmanagements. I was ſcarce Sixteen, and, I may ſay without Vanity, Handſome, when courted by a falſe perjured Man; who, upon Promiſe of Marriage, rendered me the moſt unhappy of Women. After he had deluded me from my Parents, who were People of very good Faſhion, in

'leſs than three Months he left me. My Pare
'would not ſee, nor hear from me; and had it
'been for a Servant, who had lived in our Fam
'I muſt certainly have periſhed for want of Br
'However, it pleaſed Providence, in a very ſh
'time, to alter my miſerable Condition. A Gen
'man ſaw me, liked me, and married me. My
'rents were reconciled; and I might be as happy
'the change of my Condition, as I was before mi
'able, but for ſome things, that you ſhall kn
'which are inſupportable to me; and I am ſure
'have ſo much Honour and Compaſſion as to
'thoſe Perſons know, in ſome of your Papers, h
'much they are in the wrong. I have been mar
'near five Years, and do not know that in all
'time I ever went abroad without my Husba
'Leave and Approbation. I am obliged, thro
'the Importunities of ſeveral of my Relations, to
'abroad oftner than ſuits my Temper. Then it is, I
'bour under inſupportable Agonies. That Man, or
'ther Monſter, haunts every Place I go to. Baſe
'lain! By reaſon I will not admit his nauſeous wic
'Viſits and Appointments, he ſtrives all the ways
'can to ruin me. He left me deſtitute of Friend
'Money, nor ever thought me worth enquiring
'ter, till he unfortunately happened to ſee me
'Front Box, ſparkling with Jewels. Then his P
'on returned. Then the Hypocrite pretended to
'a Penitent. Then he practiſed all thoſe Arts
'helped before to undo me. I am not to be de
'ved a ſecond time by him. I hate and abhor his
'dious Paſſion; and, as he plainly perceives it, ei
'out of Spight or Diverſion, he makes it his Buſi
'to expoſe me. I never fail ſeeing him in all pub
'Company, where he is always moſt induſtrio
'ſpightful. He hath, in ſhort, told all his Acqu
'tance of our unhappy Affair, they tell theirs;
'that it is no Secret among his Companions, wh
'are numerous. They, to whom he tells it, th
'they have a Title to be very familiar. If they b

to me, and I out of good Manners return it, then I am peſter'd with Freedoms that are no ways agreeable to my ſelf or Company. If I turn my Eyes from them, or ſeem diſpleaſed, they ſower upon it, and whiſper the next Perſon; he his next; 'till I have at laſt the Eyes of the whole Company upon me. Nay, they report abominable Falſhoods, under that miſtaken Notion, *She that will grant Favours to one Man, will to a hundred.* I beg you will let thoſe, who are guilty, know, how ungenerous this way of proceeding is. I am ſure he will know himſelf the Perſon aim'd at, and perhaps put a ſtop to the Inſolence of others. Curſed is the Fate of unhappy Women! that Men may boaſt and glory in thoſe things that we muſt think of with Shame and Horror! You have the Art of making ſuch odious Cuſtoms appear deteſtable. For my Sake, and I am ſure, for the Sake of ſeveral others, who dare not own it, but, like me, lye under the ſame Misfortunes, make it as infamous for a Man to boaſt of Favours, as to expoſe our Sex, as it is to take the Lie or a Box on the Ear, and not reſent it.

Your Conſtant Reader,

and Admirer,

LESBIA.

P. S. 'I am the more Impatient under this Misfortune, having receiv'd freſh Provocation, laſt *Wedneſday*, in the Abby.

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate *LESBIA*, that an Inſult upon a Woman in her Circumſtance, is as infamous in a Man, as a tame Behaviour when the Lie or a Buffet is given; which Truth, I ſhall beg leave of her to illuſtrate by the following Obſervation.

IT is a Mark of Cowardiſe paſſively to forbear ſenting an Affront, the Reſenting of which would l a Man into Danger; it is no leſs a Sign of Coward to affront a Creature, that hath not Power to aveng ſelf. Whatever Name therefore this ungenerous M may beſtow on the helpleſs Lady he hath injur'd ſhall not ſcruple to give him in return for it, the A pellation of *Coward*.

A Man, that can ſo far deſcend from his Dignity to ſtrike a Lady, can never recover his Reputation w either Sex, becauſe no Provocation is thought ſtro enough to juſtifie ſuch Treatment from the Powe towards the Weak. In the Circumſtances, in wh poor *LESBIA* is ſituated, ſhe can appeal to no M whatſoever to avenge an Inſult, more grievous tha Blow. If ſhe could open her Mouth, the baſe M knows, that a Husband, a Brother, a generous Fri would die to ſee her righted.

A generous Mind, however enrag'd againſt an nemy, feels its Reſentments ſink and vaniſh aw when the Object of his Wrath falls into its Pow An eſtranged Friend, filled with Jealouſie and Diſco tent towards a Boſom-Acquaintance, is apt to ov flow with Tenderneſs and Remorſe, when a Creatu that was once dear to him, undergoes any Misfortu What Name then ſhall we give to his Ingratitu (who forgetting the Favours he ſollicited with Eag neſs, and receiv'd with Rapture) can inſult the Mi ries that he himſelf cauſed, and make Sport with t Pain to which he owes his greateſt Pleaſure? There but one Being in the Creation, whoſe Province it is practiſe upon the Imbecillities of frail Creatures, a triumph in the Woes which his own Artifices broug about; and we well know, thoſe who follow his E ample, will receive his Reward.

LEAVING my fair Correſpondent to the D rection of her own Wiſdom and Modeſty; and h Enemy, and his mean Accomplices, to the Compu ction of their own Hearts; I ſhall conclude this P per with a memorable Inſtance of Revenge, tak

a *Spaniſh* Lady upon a guilty Lover, which may ve to ſhow what violent Effects are wrought by the ſt tender Paſſion, when ſower'd into Hatred; and y deter the Young and Unwary from unlawful Love. e Story, however Romantick it may appear, I have rd affirmed for a Truth.

NOT many Years ago an *Engliſh* Gentleman, who a Recounter by Night in the Streets of *Madrid* had e Misfortune to kill his Man, fled into a Church-rch for Sanctuary. Leaning againſt the Door, he s ſurpriz'd to find it open, and a glimmering Light the Church. He had the Courage to advance to-rds the Light; but was terribly ſtartled at the ſight a Woman in White who aſcended from a Grave, ith a bloody Knife in her Hand. The Phantome rched up to him, and asked him, what he did there. e told her the Truth, without reſerve, believing that e had met a Ghoſt: Upon which, ſhe ſpoke to him the following Manner. "Stranger, thou art in my Power: I am a Murderer as thou art. Know then, that I am a Nun of a noble Family. A baſe per-jur'd Man undid me, and boaſted of it. I ſoon had him diſpatched; but not content with the Murder, I have brib'd the Sexton to let me enter his Grave, and have now pluck'd out his falſe Heart from his Body; and thus I uſe a Traitor's Heart. At theſe Words ſhe tore it in Pieces, and trampled it under her Feet.

Nº 612. *Wednesday, October* 27.

Murranum hic ataves & avorum antiqua sonantem
Nomina per regesque actum genus omne Latinos,
Præcipitem scopulo, atque ingentis turbine saxi
Excutit, effunditque solo. Virg.

IT is highly laudable to pay Respect to Men who are descended from worthy Ancestors, not only out of Gratitude to those who have done Good to Mankind, but as it is an Encouragement to others to follow their Example. But this is an Honour to be received, not demanded, by the Descendants of great Men; and they who are apt to remind us of their Ancestors, only put us upon making Comparisons to their own Disadvantage. There is some Pretence for boasting of Wit, Beauty, Strength or Wealth, because the Communication of them may give Pleasure or Profit to others; but we can have no Merit, nor ought we to claim any Respect, because our Fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

THE following Letter ridicules the Folly I have mentioned, in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable Light.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WERE the Genealogy of every Family preserved, there would probably be no Man valued or despis'd on Account of his Birth. There is scarce a Beggar in the Streets, who would not find himself lineally descended from some great Man; nor any one of the highest Title, who would not discover several base and indigent Persons among his Ancestors. It would be a pleasant Entertainment to see one Pedigree of Men appear together, under the

the ſame Characters they bore when they acted their reſpective Parts among the Living. Suppoſe therefore a Gentleman, full of his illuſtrious Family, ſhould, in the ſame manner as *Virgil* makes *Æneas* look over his Deſcendants, ſee the whole Line of his Progenitors paſs in a Review before his Eyes, with how many varying Paſſions would he behold Shepherds and Soldiers, States-men and Artificers, Princes and Beggars, walk in the Proceſſion of five thouſand Years! How would his Heart ſink or flutter at the ſeveral Sports of Fortune in a Scene ſo diverſified with Rags and Purple, Handicraft Tools and Scepters, Enſigns of Dignity and Emblems of Diſgrace; and how would his Fears and Apprehenſions, his Tranſports and Mortifications, ſucceed one another, as the Line of his Genealogy appear'd bright or obſcure?

'IN moſt of the Pedigrees hung up in old Manſion Houſes, you are ſure to find the firſt in the Catalogue a great Stateſman, or a Soldier with an honourable Commiſſion. The honeſt Artificer that begot him, and all his frugal Anceſtors before him, are torn off from the Top of the Regiſter; and you are not left to imagine, that the noble Founder of the Family ever had a Father. Were we to trace many boaſted Lines farther backwards, we ſhould loſe them in a Mob of Tradeſmen, or a Crowd of Ruſticks, without hope of ſeeing them emerge again: Not unlike the old *Appian* Way, which after having run many Miles in Length, loſes it ſelf in a Bog.

'I lately made a Viſit to an old Country Gentleman, who is very far gone in this ſort of *Family-Madneſs*. I found him in his Study peruſing an old Regiſter of his Family, which he had juſt then diſcover'd, as it was branched out in the Form of a Tree, upon a Skin of Parchment. Having the Honour to have ſome of his Blood in my Veins, he permitted me to caſt my Eye over the Boughs of this venerable Plant; and

'asked my Advice in the Reforming of ſome of th
'ſuperfluous Branches.

'WE paſſed ſlightly over three or four of our im
'mediate Fore-fathers, whom we knew by Trad
'tion, but were ſoon ſtopped by an Alderman o
'*London*, who, I perceived, made my Kinſman
'Heart go pit-a-pat. His Confuſion increaſed whe
'he found the Alderman's Father to be a Graſier; bu
'he recovered his Fright upon ſeeing *Juſtice of th*
'*Quorum* at the end of his Titles. Things wer
'on pretty well, as we threw our Eyes occaſional
'over the Tree, when unfortunately he perceived
'Merchant-Tailor perched on a Bough, who was ſa
'greatly to have encreaſed the Eſtate; he was juſt
'going to cut him off, if he had not ſeen *Gent.* af
'the Name of his Son; who was recorded to ha
'mortgaged one of the Manors his honeſt Father h
'purchaſed. A Weaver, who was burnt for his R
'ligion in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, was prun
'away without Mercy; as was likewiſe a Yeoma
'who died of a Fall from his own Cart. But gre
'was our Triumph in one of the Blood who was b
'headed for High-Treaſon; which nevertheleſs w
'not a little allayed by another of our Anceſtors wh
'was hanged for ſtealing Sheep. The Expectatio
'of my good Couſin were wonderfully raiſed by
'Match into the Family of a Knight, but unfort
'nately for us this Branch proved barren: On the
'ther hand *Margery* the Milk-maid being twined rou
'a Bough, it flouriſhed out into ſo many Shoots, a
'bent with ſo much Fruit, that the old Gentlem
'was quite out of Countenance. To comfort m
'under this Diſgrace, he ſingled out a Branch t
'times more fruitful than the other, which, he to
'me, he valued more than any in the Tree, and b
'me be of good Comfort. This enormous Boug
'was a Graft out of a *Welſh* Heireſs, with ſo ma
'*Ap*'s upon it that it might have made a little Gro
'by it ſelf. From the Trunk of the Pedigree, whic
'was chiefly compoſed of Labourers and Shepherd

groſe a huge Sprout of Farmers; this was branched out into Yeomen; and ended in a Sheriff of the County, who was Knigted for his good Service to the Crown, in bringing up an Addreſs. Several of the Names that ſeemed to diſparage the Family, being looked upon as Miſtakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered; as, on the contrary, no ſmall Number appearing without any Titles, my Couſin, to ſupply the Defects of the Manuſcript, added *Eſq*; at the End of each of them.

'THIS Tree ſo pruned, dreſſed, and cultivated, was, within few Days, tranſplanted into a large Sheet of Vellum and placed in the great Hall, where it attracts the Veneration of his Tenants every *Sunday* Morning, while they wait till his Worſhip is ready to go to Church; wondering that a Man who had ſo many Fathers before him, ſhould not be made a Knight, or at leaſt a Juſtice of the Peace.

N° 613. *Friday, October* 29.

——*Studiis florentem ignobilis oti.* Virg.

IT is reckoned a Piece of Ill-breeding for one Man to engroſs the whole Talk to himſelf. For this Reaſon, ſince I keep three Viſiting-Days in the Week, I am content now and then to let my Friends put in a Word. There are ſeveral Advantages hereby accruing both to my Readers and my ſelf. As firſt, Young and modeſt Writers have an Opportunity of getting into Print: Again, The Town enjoys the Pleaſure of Variety; and Poſterity will ſee the Humour of the preſent Age, by the help of theſe little Lights into private and domeſtick Life. The Benefits I receive from thence, are ſuch as theſe: I gain more Time for future Speculations; Pick up Hints which I improve for the publick Good; give Advice; redreſs

Grie-

Grievances; and, by leaving commodious Spaces between the ſeveral Letters that I print, furniſh out a *Spectator* with little Labour and great Oſtentation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Was mightily pleaſed with your Speculation o' *Friday*. Your Sentiments are Noble, and the whole worked up in ſuch a manner, as cannot but ſtrike upon every Reader. But give me leave to make this Remark: That while you write ſo Pathetically on Contentment, and a retired Life, you ſooth the Paſſion of Melancholy, and depreſs the Mind from Actions truly Glorious. Titles and Honours are the Reward of Virtue: We therefore ought to be affected with them: And tho' light Minds are too much puffed up with exterior Pomp, yet I cannot ſee why it is not as truly Philoſophical, to admire the glowing Ruby, or the ſparkling Green of an Emerald, as the fainter and leſs permanent Beauties of a Roſe or a Myrtle. If there are Men of extraordinary Capacities who lye concealed from the World, I ſhould impute it to them as a Blot in their Character, did not I believe it owing to the Meanneſs of their Fortune rather than of their Spirit. *Cowley*, who tells the Story of *Aglaïs* with ſo much Pleaſure, was no Stranger to Courts, nor inſenſible of Praiſe.

What ſhall I do to be for ever known,
And make the Age to come my own?

'was the Reſult of a laudable Ambition. It was not till after frequent Diſappointments, that he termed himſelf the Melancholy *Cowley*; and he praiſed Solitude, when he deſpair'd of ſhining in a Court. The Soul of Man is an active Principle. He therefore, who withdraws himſelf from the Scene before he has play'd his Part, ought to be hiſſed off the Stage, and cannot be deemed Virtuous, becauſe he refuſes to anſwer his End. I muſt own I am

'fire

'fired with an honeſt Ambition to imitate every illu-'ſtrious Example. The Battles of *Blenheim* and *Ra-'millies* have more than once made me wiſh my ſelf a 'Soldier. And when I have ſeen thoſe Actions ſo no-'bly celebrated by our Poets, I have ſecretly aſpir'd to 'be one of that diſtinguiſhed Claſs. But in vain I wiſh, 'in vain I pant with the Deſire of Action. I am 'chained down in Obſcurity, and the only Pleaſure I 'can take is in ſeeing ſo many brighter Genius's join 'their friendly Lights, to add to the Splendor of the 'Throne. Farewel then dear *Spes*, and believe me to 'be with great Emulation, and no Envy,

Your profeſs'd Admirer,

Will. Hopeleſs.

SIR, Middle-Temple, October 26, 1714.

'THO' you have formerly made *Eloquence* the 'Subject of one or more of your Papers, I do 'not remember that you ever conſider'd it as poſ-'ſeſſed by a Set of People, who are ſo far from 'making *Quintilian*'s Rules their Practice, that, I dare 'ſay for them, they never heard of ſuch an Au-'thor, and yet are no leſs Maſters of it than *Tully* or '*Demoſthenes* among the Ancients, or whom you 'pleaſe among the Moderns. The Perſons I am 'ſpeaking of are our common Beggars about this 'Town; and that what I ſay is true, I appeal to 'any Man who has a Heart one Degree ſofter than a 'Stone. As for my part, who don't pretend to more 'Humanity than my Neighbours, I have oftentimes 'gone from my Chambers with Money in my Pocket, 'and returned to them not only Pennyleſs, but de-'ſtitute of a Farthing, without beſtowing of it any 'other way than on theſe ſeeming Objects of Pity. 'In ſhort, I have ſeen more Eloquence in a *Look* 'from one of theſe deſpicable Creatures, than in the '*Eye* of the faireſt *She* I ever ſaw, yet no one a great-

'er

'ter Admirer of that Sex than my ſelf. What I hav
' to deſire of you is, to lay down ſome Directions i
' order to guard againſt theſe powerful Orators, or elſ
' I know nothing to the contrary but I muſt my ſel
' be forc'd to leave the Profeſſion of the Law, an
' endeavour to get the Qualifications neceſſary to tha
' more profitable one of Begging. But in which ſoe
' ver of theſe two Capacities I ſhine, I ſhall always de
' ſire to be your conſtant Reader, and ever will be

Your moſt humble Servant,

J. B

SIR,

'UPON Reading a *Spectator* laſt Week, where
' Mrs. *Fanny Fickle* ſubmitted the Choice of a
' Lover for Life to your deciſive Determination, and
' imagining I might claim the Favour of your Advice
' in an Affair of the like, but much more difficult Na-
' ture, I called for Pen and Ink, in order to draw the
' Characters of Seven Humble Servants, whom I have
' equally encouraged for ſome time. But alas! while
' I was reflecting on the agreeable Subject, and con-
' triving an advantageous Deſcription of the dear Per-
' ſon I was moſt inclined to favour, I happened to
' look into my Glaſs. The ſight of the Small-Pox,
' out of which I am juſt recovered, tormented me at
' once with the loſs of my captivating Arts and my
' Captives. The Confuſion I was in, on this unhappy,
' unſeaſonable Diſcovery, is inexpreſſible. Believe me,
' Sir, I was ſo taken up with the Thoughts of your fair
' Correſpondent's Caſe, and ſo intent on my own De-
' ſign, that I fancied my ſelf as Triumphant in my
' Conqueſts as ever.

'NOW, Sir, finding I was incapacitated to Amuſe
' my ſelf on that pleaſing Subject, I reſolved to apply
' my ſelf to you, or your Caſuiſtical Agent, for Ad-
' vice in my preſent Circumſtances. I am ſenſible

' the

the Tincture of my Skin, and the Regularity of my Features, which the Malice of my late Illneſs has altered, are irrecoverable; yet don't deſpair, but that Loſs, by your Aſſiſtance, may in ſome Meaſure be reparable, if you'll pleaſe to propoſe a way for the Recovery of one only of my Fugitives.

'ONE of them is in a more particular Manner beholden to me than the reſt; for he for ſome private Reaſons being deſirous to be a Lover incognito, always addreſſed me with *Billet-Doux*, which I was ſo careful of in my Sickneſs, that I ſecured the Key of my Love-Magazine under my Head, and hearing a Noiſe of opening a Lock in my Chamber, indangered my Life by getting out of Bed, to prevent, if it had been attempted, the Diſcovery of that Amour.

'I have formerly made uſe of all thoſe Artifices, which our Sex daily practiſes over yours, to draw, as it were undeſignedly, the Eyes of a whole Congregation to my Pew; I have taken a Pride in the number of Admirers at my Afternoon Levée; but am now quite another Creature. I think, could I regain the attractive Influence I once had, if I had a Legion of Suitors, I ſhould never be ambitious of Entertaining more than one. I have almoſt contracted an Antipathy to the trifling Diſcourſes of Impertinent Lovers, though I muſt needs own, I have thought it very odd of late, to hear Gentlemen, inſtead of their uſual Complacencies, fall into Diſputes before me of Politicks, or elſe weary me with the tedious Repetition of how thankful I ought to be, and ſatisfied with my Recovery out of ſo dangerous a Diſtemper: This, though I am very ſenſible of the Bleſſing, yet I cannot but diſlike, becauſe ſuch Advice from them rather ſeems to Inſult than Comfort me, and reminds me too much of what I was; which melancholy Conſideration I cannot yet perfectly ſurmount, but hope your Sentiments on this Head will make it ſupportable.

TO

'TO ſhew you what a Value I have for your Di-
'ctates, theſe are to certify the Perſons concern'd, that
'unleſs one of them returns to his Colours, (if I may
'ſo call them now) before the Winter is over, I'll vo-
'luntarily confine my ſelf to a Retirement, where I'll
'puniſh them all with my Needle. I'll be reveng'd
'on them by deciphering them on a Carpet, humbly
'begging Admittance, my ſelf ſcornfully refuſing it:
'If you diſapprove of this, as ſavouring too much of
'Malice, be pleaſed to acquaint me with a Draught
'you like better, and it ſhall be faithfully perform-
'ed.

By the Unfortunate

Monimia.

Nº 614. *Monday, November* 1.

Si mihi non animo fixum, immotumque ſedet, ret
Ne cui me vinclo vellem ſociare jugali,
Poſtquam primus amor deceptam morte fefel
Si non pertæſum thalami, tedæque fuiſſet:
Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere culpæ. Virg.

THE following Account hath been tranſmitted to me by the Love Caſuiſt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING, in ſome former Papers, taken Care
'of the two States of Virginity and Marriage,
'and being willing that all People ſhould be ſerved in
'their Turn; I this Day drew out my Drawer of
'Widows, where I met with ſeveral Caſes, to each
'whereof

whereof I have returned ſatisfactory Anſwers by the Poſt. The Caſes are as follow:

'Q. WHETHER *Amoret* be bound by a Promiſe of Marriage to *Philander*, made during her Husband's Life?

'Q. WHETHER *Sempronia*, having faithfully given a Promiſe to two ſeveral Perſons during the laſt Sickneſs of her Husband, is not thereby left at Liberty to chuſe which of them ſhe pleaſes, or to reject them both for the Sake of a new Lover?

'*CLEORA* asks me, Whether ſhe be obliged to continue ſingle, according to a Vow made to her Husband at the Time of his preſenting her with a Diamond Necklace; ſhe being informed by a very pretty young Fellow of a good Conſcience, that ſuch Vows are in their Nature ſinful?

'ANOTHER enquires, Whether ſhe hath not the Right of Widowhood, to diſpoſe of her ſelf to a Gentleman of great Merit, who preſſes very hard; her Husband being irrecoverably gone in a Conſumption?

'AN unreaſonable Creature hath the Confidence to ask, Whether it be proper for her to marry a Man who is younger than her eldeſt Son?

'A ſcrupulous well-ſpoken Matron, who gives me a great many good Words, only doubts, Whether ſhe is not obliged in Conſcience to ſhut up her two marriageable Daughters, till ſuch time as ſhe has comfortably diſpoſed of her ſelf?

'*SOPHRONIA*, who ſeems by her Phraſe and Spelling to be a Perſon of Condition, ſets forth, That whereas ſhe has a great Eſtate, and is but a Woman, ſhe deſires to be informed, whether ſhe would not do prudently to marry *Camillus*, a very idle tall young Fellow, who hath no Fortune of his own, and conſequently hath nothing elſe to do but to manage hers.

BEFORE I ſpeak of Widows, I cannot but obſerve one thing, which I do not know how to account for; a Widow is always more ſought after, than

than an old Maid of the ſame Age. It is common enough among ordinary People, for a ſtale Virgin to ſet up a Shop in a Place where ſhe is not known; where the large Thumb Ring, ſuppoſed to be given her by her Husband, quickly recommends her to ſome wealthy Neighbour, who takes a Liking to the jolly Widow, that would have over-looked the venerable Spinſter.

THE Truth of it is, if we look into this Sett of Women, we find, according to the different Characters or Circumſtances wherein they are left, that Widows may be divided into thoſe who raiſe Love, and thoſe who raiſe Compaſſion.

But not to ramble from this Subject, there are two Things in which conſiſts chiefly the Glory of a Widow; the Love of her deceaſed Husband, and the Care of her Children: To which may be added a third ariſing out of the former, Such a prudent Conduct as may do Honour to both.

A Widow poſſeſſed of all theſe three Qualities, makes not only a virtuous but a ſublime Character.

THERE is ſomething ſo great and ſo generous in this State of Life, when it is accompanied with all its Virtues, that it is the Subject of one of the fineſt among our modern Tragedies in the Perſon of *Andromache*; and hath met with an univerſal and deſerved Applauſe, when introduced upon our *Engliſh* Stage by Mr. *Philips*.

THE moſt memorable Widow in Hiſtory is Queen *Artemiſia*, who not only erected the famous *Mauſoleum*, but drank up the Aſhes of her dead Lord; thereby enclоſing them in a nobler Monument than that which ſhe had built, though deſervedly eſteemed one of the Wonders of Architecture.

THIS laſt Lady ſeems to have had a better Title to a ſecond Husband than any I have read of, ſince not one Duſt of her Firſt was remaining. Our modern Heroines might think a Husband a very bitter Draught, and would have good Reaſon to complain, if they might not accept of a ſecond Partner, till they had

had taken ſuch a troubleſome Method of loſing the Memory of the firſt.

I ſhall add to theſe illuſtrious Examples out of ancient Story, a remarkable inſtance of the Delicacy of our Anceſtors in Relation to the State of Widowhood, as I find it recorded in *Cowell's* Interpreter. *At* Eaſt *and* Weſt-Enborne, *in the County of* Berks, *if a Cuſtomary Tenant die, the Widow ſhall have what the Law calls her* Free-Bench *in all his Copy-hold Lands,* dum ſola & caſta fuerit; *that is,* while ſhe lives ſingle and chaſte; *but if ſhe commits Incontinency, ſhe forfeits her Eſtate: Yet if ſhe will come into the Court riding backward upon a Black Ram, with his Tail in her Hand, and ſay the Words following, the Steward is bound by the Cuſtom to re-admit her to her* Free-Bench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a Black Ram,
Like a Whore as I am;
And, for my Crincum Crancum,
Have loſt my Bincum Bancum;
And, for my Tail's Game,
Have done this worldly Shame;
Therefore, I pray you Mr. Steward, let me have my Land again.

THE like Cuſtom there is in the Manor of *Torre* in *Devonſhire*, and other Parts of the *Weſt*.

IT is not impoſſible but I may in a little Time preſent you with a Regiſter of *Berkſhire* Ladies and other Weſtern Dames, who rode publickly upon this Occaſion; and I hope the Town will be entertained with a Calvacade of Widows.

Wedneſday,

Nº 615. *Wedneſday, November* 3.

——— Qui Deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejuſque letho flagitium timet:
Non illo pro caris amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire. Hor.

IT muſt be owned that Fear is a very powerful Paſſion, ſince it is eſteemed one of the greateſt of Virtues to ſubdue it. It being implanted in us for our Preſervation, it is no Wonder that it ſticks cloſe to us, as long as we have any thing we are willing to preſerve. But as Life, and all its Enjoyments, would be ſcarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual Dread of loſing them; it is the Buſineſs of Religion and Philoſophy to free us from all unneceſſary Anxieties, and direct our Fear to its proper Object.

IF we conſider the Painfulneſs of this Paſſion, and the violent Effects it produces, we ſhall ſee how dangerous it is to give way to it upon ſlight Occaſions. Some have frightened themſelves into Madneſs, others have given up their Lives to theſe Apprehenſions. The Story of a Man who grew grey in the Space of one Night's Anxiety is very famous;

O! Nox, quam longa es, qua facis una Senem.

THESE Apprehenſions, if they proceed from a Conſciouſneſs of Guilt, are the ſad Warnings of Reaſon; and may excite our Pity, but admit of no Remedy. When the Hand of the Almighty is viſibly lifted againſt the Impious, the Heart of mortal Man can-

cannot withſtand him. We have this Paſſion ſublimely repreſented in the Puniſhment of the *Egyptians*, tormented with the Plague of Darkneſs, in the *Apocryphal* Book of *Wiſdom* aſcribed to *Solomon*:

'FOR when unrighteous Men thought to oppreſs 'the holy Nation; they being ſhut up in their Houſes, 'the Priſoners of Darkneſs, and fetter'd with the 'Bonds of a long Night, lay there exiled from the 'eternal Providence. For while they ſuppoſed to lye hid 'in their ſecret Sins, they were ſcattered under a dark 'Veil of Forgetfulneſs, being horribly aſtoniſhed and 'troubled with ſtrange Apparitions——For Wicked-'neſs, condemned by her own Witneſs, is very timo-'rous, and being oppreſſed with Conſcience, always 'forecaſteth grievous things. For Fear is nothing 'elſe but a betraying of the Succours which Reaſon 'offereth——For the whole World ſhined with clear 'Light, and none were hindered in their Labour. Over 'them only was ſpread a heavy Night, an Image of 'that Darkneſs which ſhould afterwards receive them; 'but yet were they unto themſelves more grievous than 'the Darkneſs.

TO Fear, ſo juſtly grounded, no Remedy can be propoſed; but a Man (who hath no great Guilt hanging upon his Mind, who walks in the plain Path of Juſtice and Integrity, and yet either by natural Complexion, or confirmed Prejudices, or Neglect of ſerious Reflection, ſuffers himſelf to be moved by this abject and unmanly Paſſion) would do well to conſider, That there is nothing which deſerves his Fear, but that beneficent Being who is his Friend, his Protector, his Father. Were this one Thought ſtrongly fixed in the Mind, what Calamity would be dreadful? What Load can Infamy lay upon us when we are ſure of the Approbation of him who will repay the Diſgrace of a Moment with the Glory of Eternity? What Sharpneſs is there in Pain and Diſeaſes, when they only haſten us on to the Pleaſures that will never fade? What Sting is in Death, when we are aſſured that it is only the Beginning of Life? A Man who lives

lives ſo, as not to fear to die, is inconſiſtent with him ſelf, if he delivers himſelf up to any incidental Anxiety.

THE Intrepidity of a juſt good Man is ſo noble ſet forth by *Horace*, that it cannot be too often repeated.

The Man reſolv'd and ſteady to his Truſt,
Inflexible to Ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude Rabble's Inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs Clamours and tumultuous Cries;
The Tyrant's Fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern Brow, and the harſh Voice defies,
And with ſuperior Greatneſs ſmiles.

Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's *black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,*
The ſtubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;
Not the red Arm of angry Jove,
That flings the Thunder from the Sky,
And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to fly.

Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
In Ruin and Confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd would hear the mighty Crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling World.

THE Vanity of Fear may be yet farther illuſtrated if we reflect,

Firſt, WHAT we fear may not come to paſs. No human Scheme can be ſo accurately projected, but ſome little Circumſtance intervening may ſpoil it. He, who directs the Heart of Man at his Pleaſure, and underſtands the Thoughts long before, may by ten thouſand Accidents, or an immediate Change in the Inclinations of Men, diſconcert the moſt ſubtle Project, and turn it to the Benefit of his own Servants.

IN the next Place we ſhould conſider, though the Evil we imagine ſhould come to paſs, it may be much more

more ſupportable than it appeared to be. As there is no proſperous State of Life without its Calamities, ſo there is no Adverſity without its Benefits. Ask the Great and Powerful, if they do not feel the Pangs of Envy and Ambition. Enquire of the Poor and Needy, if they have not taſted the Sweets of Quiet and Contentment. Even under the Pains of Body; the Infidelity of Friends; or the Miſconſtructions put upon our laudable Actions, our Minds (when for ſome Time accuſtomed to theſe Preſſures) are ſenſible of ſecret Flowings of Comfort, the preſent Reward of a pious Reſignation. The Evils of this Life appear like Rocks and Precipices, rugged and barren at a Diſtance, but at our nearer Approach, we find little fruitful Spots, and refreſhing Springs, mixed with the Harſhneſs and Deformities of Nature.

IN the laſt Place, we may comfort our ſelves with this Conſideration; that, as the Thing feared may not reach us, ſo we may not reach what we fear: Our Lives may not extend to that dreadful Point which we have in View. He who knows all our Failings, and will not ſuffer us to be tempted beyond our Strength, is often pleaſed in his tender Severity, to ſeparare the Soul from its Body and Miſeries together.

IF we look forward to him for Help, we ſhall never be in Danger of falling down thoſe Precipices which our Imagination is apt to create. Like thoſe who walk upon a Line, if we keep our Eye fixed upon one Point, we may ſtep forward ſecurely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly Glance on either Side will infallibly deſtroy us.

Friday

Nº 616. *Friday, November 5.*

Qui bellus homo eſt, Cotta, puſillus homo eſt. Marc

CICERO hath obſerved, that a Jeſt is never tered with a better Grace, than when it is companied with a ſerious Countenance. Wh a pleaſant Thought plays in the Features, before it ſcovers it ſelf in Words, it raiſes too great an Expe tion, and loſes the Advantage of giving Surprize. and Humour are no leſs poorly recommended by a vity of Phraſe, and that kind of Language which m be diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *Cant*. Ridicule is ver more ſtrong, than when it is concealed in Gravi True Humour lies in the Thought, and ariſes from Repreſentation of Images in odd Circumſtances, a uncommon Lights. A pleaſant Thought ſtrikes us the Force of its natural Beauty; and the Mirth of i generally rather palled, than heightened by that ridiculo Phraſeology, which is ſo much in Faſhion among t Pretenders to Humour and Pleaſantry. This Tribe Men are like our Mountebanks; they make a Ma Wit, by putting him in a fantaſtick Habit.

OUR little Burleſque Authors, who are the D light of ordinary Readers, generally abound in the pert Phraſes, which have in them more Vivacity th Wit.

I lately ſaw an Inſtance of this kind of Writin which gave me ſo lively an Idea of it, that I could n forbear begging a Copy of the Letter from the Gentl man who ſhew'd it to me. It is written by a Count Wit, upon the Occaſion of the Rejoicings on the D of the King's Coronation.

Dear Jack, *Paſt two a Clock and a froſty Morning.*

'I Have juſt left the Right Worſhipful and his Myr-
'midons about a Sneaker of Five Gallons. The whole Magiſtracy was pretty well diſguiſed before I gave 'em the Slip. Our Friend the Alderman was half Seas over before the Bonfire was out. We had with us the Attorney, and two or three other bright Fellows. The Doctor plays leaſt in Sight.

'AT Nine a Clock in the Evening we ſet Fire to the Whore of *Babylon*. The Devil acted his Part to a Miracle. He has made his Fortune by it. We equipp'd the young Dog with a Teſter a-piece. Honeſt old *Brown* of *England* was very drunk, and ſhowed his Loyalty to the Tune of a hundred Rockets. The Mob drank the King's Health on their Marrow-bones, in Mother *Day*'s Double. They whipped us half a dozen Hogſheads. Poor *Tom Tyler* had like to have been demoliſhed with the End of a Sky-Rocket, that fell upon the Bridge of his Noſe as he was drinking the King's Health, and ſpoiled his Tip. The Mob were very loyal 'till about Midnight, when they grew a little mutinous for more Liquor. They had like to have dumfounded the Juſtice; but his Clerk came in to his Aſſiſtance, and took them all down in Black and White.

'WHEN I had been huzza'd out of my Seven Senſes, I made a Viſit to the Women, who were guzzling very comfortably. Mrs. Mayoreſs clipped the King's *Engliſh*. Clack was the Word.

'I forgot to tell thee, that every one of the Poſſe had his Hat cocked with a Diſtich: The Senators ſent us down a Cargo of Ribbon and Metre for the Occaſion.

'SIR *Richard*, to ſhew his Zeal for the Proteſtant Religion, is at the Expence of a Tar-Barrel and a Ball. I peeped into the Knight's great Hall, and

'saw a very pretty Bevy of Spinsters. My dear Relict 'was amongst them, and ambled in a Country-Dance 'as notably as the best of 'em.

'MAY all his Majesty's liege Subjects love him as 'well as his good People of this his ancient Borough. 'Adieu.

Nº 617. *Monday, November* 8.

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
Bassaris, & lyncem Manas flexura corymbis.
Evion ingeminat: reparabilis adsonat Echo. Persius

THERE are two Extreams in the Style of Humour, one of which consists in the Use of that little pert Phraseology which I took Notice of in my last Paper; the other in the Affectation of strained and pompous Expressions, fetched from the learned Languages. The first savours too much of the Town; the other of the College.

AS nothing illustrates better than Example, I shall here present my Reader with a Letter of Pedantick Humour, which was written by a young Gentleman of the University to his Friend; on the same Occasion, and from the same Place, as the lively Epistle published in my last *Spectator*.

Dear Chum,

'IT is now the third Watch of the Night, the great-'est Part of which I have spent round a capa-'cious Bowl of *China*, filled with the choicest Products 'of both the *Indies*. I was placed at a quadrangular 'Table, diametrically opposite to the Mace-bearer. 'The Visage of that venerable Herald was, according 'to Custom, most gloriously illuminated on this joyful 'occasion. The Mayor and Aldermen, those Pillars of

'our

'our Conſtitution, began to totter; and if any one at 'the Board could have ſo far articulated, as to have 'demanded intelligibly a Reinforcement of Liquor, the 'whole Aſſembly had been by this time extended un-'der the Table.

'THE Celebration of this Night's Solemnity was 'opened by the Obſtreperous Joy of Drummers, who, 'with their Parchment Thunder, gave a Signal for the 'Appearance of the Mob under their ſeveral Claſſes 'and Denominations. They were quickly joined by 'the melodious Clank of Marrow-bone and Cleaver, 'whilſt a Chorus of Bells filled up the Conſort. A 'Pyramid of Stack-Faggots cheared the Hearts of 'the Populace with the Promiſe of a Blaze: The Guns 'had no ſooner uttered the Prologue, but the Heavens 'were brightened with artificial Meteors, and Stars 'of our own making; and all the *High-ſtreet* lighted 'up, from one End to another, with a Galaxy of 'Candles. We collected a Largeſs for the Multitude, 'who tippled Eleemoſynary till they grew exceeding 'Vociferous. There was a Paſte-board Pontiff with 'a little ſwarthy Dæmon at his Elbow, who, by 'his diabolical Whiſpers and Inſinuations tempted 'his Holineſs into the Fire, and then left him to ſhift 'for himſelf. The Mobile were very ſarcaſtick with 'their Clubs, and gave the old Gentleman ſeveral 'Thumps upon his triple Head-piece. *Tom. Tyler's* 'Phiz is ſomething damaged by the Fall of a Rocket, 'which hath almoſt ſpoiled the Gnomon of his Coun-'tenance. The Mirth of the Commons grew ſo very 'outragious, that it found Work for our Friend of 'the *Quorum*, who, by the help of his *Amanuenſis*, 'took down all their Names and their Crimes, with 'a Deſign to produce his Manuſcript at the next Quar-'ter Seſſions, *&c. &c. &c.*

I ſhall ſubjoin to the foregoing Piece of a Letter, the following Copy of Verſes tranſlated from an *Italian* Poet, who was the *Cleveland* of his Age, and had Multitudes of Admirers. The Subject is an Accident

that happened under the Reign of Pope *Leo*, when a Firework, that had been prepared upon the Caſtle of St. *Angelo*, begun to play before its Time, being kindled by a Flaſh of Lightning. The Author hath written his Poem in the ſame kind of Style, as that I have already exemplified in Proſe. Every Line in it is a Riddle, and the Reader muſt be forced to conſider it twice or thrice, before he will know that the *Cynick's* Tenement is a *Tub*, and *Bacchus* his Caſt-coat a *Hogſhead*, &c.

'Twas Night, and Heav'n, a Cyclops, *all the Day,*
An Argus *now did countleſs Eyes diſplay;*
In ev'ry Window Rome *her Joy declares,*
All bright, and ſtudded with terreſtrial Stars.
A blazing Chain of Lights her Roofs entwines,
And round her Neck the mingled Luſtre ſhines,
The Cynick's *rowling Tenement conſpires,*
With Bacchus *his Caſt-coat, to feed the Fires.*

The Pile, ſtill big with undiſcover'd Shows,
The Tuſcan *Pile did laſt its Freight diſcloſe,*
Where the proud Tops of Rome's *new* Ætna *riſe,*
Whence Giants ſally, and invade the Skies.

Whilſt now the Multitude expect the Time,
And their tir'd Eyes the lofty Mountain climb,
A thouſand Iron Mouths their Voices try,
And thunder out a dreadful Harmony;
In treble Notes the ſmall Artill'ry plays,
The deep-mouth'd Canon bellows in the Baſs,
The lab'ring Pile now heaves; and having giv'n
Proofs of its Travail, ſighs in Flames to Heav'n.

The Clouds invelop'd Heav'n from Human Sight,
Quench'd every Star, and put out ev'ry Light;
Now real Thunder grumbles in the Skies,
And in diſdainful Murmurs Rome *defies;*
Nor doth its anſwer'd Challenge Rome *decline;*
But whilſt both Parties in full Conſort join,

While

While Heav'n and Earth in Rival Peals reſound,
The doubtful Cracks the Hearer's Senſe confound;
Whether the Claps of Thunderbolts they hear,
Or elſe the Burſt of Cannon wounds their Ear;
Whether Clouds raged by ſtruggling Metals rent,
Or ſtruggling Clouds in Roman *Metals pent.*
But O, my Muſe, the whole Adventure tell,
As ev'ry Accident in order fell.

Tall Groves of Trees the Hadrian *Tow'r ſurround,*
Fictitious Trees with Paper Garlands crown'd.
Theſe know no Spring, but when their Bodies ſprout
In Fire, and ſhoot their gilded Bloſſoms out;
When blazing Leaves appear above their Head,
And into branching Flames their Bodies ſpread,
Whilſt real Thunder ſplits the Firmament,
And Heav'n's whole Roof in one vaſt Cleft is rent,
The three-fork'd Tongue amidſt the Rupture lolls,
Then drops, and on the Airy Turret falls.
The Trees now kindle, and the Garland burns,
And thouſand Thunderbolts for one returns:
Brigades of burning Archers upward fly,
Bright Spears and ſhining Spear-men mount on high,
Flaſh in the Clouds and glitter in the Sky.
A Seven-fold Shield of Spheres doth Heav'n defend
And back again the blunted Weapons ſend;
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down,
Pour out their Souls, their Sulph'rous Souls, and groan.

With Joy, great Sir, we view'd this pompous Show,
While Heav'n, that ſate Spectator ſtill, 'till now,
It ſelf turn'd Actor, proud to Pleaſure you.
And ſo 'tis fit, when Leo's *Fires appear,*
That Heav'n it ſelf ſhould turn an Engineer;
That Heav'n it ſelf ſhould all its Wonders ſhow,
And Orbs above conſent with Orbs below.

N° 618. *Wedneſday, November* 10.

——— *Neque enim concludere verſum*
Dixeris eſſe ſatis: neque ſi quis ſcribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc eſſe Poetam. Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU having in your two laſt *Spectators* given 'the Town a couple of remarkable Letters 'in very different Styles; I take this opor- 'tunity to offer to you ſome Remarks upon the *E- 'piſtolary* way of writing in Verſe. This is a *Species* 'of Poetry by it ſelf; and has not ſo much as been 'hinted at in any of the Arts of Poetry, that have e- 'ver fallen into my Hands: Neither has it in any Age, 'or any Nation, been ſo much cultivated, as the o- 'ther ſeveral Kinds of Poeſie. A Man of *Genius* may, 'if he pleaſes, write Letters in Verſe upon all man- 'ner of Subjects, that are capable of being embelliſh- 'ed with Wit and Language, and may render them 'new and agreeable by giving the proper Turn to 'them. But in ſpeaking, at preſent, of *Epiſtolary Poe- 'try*, I would be underſtood to mean only ſuch Wri- 'tings in this Kind, as have been in Uſe amongſt the 'Ancients, and have been copied from them by ſome 'Moderns. Theſe may be reduc'd into two *Claſſes*: 'In the one I ſhall range Love-Letters, Letters of 'Friendſhip, and Letters upon mournful Occaſions: 'In the other I ſhall place ſuch Epiſtles in Verſe, as 'may properly be called Familiar, Critical, and Moral; 'to which may be added Letters of Mirth, and Hu- 'mour. *Ovid* for the firſt, and *Horace* for the latter, 'are the beſt Originals we have left.

'HE that is ambitious of ſucceeding in the *Ovidian* 'way, ſhould firſt examine his Heart well, and feel

'whe-

'whether his Paſſions (eſpecially thoſe of the gentler 'Kind) play eaſie, ſince it is not his Wit, but the De-'licacy and Tenderneſs of his Sentiments, that will 'affect his Readers. His Verſification likewiſe ſhould 'be ſoft, and all his Numbers flowing and queru-'lous.

'THE Qualifications requiſite for writing Epiſtles, 'after the Model given us by *Horace*, are of a quite 'different Nature. He that would excel in this kind 'muſt have a good Fund of ſtrong Maſculine Senſe: 'To this there muſt be joined a thorough Knowledge 'of Mankind, together with an Inſight into the Buſi-'neſs, and the prevailing Humours of the Age. Our 'Author muſt have his Mind well ſeaſoned with the 'fineſt Precepts of Morality, and be filled with nice 'Reflections upon the bright and the dark ſides of hu-'man Life: He muſt be a Maſter of refined Raillery, 'and underſtand the Delicacies, as well as the Abſur-'dities of Converſation. He muſt have a lively Turn 'of Wit, with an eaſie and conciſe manner of Ex-'preſſion; Every thing he ſays, muſt be in a free and 'diſengaged manner. He muſt be guilty of nothing 'that betrays the Air of a Recluſe, but appear a Man 'of the World throughout. His Illuſtrations, his Com-'pariſons, and the greateſt part of his Images muſt 'be drawn from common Life. Strokes of Satyr 'and Criticiſm, as well as Panegyrick, judiciouſly 'thrown in (and as it were by the by) give a won-'derful Life and Ornament to Compoſitions of this 'kind. But let our Poet, while he writes Epiſtles, 'though never ſo familiar, ſtill remember that he 'writes in Verſe, and muſt for that reaſon have a 'more than ordinary care not to fall into Proſe, and a 'vulgar Diction, excepting where the Nature and Hu-'mour of the Thing does neceſſarily require it. In 'this Point *Horace* hath been thought by ſome Criticks 'to be ſometimes careleſs, as well as too negligent of 'his Verſification; of which he ſeems to have been 'ſenſible himſelf.

'ALL I have to add is, that both theſe Manners 'of Writing may be made as entertaining, in their 'Way, as any other Species of Poetry, if undertaken 'by Perſons duly qualify'd; and the latter ſort may be 'managed ſo as to become in a peculiar manner Inſtruc-'tive. *I am, &c.*

I ſhall add an Obſervation or two to the Remarks of my ingenious Correſpondent, and, in the Firſt place, take Notice, that Subjects of the moſt ſublime Nature are often treated in the Epiſtolary way with Advantage, as in the famous Epiſtle of *Horace* to *Auguſtus*. The Poet ſurprizes us with his Pomp, and ſeems rather betrayed into his Subject, than to have aimed at it by deſign: He appears like the Viſit of a King *Incognito*, with a mixture of Familiarity, and Grandeur. In Works of this kind, when the Dignity of the Subject hurries the Poet into Deſcriptions and Sentiments ſeemingly unpremeditated, by a ſort of Inſpiration; it is uſual for him to recollect himſelf, and fall back gracefully into the natural Style of a Letter.

I might here mention an Epiſtolary Poem, juſt publiſhed by Mr. *Euſden* on the King's Acceſſion to the Throne: Wherein, amongſt many other noble and beautiful Strokes of Poetry, his Reader may ſee this Rule very happily obſerved.

Nº 619. *Friday, November* 12.

——— dura
Exerce imperia, & ramos compeſce fluentes. Virg.

I Have often thought, that if the ſeveral Letters which are Written to me under the Character of SPECTATOR, and which I have not made uſe of, were publiſhed in a Volume, they would not be an unentertaining Collection. The Variety of the Subjects,

facts, Styles, Sentiments, and Informations, which are tranſmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle Reader, inſenſibly along, through a great many Pages. I know ſome Authors, who would pick up a *Secret Hiſtory* out of ſuch Materials, and make a Bookſeller an Alderman by the Copy. I ſhall therefore carefully preſerve the Original Papers in a Room ſet apart for that Purpoſe, to the end that they may be of Service to Poſterity; but ſhall at preſent content myſelf, with owning the Receipt of ſeveral Letters, lately come to my Hands, the Authors whereof are impatient for an Anſwer.

CHARISSA, whoſe Letter is dated from *Cornhill*, deſires to be eaſed in ſome Scruples relating to the Skill of Aſtrologers. *Referred to the Dumb Man for an Anſwer.*

J. C. who propoſes a Love-Caſe, as he calls it, to the Love-Caſuiſt, is hereby deſir'd to ſpeak of it to the Miniſter of the Pariſh; it being a Caſe of Conſcience.

THE poor young Lady, whoſe Letter is dated *October* 26, who complains of a harſh Guardian, and an unkind Brother, can only have my good Wiſhes, unleſs ſhe pleaſes to be more particular.

THE Petition of a certain Gentleman, whoſe Name I have forgot, famous for renewing the Curls of decayed Perriwigs, is referred to *the Cenſor of ſmall Wares.*

THE Remonſtrance of *T. C.* againſt the Profanation of the Sabbath by Barbers, Shoe-cleaners, *&c.* had better be offer'd to *the Society of Reformers.*

A learned and laborious Treatiſe upon the Art of Fencing, *returned to the Author.*

TO the Gentleman of *Oxford*, who deſires me to inſert a Copy of *Latin* Verſes, which were denied a Place in the Univerſity Books. Anſwer, *Nonumque prematur in annum.*

TO my learned Correſpondent who writes againſt Maſter's Gowns, and Poke Sleeves, with a Word in

Defence of large Scarves. Anſwer. *I reſolve not to raiſe Animoſities amongſt the Clergy.*

TO the Lady, who writes with Rage againſt one of her own Sex, upon the Account of Party Warmth. Anſwer. *Is not the Lady ſhe writes againſt reckoned Handſome?*

I deſire *Tom Truelove*, (who ſends me a Sonnet upon his Miſtreſs, with a deſire to print it immediately) to conſider, that it is long ſince I was in Love.

I ſhall anſwer a very profound Letter from my old Friend the Upholſterer, who is ſtill inquiſitive whether the King of *Sweden* be living or dead, by whiſpering him in the Ear, *That I believe he is alive.*

LET Mr. *Dapperwit* conſider, *What is that long Story of the Cuckoldom to me?*

AT the earneſt Deſire of *Monimia*'s Lover, who declares himſelf very penitent, he is recorded in my Paper by the Name of *The faithful* Caſtalio.

THE Petition of *Charles Cockſure*, which the Petitioner ſtiles *very reaſonable* —— *Rejected.*

THE Memorial of *Philander*, which he deſires may be diſpatched out of Hand, *Poſtponed.*

I deſire *S. R.* not to repeat the Expreſſion *under the Sun* ſo often in his next Letter.

THE Letter of *P. S.* who deſires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the Flames. *Not to be printed entire.*

Nº 620. *Monday, November* 15.

Hic Vir, hic eſt, tibi quem promitti ſepius audis. Virg.

HAVING lately preſented my Reader with a Copy of Verſes, full of the falſe Sublime, I ſhall here communicate to him an excellent Specimen of the True: Though it hath not been yet

publiſhed, the judicious Reader will readily diſcern it to be the Work of a Maſter: And if he hath read that noble Poem on *The proſpect of Peace*, he will not be at a Loſs to gueſs at the Author.

The ROYAL PROGRESS.

WHEN BRUNSWICK *firſt appear'd, each honeſt Heart,*
Intent on Verſe, diſdain'd the Rules of Art;
For him the Songſters, in unmeaſur'd Odes,
Debas'd Alcides, *and dethron'd the Gods,*
In Golden Chains the Kings of India *led,*
Or rent the Turban from the Sultan's *Head.*
One, in old Fables, and the Pagan *Strain,*
With Nymphs *and* Tritons, *wafts him o'er the Main;*
Another draws fierce Lucifer *in Arms,*
And fills th' Infernal Region with Alarms;
A Third awakes ſome Druid, *to foretel*
Each future Triumph from his dreary Cell.
Exploded Fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the Mind nauſeats what ſhe can't believe.
My Muſe th' expected Hero ſhall purſue
From Clime to Clime, and keep him ſtill in View:
His ſhining March deſcribe in faithful Lays,
Content to paint him, not preſume to praiſe;
Their Charms, if Charms they have, the Truth ſupplies,
And from the Theme unlabour'd Beauties riſe.

By longing Nations for the Throne deſign'd,
And call'd to guard the Rights of Human kind;
With ſecret Grief his God-like Soul repines,
And Britain's *Crown with joyleſs Luſtre ſhines,*
While Prayers and Tears his deſtin'd Progreſs ſtay,
And Crowds of Mourners choak their Sovereign's Way.
Not ſo he march'd, when Hoſtile Squadrons ſtood
In Scenes of Death, and fir'd his generous Blood;
When his hot Courſer paw'd th' Hungarian *Plain,*
And adverſe Legions ſtood the Shock in vain.

His Frontiers paſt, the Belgian *Bounds he views,*
And croſs the level Fields his March purſues.
Here pleas'd the Land of Freedom to ſurvey,
He greatly ſcorns the Thirſt of boundleſs Sway.
O'er the thin Soil, with ſilent Joy he ſpies
Tranſplanted Woods, and borrow'd Verdure riſe;
Where every Meadow won with Toil and Blood,
From haughty Tyrants, and the raging Flood,
With Fruits and Flowers the careful Hind ſupplies,
And cloaths the Marſhes in a rich Diſguiſe.
Such Wealth for frugal Hands doth Heaven decree,
And ſuch thy Gifts, celeſtial Liberty!

Through ſtately Towns, and many a fertile Plain,
The Pomp advances to the neighbouring Main.
Whole Nations crowd around with joyful Cries,
And view the Heroe with inſatiate Eyes.

In Haga's *Towers he waits, 'till Eaſtern Gales*
Propitious riſe to ſwell the Britiſh *Sails.*
Hither the Fame of England's *Monarch brings*
The Vows and Friendſhips of the neighb'ring Kings;
Mature in Wiſdom, his extenſive Mind
Takes in the blended Int'reſts of Mankind,
The World's great Patriot. Calm thy anxious Breaſt,
Secure in him, O Europe, *take thy Reſt;*
Henceforth thy Kingdoms ſhall remain confin'd
By Rocks or Streams, the Mounds which Heav'n deſign'd:
The Alps *their new-made Monarch ſhall reſtrain,*
Nor ſhall thy Hills, Pirene, *riſe in vain.*

But ſee! to Britain's *Iſle the Squadrons ſtand,*
And leave the ſinking Towers, and leſſening Land.
The Royal Bark bounds o'er the floating Plain,
Breaks thro' the Billows, and divides the Main.
O'er the vaſt Deep, Great Monarch, dart thine Eyes,
A watry Proſpect bounded by the Skies:
Ten thouſand Veſſels from ten thouſand Shores,
Bring Gums and Gold, and either India's *Stores:*

Be

Behold the Tributes haſtening to thy Throne,
And ſee the wide Horiſon all thy own.

Still is it thine; tho' now the cheerful Crew
Hail Albion's *Cliffs, juſt whitening to the View.*
Before the Wind with ſwelling Sails they ride,
Till Thames *receives them in his opening Tide.*
The Monarch hears the thundering Peals around,
From trembling Woods and echoing Hills rebound,
Nor miſſes yet, amid the deafening Train,
The Roarings of the hoarſe-reſounding Main.

As in the Flood he ſails, from either Side
He views his Kingdom in its rural Pride;
A various Scene the wide-ſpread Landskip yields,
O'er rich Encloſures and luxuriant Fields:
A lowing Herd each fertile Paſture fills,
And diſtant Flocks ſtray o'er a thouſand Hills.
Fair Greenwich *hid in Woods with new Delight,*
(Shade above Shade) now riſes to the Sight:
His Woods ordain'd to viſit every Shore,
And guard the Iſland which they grac'd before.

The Sun now rowling down the Weſtern Way,
A Blaze of Fires renews the fading Day;
Unnumber'd Barks the Regal Barge infold,
Brightening the Twilight with its beamy Gold;
Leſs thick the finny Shoals, a countleſs Fry,
Before the Whale or kingly Dolphin fly.
In one vaſt Shout he ſeeks the crowded Strand,
And in a Peal of Thunder gains the Land.

Welcome, great Stranger, to our longing Eyes,
Oh! King deſir'd, adopted Albion *cries.*
For thee the Eaſt breath'd out a proſp'rous Breeze,
Bright were the Suns, and gently ſwell'd the Seas.
Thy Preſence did each doubtful Heart compoſe,
And Factions wonder'd that they once were Foes;

That

That joyful Day they loſt each Hoſtile Name,
The ſame their Aſpect, and their Voice the ſame.

So two fair Twins, whoſe Features were deſign'd
At one ſoft Moment in the Mother's Mind,
Show each the other with reflected Grace,
And the ſame Beauties bloom in either Face;
The puzzled Strangers which is which enquire:
Deluſion grateful to the ſmiling Sire.

From that fair * *Hill, where hoary Sages boaſt*
To name the Stars, and count the heavenly Hoſt,
By the next Dawn doth great Auguſta *riſe,*
Proud Town! the nobleſt Scene beneath the Skies.
O'er Thames *her thouſand Spires their Luſtre ſhed,*
And a vaſt Navy hides his ample Bed,
A floating Foreſt. From the diſtant Strand
A Line of golden Carrs ſtrikes o'er the Land:
Britannia's *Peers in Pomp and rich Array,*
Before their King, triumphant, lead the Way.
Far as the Eye can reach, the gawdy Train,
A bright Proceſſion, ſhines along the Plain.

So haply through the Heav'n's wide pathleſs Ways
A Comet draws a long-extended Blaze;
From Eaſt to Weſt burns through th' ethereal Frame,
And half Heav'n's Convex glitters through the Flame.

Now to the Regal Towers ſecurely brought,
He plans Britannia's *Glories in his Thought;*
Reſumes the delegated Pow'r he gave,
Rewards the Faithful, and reſtores the Brave.
Whom ſhall the Muſe from out the ſhining Throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her Song?
Thee, Halifax. *To thy capacious Mind,*
O Man approv'd, is Britain's *Wealth conſign'd.*
Her Coin (while Naſſau *fought) debas'd and rude,*
By Thee in Beauty and in Truth renew'd,

* *Mr.* Flamſtead's *Houſe.*

An

An Arduous Work! Again thy Charge we ſee,
And thy own Care once more returns to Thee.
O! form'd in every Scene to awe and pleaſe,
Mix Wit with Pomp, and Dignity with Eaſe:
Who' call'd to ſhine aloft, thou wilt not ſcorn
To ſmile on Arts thy ſelf did once adorn:
For this thy Name ſucceeding Times ſhall praiſe,
And envy leſs thy Garter, than thy Bays.

The Muſe, if fir'd with thy enlivening Beams,
Perhaps ſhall aim at more exalted Themes,
Record our Monarch in a nobler Strain,
And ſing the opening Wonders of his Reign;
Bright CAROLINA's *heavenly Beauties trace,*
Her valiant CONSORT, *and his bloomy Race.*
A Train of Kings their fruitful Love ſupplies,
A glorious Scene to Albion's *raviſh'd Eyes;*
Who ſees by BRUNSWICK's *Hand her Sceptre ſway'd,*
And through his Line from Age to Age convey'd.

№ 621. *Wedneſday, November* 17.

——poſtquam ſe lumine puro
Implevit, ſtellaſque vagas miratur & Aſtra
Fixa Polis, vidit quanta ſub nocte jaceret
Noſtra dies, riſitque ſui ludibria—— Lucan.

THE following Letter having in it ſome Obſervations out of the common Road, I ſhall make it the Entertainment of this Day.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE common Topicks againſt the Pride of Man 'which are laboured by florid and declamatory 'Writers, are taken from the Baſeneſs of his Origi-'nal, the Imperfections of his Nature, or the ſhort 'Duration

'Duration of thoſe Goods in which he makes his 'Boaſt. Though it be true that we can have nothing 'in us that ought to raiſe our Vanity, yet a Conſciouſ-'neſs of our own Merit may be ſometimes laudable. 'The Folly therefore lyes here: We are apt to pride 'our ſelves in worthleſs, or perhaps ſhameful Things; 'and, on the other hand, count that diſgraceful which 'is our trueſt Glory.

'HENCE it is, that the Lovers of Praiſe take 'wrong Meaſures to attain it. Would a vain Man 'conſult his own Heart, he would find, that if others 'knew his Weakneſſes as well as he himſelf doth, he 'could not have the Impudence to expect the publick 'Eſteem. Pride therefore flows from want of Refle-'ction, and Ignorance of our ſelves. Knowledge and 'Humility come upon us together.

'THE proper way to make an Eſtimate of our-'ſelves, is to conſider ſeriouſly what it is we value or 'deſpiſe in others. A Man who boaſts of the Goods 'of Fortune, a gay Dreſs or a new Title, is generally 'the Mark of Ridicule. We ought therefore not to 'admire in our ſelves, what we are ſo ready to laugh 'at in other Men.

'MUCH leſs can we with Reaſon pride our ſelves 'in thoſe things, which at ſome time of our Life we 'ſhall certainly deſpiſe. And yet, if we will give our-'ſelves the Trouble of looking backward and forward 'on the ſeveral Changes, which we have already under-'gone and hereafter muſt try, we ſhall find that the 'greater Degrees of our Knowledge and Wiſdom, ſerve 'only to ſhew us our own Imperfections.

'AS we riſe from Childhood to Youth, we look 'with Contempt on the Toys and Trifles which our 'Hearts have hitherto been ſet upon. When we ad-'vance to Manhood, we are held wiſe in proportion 'to our Shame and Regret for the Raſhneſs and Ex-'travagance of Youth. Old Age fills us with morti-'fying Reflections upon a Life, miſ-ſpent in the Pur-'ſuit of anxious Wealth or uncertain Honour. Agree-'able to this Gradation of Thought in this Life, it

'may

'may be reaſonably ſuppoſed, that in a future State, 'the Wiſdom, the Experience, and the Maxims of old 'Age, will be looked upon by a ſeparate Spirit in much 'the ſame Light, as an ancient Man now ſees the lit-'tle Follies and Toyings of Infants. The Pomps, the 'Honours, the Policies, and Arts of mortal Men, will 'be thought as trifling as Hobby-Horſes, Mock Battles, 'or any other Sports that now employ all the Cun-'ning, and Strength, and Ambition of rational Beings 'from four Years old to nine or ten.

'IF the Notion of a gradual Riſe in Beings, from 'the meaneſt to the moſt High, be not a vain Imagi-'nation, it is not improbable that an Angel looks down 'upon a Man, as a Man doth upon a Creature which 'approaches the neareſt to the rational Nature. By 'the ſame Rule (if I may indulge my Fancy in this 'Particular) a ſuperior Brute looks with a kind of 'Pride on one of an inferior Species. If they could 'reflect, we might imagine from the Geſtures of ſome 'of them, that they think themſelves the Soveraigns 'of the World, and that all Things were made for 'them. Such a Thought would not be more abſurd 'in Brute Creatures, than one which Men are apt to 'entertain, namely, That all the Stars in the Firma-'ment were created only to pleaſe their Eyes and 'amuſe their Imaginations. Mr. *Dryden*, in his Fable 'of the *Cock and the Fox*, makes a Speech for his Hero 'the Cock, which is a pretty Inſtance for this Pur-'poſe.

Then turning, ſaid to Partlet, *See, my Dear,*
How laviſh Nature hath adorn'd the Year;
How the pale Primroſe and the Violet ſpring,
And Birds eſſay their Throats, diſus'd to ſing:
All theſe are ours, and I with Pleaſure ſee
Man ſtrutting on two Legs, and aping me.

'WHAT I would obſerve from the Whole is 'this, That we ought to value our ſelves upon thoſe 'Things only which ſuperior Beings think valuable,

'ſince

'since that is the only way for us not to ſink in ou
'own Eſteem hereafter.

N° 622. *Friday, November* 29.

——*Fallentis Semita Vitæ.* Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN a former Speculation you have obſerved, tha
'true Greatneſs doth not conſiſt in that Pom
'and Noiſe wherein the Generality of Mankin
'are apt to place it. You have there taken Notice, tha
'Virtue in Obſcurity often appears more illuſtrious i
'the Eye of ſuperior Beings, than all that paſſes fo
'Grandeur and Magnificence among Men.

'WHEN we look back upon the Hiſtory of thoſ
'who have born the Parts of Kings, Stateſmen, o
'Commanders, they appear to us ſtripped of thoſ
'out-ſide Ornaments that dazzled their Contempo
'raries; and we regard their Perſons as great or little
'in Proportion to the Eminence of their Virtues o
'Vices. The wiſe Sayings, generous Sentiments, o
'diſintereſted Conduct of a Philoſopher under mea
'Circumſtances of Life, ſet him higher in our Eſteem
'than the mighty Potentates of the Earth, when we
'view them both through the long Proſpect of many
'Ages. Were the Memoirs of an obſcure Man, who
'lived up to the Dignity of his Nature, and accord-
'ding to the Rules of Virtue, to be laid before us,
'we ſhould find nothing in ſuch a Character which
'might not ſet him on a Level with Men of the
'higheſt Stations. The following Extract out of the
'private Papers of an honeſt Country-Gentleman
'will ſet this Matter in a clear Light. Your Rea-
'der will perhaps conceive a greater Idea of him
'from theſe Actions done in Secret, and without a
'Witneſs,

Witneſs, than of thoſe which have drawn upon them the Admiration of Multitudes.

MEMOIRS.

" IN my 22d Year I found a violent Affection for my Couſin *Charles*'s Wife growing upon me, wherein I was in danger of ſucceeding, if I had not upon that Account began my Travels into foreign Countries.

" A little after my Return into *England*, at a private Meeting with my Uncle *Francis*, I refuſed the Offer of his Eſtate, and prevailed upon him not to diſinherit his Son *Ned*.

" *Mem.* NEVER to tell this to *Ned*, leſt he ſhould think hardly of his deceaſed Father; though he continues to ſpeak ill of me for this very Reaſon.

" PREVENTED a ſcandalous Law-Suit betwixt my Nephew *Harry* and his Mother, by allowing her under-hand, out of my own Pocket, ſo much Money yearly as the Diſpute was about.

" PROCURED a Benefice for a young Divine, who is a Siſter's Son to the good Man who was my Tutor, and hath been dead Twenty Years.

" GAVE Ten Pounds to poor Mrs.——, my Friend *H*———'s Widow.

" *Mem.* TO retrench one Diſh at my Table, till I have fetched it up again.

" *Mem.* TO repair my Houſe and finiſh my Gardens in order to employ poor People after Harveſt time.

" ORDERED *John* to let out Goodman *D*——'s Sheep that were pounded, by Night: but not to let his Fellow-Servants know it.

" PREVAILED upon *M.T.* Eſq; not to take the Law of the Farmer's Son for ſhooting a Partridge, and to give him his Gun again.

" PAID the Apothecary for curing an old Woman that confeſſed her ſelf a Witch.

" GAVE away my favourite Dog for biting a Beggar.

" MADE

" MADE the Miniſter of the Pariſh and a *Whig* Ju
" ſtice of one Mind, by putting them upon explainin
" their Notions to one another.

" *Mem.* TO turn off *Peter* for ſhooting a Doe whil
" ſhe was eating Acorns out of his Hand.

" WHEN my Neighbour *John*, who hath ofte
" injured me, comes to make his Requeſt to Mo
" row:

" *Mem.* I have forgiven him.

" LAID up my Chariot and ſold my Horſes, t
" relieve the Poor in a Scarcity of Corn.

" IN the ſame Year remitted to my Tenants a Fift
" Part of their Rents.

" AS I was airing to-day, I fell into a Thought tha
" warmed my Heart, and ſhall, I hope, be the bette
" for it as long as I live.

" *Mem.* TO charge my Son in private to erect n
" Monument for me; but not to put this in my la
" Will.

N° 623. *Monday, November* 22.

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiſcat.
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,
Ante, pudor, quam te violem aut tua jura reſolvam.
Ille meos, primos qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit: ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulchro. Virg

I Am obliged to my Friend, the *Love Caſuiſt*, fo
the following curious Piece of Antiquity, which I
ſhall communicate to the Publick in his own
Words.

Mr. SPE

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU may remember, that I lately tranſmitted to you an Account of an ancient Cuſtom, in the Manors of Eaſt *and* Weſt-Enborne, *in the County of* Berks, *and elſewhere. If a Cuſtomary Tenant die, the Widow ſhall have what the Law calls her* Free-Bench *in all his Copy-hold Lands,* dum ſola & caſta fuerit; *that is,* while ſhe lives ſingle and chaſte; *but if ſhe commits Incontinency, ſhe forfeits her Eſtate: Yet if ſhe will come into the Court riding backward upon a Black Ram, with his Tail in her Hand, and ſay the Words following, the Steward is bound by the Cuſtom to re-admit her to her* Free-Bench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a Black Ram,
Like a Whore as I am;
And, for my Crincum Crancum,
Have loſt my Bincum Bancum;
And, for my Tail's Game,
Have done this worldly Shame;
Therefore, I pray you Mr. Steward, let me have my Land again.

'AFTER having informed you that my Lord *Coke* obſerves, that this is the moſt frail and ſlippery Tenure of any in *England,* I ſhall tell you, ſince the Writing of that Letter, I have, according to my Promiſe, been at great Pains in ſearching out the Records of the *Black Ram*; and have at laſt met with the Proceedings of the Court-Baron, held in that Behalf, for the Space of a whole Day. The Record ſaith, that a ſtrict Inquiſition having been made into the Right of the Tenants to their ſeveral Eſtates, by a crafty old Steward, he found that many of the Lands of the Manor were, by default of the ſeveral Widows, forfeited to the Lord, and accordingly would have enter'd on the Premiſes: Upon which the good Women demanded the *Benefit of the Ram.*

'The

'The Steward, after having perused their several Ple
'adjourn'd the Court to *Barnaby-bright*, that they mig
'have Day enough before them.

'THE Court being set, and filled with a gre
'Concourse of People, who came from all Parts
'see the Solemnity, the first who entred was the W
'dow *Frontly*, who had made her Appearance in t
'last Year's Calvacade. The Register observes, th
'finding it an easie Pad-Ram, and foreseeing she mig
'have further Occasion for it, she purchased it of t
'Steward.

'MRS. *Sarah Dainty*, Relict of Mr. *John Dain*
'(who was the greatest Prude of the Parish) came ne
'in the Procession. She at first made some Difficul
'of taking the Tail in her Hand; and was observe
'in pronouncing the Form of Penance, to soften t
'two most emphatical Words into *Clincum Clancu*
'But the Steward took care to make her speak pla
'*English*, before he would *let her have her Land*
'*gain*.

'THE third Widow that was *brought to this wor*
'*ly Shame*, being mounted upon a vicious Ram, had th
'Misfortune to be thrown by him; upon which s
'hoped to be excused from going thro' the rest of th
'Ceremony: But the Steward being well versed in th
'Law, observed very wisely upon this Occasion, th
'the breaking of the Rope does not hinder the Exec
'tion of the Criminal.

'THE fourth Lady upon Record was the Wido
'*Ogle*, a famous Coquette, who had kept half a Sco
'young Fellows off and on for the Space of two Year
'but having been more kind to her Carter *John*, s
'was introduced with the Huzza's of all her Lovers
'bout her.

'MRS *Sable* appearing in her Weeds, which we
'very new and fresh, and of the same Colour wit
'her whimsical *Palfrey*, made a very decent Figure
'the Solemnity.

'ANOTHER, who had been summoned to mak
'her Appearance, was excused by the Steward,
'we

well knowing in his Heart, that the good Squire himſelf had qualified her for the Ram.

'MRS. *Quick* having nothing to object againſt the Indictment, pleaded her Belly. But it was remembred that ſhe made the ſame Excuſe the Year before. Upon which the Steward obſerv'd, that ſhe might ſo contrive it, as never to do the Service of the Manor.

'THE Widow *Fidget* being cited into Court, inſiſted that ſhe had done no more ſince the Death of her Husband, than what ſhe uſed to do in his Lifetime; and withal deſir'd Mr. Steward to conſider his own Wife's Caſe, if he ſhould chance to die before her.

'THE next in order was a Dowager of a very corpulent Make, who would have been excuſed as not finding any Ram that was able to carry her; upon which the Steward commuted her Puniſhment, and ordered her to make her Entry upon a black Ox.

'THE Widow *Maskwell*, a Woman who had long lived with a moſt unblemiſhed Character, having turned off her old Chamber-maid in a Pet, was by that revengeful Creature brought in upon the black Ram Nine times the ſame Day.

'SEVERAL Widows of the Neighbourhood, being brought upon their Tryal, they ſhewed that they held not hold of the Manor, and were diſcharged accordingly.

'A pretty young Creature, who cloſed the Proceſſion, came ambling in, with ſo bewitching an Air, that the Steward was obſerv'd to caſt a Sheep's Eye upon her, and married her within a Month after the Death of his Wife.

'*N. B.* Mrs. *Touchwood* appeared, according to Summons, but had nothing laid to her Charge; having liv'd irreproachably ſince the Deceaſe of her Husband, who left her a Widow in the Sixty-ninth Year of her Age.

I am, SIR, &c.

Wedneſday,

N° 624. *Wedneſday, November* 2

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore,
Quiſquis luxuria ——— Ho

MANKIND is divided into two Parts, t Buſie and the Idle. The Buſie World m be divided into the Virtuous and the Vicio The Vicious again into the Covetous, the Ambitio and the Senſual. The idle Part of Mankind are in State inferior to any one of theſe. All the other a engaged in the Purſuit of Happineſs, though oft miſplaced, and are therefore more likely to be atte tive to ſuch Means, as ſhall be propoſed to them f that End. The Idle, who are neither wiſe for t World, nor the next, are emphatically called by Dr. T *lotſon, Fools at large.* They propoſe to themſelves End, but run adrift with every Wind. Advice the fore would be but thrown away upon them, ſince th would ſcarce take the Pains to read it. I ſhall not tigue any of this worthleſs Tribe with a long H rangue; but will leave them with this ſhort Saying *Plato,* that *Labour is preferable to Idleneſs, as Brightneſ Ruſt.*

THE Purſuits of the Active Part of Mankind, either in the Paths of Religion and Virtue; or, on t other Hand, in the Roads to Wealth, Honours Pleaſure. I ſhall therefore compare the Purſuits Avarice, Ambition and ſenſual Delight, with th oppoſite Virtues; and ſhall conſider which of the Principles engages Men in a Courſe of the great Labour, Suffering and Aſſiduity. Moſt Men, in th cool Reaſonings, are willing to allow that a Courſe Virtue, will in the End be rewarded the moſt a

ly; but repreſent the Way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that Men ſtruggle through as many Troubles to be miſerable, as they do to be happy, my Readers may perhaps be perſwaded to be Good, when they find they ſhall loſe nothing by it.

FIRST for Avarice. The Miſer is more Induſtrious than the Saint: The Pains of getting, the Fears of loſing, and the Inability of enjoying his Wealth, have been the Mark of Satyr in all Ages. Were his Repentance upon his Neglect of a good Bargain, his Sorrow for being over-reached, his Hope of improving a Sum, and his Fear of falling into Want, directed to their proper Objects; they would make so many different *Chriſtian* Graces and Virtues. He may apply to himſelf a great Part of St. *Paul*'s Catalogue of Sufferings. *In journeying often; in Perils of Water, in Perils of Robbers, in Perils among falſe Brethren. In Wearineſs and Painfulneſs, in Watching often, in Hunger and Thirſt, in Faſtings often,* ——— At how much leſs Expence might he *lay up to himſelf Treaſures in Heaven*; or if I may, in this Place, be allowed to add the Saying of a great Philoſopher, he may *provide ſuch Poſſeſſions, as fear neither Arms, nor Men, nor* Jove *himſelf.*

IN the ſecond Place, if we look upon the Toils of Ambition, in the ſame Light as we have conſidered thoſe of Avarice, we ſhall readily own that far leſs Trouble is requiſite to gain laſting Glory, than the Power and Reputation of a few Years; or, in other Words, we may with more Eaſe deſerve Honour, than obtain it. The Ambitious Man ſhould remember Cardinal *Woolſey*'s Complaint. 'Had I ſerved God, 'with the ſame Application, wherewith I ſerved my 'King, he would not have forſaken me in my old 'Age.' The Cardinal here ſoftens his Ambition by the ſpecious Pretence of *ſerving his King:* Whereas his Words in the proper Conſtruction, imply, that if inſtead of being acted by Ambition, he had been acted

by Religion, he ſhould have now felt the Comforts of it, when the whole World turned its Back upon him.

Thirdly, LET us compare the Pains of the Senſual, with thoſe of the Virtuous, and ſee which are heavier in the Balance. It may ſeem ſtrange, at the firſt View, that the Men of Pleaſure ſhould be adviſed to change their Courſe, becauſe they lead a painful Life. Yet when we ſee them ſo active and vigilant in queſt of Delight; under ſo many Diſquiets, and the Sport of ſuch various Paſſions; let them anſwer, as they can, if the Pains they undergo, do not outweigh their Enjoyments. The Infidelities on the one Part between the two Sexes, and the Caprices on the other, the Debaſement of Reaſon, the Pangs of Expectation, the Diſappointments in Poſſeſſion, the Stings of Remorſe, the Vanities and Vexations attending even the moſt refined Delights that make up this Buſineſs of Life, render it ſo ſilly and uncomfortable, that no Man is thought wiſe till he hath got over it, or happy, but in proportion as he hath cleared himſelf from it.

THE Sum of all is this. Man is made an active Being. Whether he walks in the Paths of Virtue or Vice, he is ſure to meet with many Difficulties to prove his Patience, and excite his Induſtry. The ſame if not greater Labour, is required in the Service of Vice, and Folly, as of Virtue and Wiſdom: And he hath this eaſie Choice left him, whether with the Strength he is Maſter of, will purchaſe Happineſs or Repentance.

Friday,

Nº 625. *Friday, November 26.*

amores
A tenero meditatur Ungui. Hor.

THE *Love Caſuiſt* hath referred to me the following Letter of Queries, with his Anſwers to each Queſtion, for my Approbation. I have accordingly conſider'd the ſeveral Matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratifie his Anſwers, and require the gentle Queriſt to conform her ſelf thereunto.

SIR,

'I Was Thirteen the Ninth of *November* laſt, and muſt now begin to think of ſettling my ſelf in the 'World, and ſo I would humbly beg your Advice, 'what I muſt do with Mr. *Fondle*, who makes his Ad'dreſſes to me. He is a very pretty Man, and hath the 'blackeſt Eyes and whiteſt Teeth you ever ſaw. Though 'he is but a younger Brother, he dreſſes like a Man of 'Quality, and no Body comes into a Room like him. 'I know he hath refuſed great Offers, and if he can'not Marry me, he will never have any Body elſe. But 'my Father hath forbid him the Houſe, becauſe he 'ſent me a Copy of Verſes; for he is one of the grea'teſt Wits in Town. My eldeſt Siſter, who, with her 'good Will, would call me *Miſs* as long as I live, muſt 'be married before me, they ſay. She tells them, that 'Mr. *Fondle* makes a Fool of me, and will ſpoil the 'Child, as ſhe calls me, like a confident thing as ſhe is. 'In ſhort, I am reſolved to marry Mr. *Fondle*, if it be 'but to ſpite her. But becauſe I would do nothing 'that is imprudent, I beg of you to give me your 'Anſwers to ſome Queſtions, I will write down, and

'desire you to get them printed in the SPECTATOR, 'and I do not doubt but you will give such Advice, as 'I am sure, I shall follow.

'WHEN Mr. *Fondle* looks upon me for half an 'Hour together, and calls me *Angel*, is he not in 'Love?

Answer, *No.*

'MAY not I be certain he will be a kind Hus- 'band, that has promised me half my Portion in Pin- 'money, and to keep me a Coach and Six in the Bar- 'gain?

No.

'WHETHER I, who have been acquainted with 'him this whole Year almost, am not a better Judge of 'his Merit, than my Father and Mother, who never 'heard him talk, but at Table?

No.

'WHETHER I am not old enough to chuse for 'my self?

No.

'WHETHER it would not have been rude in me 'to refuse a Lock of his Hair?

No.

'SHOUD not I be a very barbarous Creature, if 'I did not pity a Man that is always Sighing for my 'Sake?

No.

'WHETHER you would not advise me to run 'away with the poor Man?

No.

'WHE-

'WHETHER, you do not think, that if I won't 'have him, he won't drown himſelf?

No.

'WHAT ſhall I ſay to him the next time he asks 'me if I will marry him?

No.

THE following Letter requires neither Introduction, nor Anſwer.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Wonder that, in the preſent Situation of Affairs, 'you can take Pleaſure in writing any thing 'but News; for, in a Word, who minds any thing 'elſe? The Pleaſure of increaſing in Knowledge, and 'learning ſomething new every Hour of Life, is the 'nobleſt Entertainment of a Rational Creature. I 'have a very good Ear for a Secret, and am naturally of a communicative Temper; by which Means 'I am capable of doing you great Services in this 'way. In order to make my ſelf uſeful, I am early 'in the Antichamber, where I thruſt my Head into 'the thick of the Preſs, and catch the News, at the 'opening of the Door, while it is warm. Sometimes 'I ſtand by the Beef-Eaters, and take the Buz as it 'paſſes by me. At other times I lay my Ear cloſe 'to the Wall, and ſuck in many a valuable Whiſper, as it runs in a ſtreight Line from Corner to 'Corner. When I am weary with ſtanding, I repair to one of the neighbouring Coffee-houſes, 'where I ſit ſometimes for a whole Day, and have 'the News as it comes from Court, freſh and freſh. 'In ſhort, Sir, I ſpare no Pains to know how the 'World goes. A Piece of News loſes its Flavour 'when it hath been an Hour in the Air. I love, if I 'may ſo ſpeak, to have it freſh from the Tree;

'and to convey it to my Friends before it is faded. Ac-
'cordingly my Expences in Coach-hire make no ſmall
'Article; which you may believe, when I aſſure you,
'that I poſt away from Coffee-houſe to Coffee-houſe,
'and foreſtall the *Evening-Poſt* by two Hours. There is
'a certain Gentleman, who hath given me the ſlip
'twice or thrice, and hath been before-hand with me
'at *Child*'s. But I have play'd him a Trick. I have
'purchas'd a pair of the beſt Coach-horſes I could buy
'for Money, and now let him out-ſtrip me if he can.
'Once more Mr. SPECTATOR, let me adviſe you to
'deal in News. You may depend upon my Aſſiſtance.
'But I muſt break off abruptly, for I have twenty Let-
'ters to write.

Yours, in haſte,

Tho. Quid-nunc.

Nº 626. *Monday, November* 29.

——*Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.* Ov. Met. l. 1.

I Have ſeen a little Work of a learned Man, conſiſting of extemporary Speculations, which owed their Birth to the moſt trifling Occurrences of Life. His uſual Method was, to write down any ſudden Start of Thought which aroſe in his Mind upon the ſight of an odd Geſticulation in a Man, any whimſical Mimickry of Reaſon in a Beaſt, or whatever appeared remarkable in any Object of the viſible Creation. He was able to moralize upon a Snuff-Box, would flouriſh eloquently upon a Tucker or a Pair of Ruffles, and draw practical Inferences from a full-bottomed Perriwig. This I thought fit to mention, by way of Excuſe, for my ingenious Correſpondent, who

who hath introduced the following Letter by an Image which, I will beg leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in ſo ſerious and noble a Speculation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN I have ſeen young Puſs playing her wanton Gambols, and with a thouſand antick Shapes expreſs her own Gayety at the ſame time that ſhe moved mine, while the old Grannum hath ſat by with a moſt exemplary Gravity, unmov'd at all that paſt; it hath made me reflect what ſhould be the Occaſion of Humours ſo oppoſite in two Creatures, between whom there was no viſible Difference but that of Age; and I have been able to reſolve it into nothing elſe but *the Force of Novelty*.

'IN every Species of Creatures, thoſe who have been leaſt Time in the World, appear beſt pleaſed with their Condition: For, beſides that to a new Comer the World hath a Freſhneſs on it that ſtrikes the Senſe after a moſt agreeable Manner, *Being* it ſelf, unattended with any great Variety of Enjoyments, excites a Senſation of Pleaſure. But as Age advances, every thing ſeems to wither, the Senſes are diſguſted with their old Entertainments, and Exiſtence turns flat and inſipid. We may ſee this exemplified in Mankind: The Child, let him be free from Pain, and gratified in his Change of Toys, is diverted with the ſmalleſt Trifle. Nothing diſturbs the Mirth of the Boy, but a little Puniſhment or Confinement. The Youth muſt have more violent Pleaſures to employ his Time; the Man loves the Hurry of an active Life, devoted to the Purſuits of Wealth or Ambition; and Laſtly, old Age, having loſt its Capacity for theſe Avocations, becomes its own unſupportable Burthen. This Variety may in part be accounted for by the Vivacity and Decay of the Faculties; but I believe is chiefly owing to this, That the longer we have been in Poſſeſſion of Being, the leſs ſenſible is the Guſt we have of it; and the

'more it requires of adventitious Amuſements to re
'lieve us from the Satiety and Wearineſs it brings alon
'with it.

'AND as Novelty is of a very powerful, ſo of
'moſt extenſive Influence. Moraliſts have long ſinc
'obſerved it to be the Source of Admiration, whic
'leſſens in proportion to our Familiarity with Ob
'jects, and upon a thorough Acquaintance is utterl
'extinguiſhed. But I think it hath not been ſo com
'monly remarked, that all the other Paſſions depen
'conſiderably on the ſame Circumſtance. What is i
'but Novelty that awakens Deſire, enhances De
'light, kindles Anger, provokes Envy, inſpires Hor
'ror? To this Cauſe we muſt aſcribe it, that Lov
'languiſhes with Fruition, and Friendſhip it ſelf is re
'commended by Intervals of Abſence: Hence Mon
'ſters, by uſe, are beheld without loathing, and the
'moſt Enchanting Beauty without Rapture. That
'Emotion of the Spirits in which Paſſion conſiſts, i
'uſually the Effect of Surprize, and as long as it con
'tinues, heightens the agreeable or diſagreeable Qua
'lities of its Object; but as this Emotion ceaſes (and
'it ceaſes with the Novelty) things appear in another
'Light, and affect us even leſs than might be expected
'from their proper Energy, for having moved us too
'much before.

'IT may not be an uſeleſs Enquiry how far the
'Love of Novelty is the unavoidable Growth of Na
'ture, and in what Reſpects it is peculiarly adapted
'to the preſent State. To me it ſeems impoſſible, that
'a reaſonable Creature ſhould reſt abſolutely ſatisfied
'in any Acquiſitions whatever, without endeavouring
'farther; for after its higheſt Improvements, the
'Mind hath an Idea of an Infinity of things ſtill be
'hind worth knowing, to the knowledge of which
'therefore it cannot be indifferent; as by climbing
'up a Hill in the midſt of a wide Plain, a Man hath
'his Proſpect enlarged, and, together with that, the
'bounds of his Deſires. Upon this Account, I can
'not think he detracts from the State of the Bleſſed,

who

'who conceives them to be perpetually employed in 'freſh Searches into Nature, and to Eternity advan- 'cing into the fathomleſs Depths of the Divine Per- 'fections. In this Thought there is nothing but what 'doth Honour to theſe glorified Spirits; provided ſtill 'it be remembred, that their Deſire of more pro- 'ceeds not from their diſreliſhing what they poſſeſs; 'and the Pleaſure of a new Enjoyment is not with 'them meaſured by its Novelty (which is a thing 'meerly foreign and accidental) but by its real intrin- 'ſick Value. After an Acquaintance of many thou- 'ſand Years with the Works of God, the Beauty and 'Magnificence of the Creation fills them with the 'ſame pleaſing Wonder and profound Awe, which '*Adam* felt himſelf ſeized with as he firſt opened 'his Eyes upon this glorious Scene. Truth captivates 'with unborrowed Charms, and whatever hath once 'given Satisfaction will always do it: In all which 'they have manifeſtly the Advantage of us, who are 'ſo much govern'd by ſickly and changeable Appetites, 'that we can with the greateſt Coldneſs behold the 'ſtupendous Diſplays of Omnipotence, and be in 'Tranſports at the puny Eſſays of humane Skill; 'throw aſide Speculations of the ſublimeſt Nature and 'vaſteſt Importance into ſome obſcure Corner of the 'Mind, to make Room for new Notions of no Con- 'ſequence at all; are even tired of Health, becauſe not 'enlivened with alternate Pain, and prefer the firſt 'Reading of an indifferent Author, to the ſecond or 'third Peruſal of one whoſe Merit and Reputation are 'eſtabliſhed.

'OUR being thus formed ſerves many uſeful Pur- 'poſes in the preſent State. It contributes not a little 'to the Advancement of Learning; for, as *Cicero* 'takes Notice, That which makes Men willing to 'undergo the Fatigues of Philoſophical Diſquiſitions, 'is not ſo much the Greatneſs of Objects as their 'Novelty. It is not enough that there is Field and 'Game for the Chace, and that the Underſtanding is 'prompted with a reſtleſs Thirſt of Knowledge, ef-

fectually to rouſe the Soul, ſunk into the State of Sloth and Indolence; it is alſo neceſſary that there be an uncommon Pleaſure annexed to the firſt Appearance of Truth in the Mind. This Pleaſure being exquiſite for the Time it laſts, but tranſient, it hereby comes to paſs that the Mind grows into an Indifference to its former Notions, and paſſes on after new Diſcoveries, in hope of repeating the Delight. It is with Knowledge as with Wealth, the Pleaſure of which lies more in making endleſs Additions, than in taking a Review of our old Store. There are ſome Inconveniencies that follow this Temper, if not guarded againſt, particularly this, that through a too great Eagerneſs of ſomething new we are many times impatient of ſtaying long enough upon a Queſtion that requires ſome time to reſolve it, or, which is worſe, perſwade our ſelves that we are Maſters of the Subject before we are ſo, only to be at the Liberty of going upon a freſh Scent; in Mr. *Lock*'s Words, *We ſee a little, preſume a great deal, and ſo jump to the Concluſion.*

'A farther Advantage of our Inclination for Novelty, as at preſent circumſtantiated, is, that it annihilates all the boaſted Diſtinctions among Mankind. Look not up with Envy to thoſe above thee. Sounding Titles, ſtately Buildings, fine Gardens, gilded Chariots, rich Equipages, what are they? They dazzle every one but the Poſſeſſor: To him that is accuſtomed to them they are cheap and regardleſs Things: They ſupply him not with brighter Images, or more ſublime Satisfactions than the plain Man may have, whoſe ſmall Eſtate will juſt enable him to ſupport the Charge of a ſimple unencumbered Life. He enters heedleſs into his Rooms of State, as you or I do under our poor Sheds. The noble Paintings and coſtly Furniture are loſt on him; he ſees them not: As how can it be otherwiſe, when by Cuſtom, a Fabrick infinitely more grand and finiſh'd, that of the Univerſe, ſtands unobſerved by the Inhabitants, and the everlaſting Lamps of Heaven are lighted up in

vain,

'vain, for any Notice that Mortals take of them? 'Thanks to indulgent Nature, which not only placed 'her Children originally upon a Level, but ſtill, by the 'Strength of this Principle, in a great Meaſure pre-'ſerves it, in ſpite of all the Care of Man, to intro-'duce artificial Diſtinctions.

'TO add no more, Is not this Fondneſs of Novel-'ty, which makes us out of Conceit with all we al-'ready have, a convincing Proof for a future State? 'Either Man was made in vain, or this is not the only 'World he was made for: For there cannot be a great-'er Inſtance of Vanity, than that to which Man is li-'able, to be deluded from the Cradle to the Grave with 'fleeting Shadows of Happineſs. His Pleaſures, and 'thoſe not conſiderable neither, die in the Poſſeſſion, 'and freſh Enjoyments do not riſe faſt enough to fill 'up half his Life with Satisfaction. When I ſee Per-'ſons ſick of themſelves any longer than they are call-'ed away by ſomething that is of Force to chain down 'the preſent Thought; when I ſee them hurry from 'Country to Town, and then from the Town back 'again into the Country, continually ſhifting Poſtures, 'and placing Life in all the different Lights they can 'think of; *Surely*, ſay I to my ſelf, *Life is vain, and 'the Man beyond Expreſſion ſtupid or prejudic'd, who from 'the Vanity of Life cannot gather, He is deſigned for Im-'mortality.*

By Mr. Henry Grove of Taunton in Somerſetſhire.

Wedneſday,

N° 627. *Wedneſday, December* 1.

Tantum inter denſas umbroſa cacumine fagos
Aſſidue veniebat; ibi hæc incondita ſolus
Montibus et Sylvis ſtudio jactabat inani. Virg.

THE following Account, which came to my Hands ſome time ago, may be no diſagreeable Entertainment to ſuch of my Readers, as have tender Hearts and nothing to do.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'A Friend of mine died of a Fever laſt Week, 'which he caught by walking too late in a 'dewy Evening amongſt his Reapers. I muſt inform 'you that his greateſt Pleaſure was in Husbandry and 'Gardening. He had ſome Humours which ſeemed 'inconſiſtent with that good Senſe he was otherwiſe 'Maſter of. His Uneaſineſs in the Company of Wo'men was very remarkable in a Man of ſuch perfect 'Good-breeding, and his avoiding one particular Walk 'in his Garden, where he had uſed to paſs the great'eſt Part of his Time, raiſed abundance of idle Con'jectures in the Village where he lived. Upon look'ing over his Papers we found out the Reaſon, which 'he never intimated to his neareſt Friends. He was, 'it ſeems, a paſſionate Lover in his Youth, of which 'a large Parcel of Letters he left behind him are a 'Witneſs. I ſend you a Copy of the laſt he ever wrote 'upon that Subject, by which you will find that he 'concealed the true Name of his Miſtreſs under that of '*Zelinda*.

A Long Month's Abſence would be inſupportable to me, if the Buſineſs I am employed in were not for the Service of my Zelinda, *and of ſuch a Nature as to place her*

her every Moment in my Mind. I have furniſhed the Houſe exactly according to your Fancy, or, if you pleaſe, my own; for I have long ſince learned to like nothing but what you do. The Apartment deſigned for your Uſe is ſo exact a Copy of that which you live in, that I often think my ſelf in your Houſe when I ſtep into it, but ſigh when I find it without its proper Inhabitant. You will have the moſt delicious Proſpect from your Cloſet-Window that England *affords: I am ſure I ſhould think it ſo, if the Landskip that ſhows ſuch Variety did not at the ſame time ſuggeſt to me the Greatneſs of the Space that lyes between us.*

THE Gardens are laid out very beautifully; I have dreſſed up every Hedge in Woodbines, ſprinkled Bowers and Arbours in every Corner, and made a little Paradiſe round me; yet I am ſtill like the firſt Man in his Solitude, but half bleſt without a Partner in my Happineſs. I have directed one Walk to be made for two Perſons, where I promiſe ten thouſand Satisfactions to my ſelf in your Converſation. I already take my Evening's Turn in it, and have worn a Path upon the Edge of this little Alley, while I ſoothed my ſelf with the Thought of your walking by my Side. I have held many imaginary Diſcourſes with you in this Retirement; and when I have been weary have ſat down with you in the midſt of a Row of Jeſſamines. The many Expreſſions of Joy and Rapture I uſe in theſe ſilent Converſations have made me for ſome Time the Talk of the Pariſh; but a neighbouring young Fellow, who makes Love to the Farmer's Daughter, hath found me out, and made my Caſe known to the whole Neighbourhood.

IN planting of the Fruit-Trees I have not forgot the Peach you are ſo fond of. I have made a Walk of Elms along the River Side, and intend to ſow all the Place about it with Cowſlips, which I hope you will like as well as that I have heard you talk of by your Father's Houſe in the Country.

OH! Zelinda, *What a Scheme of Delight have I drawn up in my Imagination! What Day-Dreams do I indulge my ſelf in! When will the Six Weeks be at an End, that lye between me and my promiſed Happineſs?*

HOW

HOW could you break off so abruptly in your last, and tell me you must go and dress for the Play? If you loved as I do, you would find no more Company in a Crowd, than I have in my Solitude.

I am, *&c.*

'ON the Back of this Letter is written, in the 'Hand of the Deceased, the following Piece of History.

Mem. *HAVING waited a whole Week for an Answer to this Letter, I hurried to Town, where I found the perfidious Creature married to my Rival. I will bear it as becomes a Man, and endeavour to find out Happiness for my self in that Retirement, which I had prepared in vain for a false ungrateful Woman.*

I am, *&c.*

Nº 628. *Friday, December* 3.

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum. Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are none of your Speculations which 'please me more than those upon Infinitude 'and Eternity. You have already considered 'that Part of Eternity which is past, and I wish you 'would give us your Thoughts upon that which is to 'come.

'YOUR Readers will perhaps receive greater Plea'sure from this View of Eternity than the former, 'since we have every one of us a Concern in that which 'is to come: Whereas a Speculation on that which is 'past is rather curious than useful.

'BESIDES, we can easily conceive it possible 'for successive Duration never to have an End; tho',

'as

'as you have juſtly obſerved, that Eternity which never had a Beginning is altogether incomprehenſible: 'That is, we can conceive an Eternal Duration which '*may be*, though we cannot an Eternal Duration which '*hath been*; or, if I may uſe the Philoſophical Terms, 'we may apprehend a *Potential* though not an *Actual* 'Eternity.

'THIS Notion of a future Eternity, which is natural to the Mind of Man, is an unanſwerable Argument that he is a Being deſigned for it; eſpecially if 'we conſider that he is capable of being Virtuous or 'Vicious here; that he hath Faculties improvable to 'all Eternity; and by a proper or wrong Employment 'of them, may be happy or miſerable throughout that 'infinite Duration. Our Idea indeed of this Eternity 'is not of an adequate or fixed Nature, but is perpetually growing and enlarging itſelf toward the Object, which is too big for human Comprehenſion. 'As we are now in the Beginnings of Exiſtence, ſo 'ſhall we always appear to our ſelves as if we were 'for ever entring upon it. After a Million or two of 'Centuries, ſome conſiderable Things already paſt, may 'ſlip out of our Memory; which, if it be not ſtrengthened in a wonderful manner, may poſſibly forget that 'ever there was a Sun or Planets. And yet, notwithſtanding the long Race that we ſhall then have run, 'we ſhall ſtill imagine our ſelves juſt ſtarting from the 'Goal, and find no Proportion between that Space 'which we know had a Beginning, and what we are 'ſure will never have an End.

'BUT I ſhall leave this Subject to your Management, and queſtion not but you will throw it into 'ſuch Lights as ſhall at once improve and entertain 'your Reader.

'I have enclos'd ſent you a Tranſlation of the Speech 'of *Cato* on this Occaſion, which hath accidentally 'fallen into my Hands, and which for Conciſeneſs, 'Purity, and Elegance of Phraſe cannot be ſufficiently 'admired.

ACT

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

CATO *ſolus*, &c.

SIC, ſic ſe habere rem neceſſe prorſus eſt,
Ratione vincis, do lubens manus, Plato.
Quid enim dediſſet, Qua dedit fruſtra nihil,
Æternitatis inſitam cupidinem
Natura? Quorſum hæc dulcis Expectatio;
Vitaque non explenda melioris ſitis?
Quid vult ſibi aliud iſte redeundi in nihil
Horror, ſub imis quemque agens precordiis?
Cur territa in ſe refugit anima, cur tremit
Attonita, quoties, morte ne pereat, timet?
Particula nempe eſt cuique naſcenti indita
Divinior; quæ corpus incolens agit;
Hominique ſuccinit, Tua eſt Æternitas.
Æternitas! O lubricum nimis aſpici,
Mixtumque dulci Gaudium formidine!

Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora?
Quæ terra mox incognita? Quis orbis novus.
Manet incolendus? Quanta erit mutatio?
Hæc intuenti ſpatia mihi quaquà patent
Immenſa: Sed caligoſa nox premit;
Nec luce clarâ vult videri ſingula.
Figendus hìc pes; certa ſunt hæc hactenus:
Si quod gubernet Numen Humanum genus,
(At quod gubernet, eſſe clamant omnia)
Virtute non gaudere certè non poteſt:
Nec eſſe non Beati, quâ gaudet, poteſt.
Sed quâ Beata ſede? Quove in tempore?
Hæc quanta quanta terra, tota eſt Cæſaris.
Quid dubius hæret animus uſque adeo? Brevi
His nodum hic omnem expediet. Arma en induor.
Enſi manum admovens.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO alone, *&c.*

IT muſt be ſo —— *Plato*, thou reaſon'ſt well ——
Elſe whence this pleaſing Hope, this fond Deſire,
This Longing after Immortality?
Or whence this ſecret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why ſhrinks the Soul
Back on her ſelf, and ſtartles at Deſtruction?
'Tis the Divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis Heaven it ſelf, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, Thought!

Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
Through what new Scenes and Changes muſt we
paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded Proſpect, lyes before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkneſs reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He muſt delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.
But when! or where! —— This World was made for
Caſar.
I'm weary of Conjectures —— This muſt end 'om.
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Thus

In utramque partem facta; quæque vim inferant,
Et quæ propulsent! Dextera intentat necem;
Vitam sinistra: Vulnus hæc dabit manus;
Altera medelam vulneris: Hic ad exitum
Deducet, ictu simplici; hæc vetant mori.
Secura ridet anima mucronis minas,
Ensesque strictos, interire nescia.
Extinguet ætas, sidera diuturnior:
Ætate languens ipse Sol, obscurius
Emittet Orbi consenescenti jubar:
Natura et ipsa sentiet quondam vices
Ætatis, annis ipsa deficiet gravis:
At tibi juventus at tibi immortalitas,
Tibi parta Divûm est vita. Periment mutuis
Elementa sese te interibunt ictibus:
Tu permanebis sola semper integra,
Tu cuncta rerum quassu, cuncta naufraga,
Jam portu in ipso tuta contemplabere.
Compage ruptâ, corruent in se invicem,
Orbesque fractis ingerentur orbibus;
Illæsa tu sedebis extrâ Fragmina.

Thus am I doubly arm'd; my Death and Life,
My Bane and Antidote are both before me.
This in a Moment brings me to an End;
But This informs me I ſhall never die.
The Soul ſecur'd in her Exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.
The Stars ſhall fade away, the Sun himſelf
Grow dim with Age, and Nature ſink in Years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal Youth,
Unhurt amidſt the War of Elements,
The Wrecks of Matter and the Cruſh of Worlds.

Nº 629. *Monday, December 6.*

——Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latinâ. Juv.

NEXT to the People who want a Place, there are none to be pitied more than thoſe who are ſolicited for one. A plain Anſwer, with a Denial in it, is looked upon as Pride, and a Civil Anſwer as a Promiſe.

NOTHING is more ridiculous than the Pretenſions of People upon theſe Occaſions. Every thing a Man hath ſuffered, whilſt his Enemies were in play, was certainly brought about by the Malice of the oppoſite Party. A bad Cauſe would not have been loſt, if ſuch an one had not been upon the Bench; nor a proſligate Youth diſinherited, if he had not got drunk every Night by toaſting an outed Miniſtry. I remember a Tory, who having been fined in a Court of Juſtice for a Prank that deſerved the Pillory, deſir'd upon the Merit of it to be made a Juſtice of Peace when his Friends came into Power; and ſhall never forget a Whig Criminal, who, upon being indicted for a Rape, told his Friends, *You ſee what a Man ſuffers for ſticking to his Principles.*

THE Truth of it is, the Sufferings of a Man in a Party are of a very doubtful Nature. When they are ſuch as have promoted a good Cauſe, and fallen upon a Man undeſervedly, they have a Right to be heard and recompenſed beyond any other Pretenſions. But when they riſe out of Raſhneſs or Indiſcretion, and the Purſuit of ſuch Meaſures as have rather ruined, than promoted the Intereſt they aim at, (which hath always been the Caſe of a great many Sufferers) they only ſerve to

to recommend them to the Children of Violence or Folly.

I have by me a Bundle of Memorials preſented by ſeveral Cavaliers upon the Reſtauration of K. *Charles* II. which may ſerve as ſo many Inſtances, to our preſent Purpoſe.

AMONG ſeveral Perſons and Pretenſions recorded by my Author, he mentions one of a very great Eſtate, who, for having roaſted an Ox whole, and diſtributed a Hogſhead upon K. *Charles*'s Birth-Day, deſired to be provided for, as his Majeſty in his great Wiſdom ſhall think fit.

ANOTHER put in to be Prince *Henry*'s Governor, for having dared to drink his Health in the worſt of Times.

A Third petitioned for a Colonel's Commiſſion, for having Curſed *Oliver Cromwell*, the Day before his Death, on a publick Bowling-Green.

BUT the moſt whimſical Petition I have met with is that of *B. B.* Eſq; who deſir'd the Honour of Knighthood, for having Cuckolded Sir *T. W.* a notorious *Roundhead*.

THERE is likewiſe the Petition of one, who having let his Beard grow from the Martyrdom of K. *Charles* the Firſt, till the Reſtauration of K. *Charles* the Second, deſired, in Conſideration thereof, to be made a Privy-Counſellor.

I muſt not omit a Memorial ſetting forth, that the Memorialiſt had, with great diſpatch, carried a Letter from a certain Lord to a certain Lord, wherein, as it afterwards appeared, Meaſures were concerted for the Reſtauration, and without which he verily believes that happy Revolution had never been effected; who thereupon humbly prays to be made Poſt-Maſter-General.

A certain Gentleman, who ſeems to write with a great deal of Spirit, and uſes the Words *Gallantry* and *Gentleman-like* very often in his Petition, begs that (in Conſideration of his having worn his Hat for ten Years paſt in the Loyal Cavalier Cock, to his great Danger and Detriment) he may be made a Captain of the Guards.

I shall close my Account of this Collection of Memorials, with the Copy of one Petition at length, which I recommend to my Reader as a very valuable Piece.

The Petition of E. H. *Esq*; *humbly Sheweth*,

'THAT your Petitioner's Father's Brother's Uncle, Colonel *W. H.* lost the Third Finger of his Left Hand at *Edge-hill* Fight.

'THAT your Petitioner, notwithstanding the smallness of his Fortune, (he being a younger Brother) always kept Hospitality, and drank Confusion to the Roundheads in half a Score Bumpers every *Sunday* in the Year, as several honest Gentlemen (whose Names are underwritten) are ready to testifie.

'THAT your Petitioner is remarkable in his Country for having dared to treat Sir *P. P.* a cursed Sequestrator, and three Members of the Assembly of Divines, with Brawn and Minced Pies upon *New Year's* Day.

'THAT your said humble Petitioner hath been five times imprisoned in five several County-Goals, for having been a Ring-leader in five different Riots; into which his Zeal for the Royal Cause hurried him, when Men of greater Estates had not the Courage to rise.

'THAT he, the said *E. H.* hath had six Duels and four and twenty Boxing-Matches in Defence of his Majesty's Title; and that he received such a Blow upon the Head at a Bonfire in *Stratford* upon *Avon*, as he hath been never the better for from that Day to this.

'THAT your Petitioner hath been so far from improving his Fortune, in the late damnable Times, that he verily believes, and hath good Reason to imagine, that if he had been Master of an Estate, he had infallibly been plundered and sequestred.

'YOUR Petitioner, in Conſideration of his ſaid 'Merits and Sufferings, humbly requeſts that he may 'have the Place of Receiver of the Taxes, Collector 'of the Cuſtoms, Clerk of the Peace, Deputy Lieute-'nant, or whatſoever elſe he ſhall be thought qualified 'for.

And your Petitioner ſhall ever Pray, &c.

№ 630. *Wedneſday, December* 8.

Favete linguis ——— Hor.

HAVING no ſpare Time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is ſent me by others, I have thought fit to publiſh the following Letters.

SIR, *Oxford, Novemb.* 22.

IF you would be ſo kind to me, as to ſuſpend that Satisfaction, which the Learned World muſt receive in reading one of your Speculations, by publiſhing this Endeavour, you will very much oblige and improve one, who has the Boldneſs to hope, that he may be admitted into the number of your Correſpondents.

'I have often wondered to hear Men of good Senſe and good Nature profeſs a Diſlike to Muſick, when, at the ſame time, they do not ſcruple to own, that it has the moſt agreeable and improving Influences over their Minds: It ſeems to me an unhappy Contradiction, that thoſe Perſons ſhould have an Indifference for an Art, which raiſes in them ſuch a Variety of ſublime Pleaſures.

'HOW-

'HOWEVER, though ſome few, by their own 'or the unreaſonable Prejudices of others, may be led 'into a Diſtaſte of thoſe Muſical Societies which are 'erected meerly for Entertainment, yet ſure I may 'venture to ſay, that no one can have the leaſt Reaſon 'for Diſaffection to that ſolemn kind of Melody which 'conſiſts of the Praiſes of our Creator.

'YOU have, I preſume, already prevented me in 'an Argument upon this Occaſion (which ſome Di-'vines have ſucceſsfully advanced upon a much greater) 'that Muſical Sacrifice and Adoration has claimed a Place 'in the Laws and Cuſtoms of the moſt different Na-'tions; As the *Grecians* and *Romans* of the Prophane, 'the *Jews* and *Chriſtians* of the Sacred World did as 'unanimouſly agree in this, as they diſagreed in all o-'ther Parts of their OEconomy.

'I know there are not wanting ſome who are of 'Opinion that the pompous kind of Muſick which is 'in Uſe in foreign Churches is the moſt excellent, as 'it moſt affects our Senſes. But I am ſwayed by my 'Judgment to the Modeſty which is obſerved in the 'muſical Part of our Devotions. Methinks there is 'ſomething very laudable in the Cuſtom of a *Volun-'tary* before the Firſt Leſſon; by this we are ſuppoſed 'to be prepared for the Admiſſion of thoſe Divine 'Truths, which we are ſhortly to receive. We are 'then to caſt all worldly Regards from off our Hearts, 'all Tumults within are then becalmed, and there 'ſhould be nothing near the Soul but Peace and Tran-'quility. So that in this ſhort Office of Praiſe, the 'Man is raiſed above himſelf, and is almoſt loſt already 'amidſt the Joys of Futurity.

'I have heard ſome nice Obſervers frequently com-'mend the Policy of our Church in this Particular, 'that it leads us on by ſuch eaſie and regular Methods, 'that we are perfectly deceived into Piety. When the 'Spirits begin to languiſh (as they too often do) with 'a conſtant Series of Petitions, ſhe takes care to allow 'them a pious Reſpite, and relieves them with the 'Raptures of an Anthem. Nor can we doubt that the

'ſub-

'ſublimeſt Poetry, ſoftened in the moſt moving Strains 'of Muſick, can ever fail of humbling or exalting the 'Soul to any Pitch of Devotion. Who can hear the 'Terrors of the Lord of Hoſts deſcribed in the moſt 'expreſſive Melody, without being awed into a Vene-'ration? or who can hear the kind and endearing At-'tributes of a merciful Father, and not be ſoftned into 'Love towards him!

'AS the riſing and ſinking of the Paſſions, the caſt-'ing ſoft or noble Hints into the Soul, is the natu-'ral Privilege of Muſick in general, ſo more particu-'larly of that kind which is employed at the Altar. 'Thoſe Impreſſions which it leaves upon the Spirits 'are more deep and laſting, as the Grounds from which 'it receives its Authority are founded more upon Rea-'ſon. It diffuſes a Calmneſs all around us, it makes 'us drop all thoſe vain or immodeſt Thoughts which 'would be an hindrance to us in the Performance of 'that great Duty of Thankſgiving, which, as we are 'informed by our Almighty Benefactor, is the moſt 'acceptable Return which can be made for thoſe infi-'nite Stores of Bleſſings which he daily condeſcends 'to pour down upon his Creatures. When we make 'Uſe of this pathetical Method of addreſſing our ſelves 'to him, we can ſcarce contain from Raptures! The 'Heart is warmed with a Sublimity of Goodneſs! We 'are all Piety and all Love!

'HOW do the Bleſſed Spirits rejoice and wonder 'to behold unthinking Man proſtrating his Soul to his 'dread Sovereign in ſuch a Warmth of Piety as they 'themſelves might not be aſhamed of!

'I ſhall cloſe theſe Reflections with a Paſſage taken 'out of the Third Book of *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt*, 'where thoſe harmonious Beings are thus nobly de-'ſcribed.

Then Crown'd again, their Gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their ſide
Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble ſweet
Of Charming Symphony they introduce

The Sacred Song, and waken Raptures high:
No one exempt, no Voice but well could join
Melodious part, ſuch Concord is in Heav'n.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Town cannot be unacquainted, that in di-
'vers Parts of it there are vociferous Setts of
'Men who are called *Rattling Clubs*; but what ſhocks
'me moſt is, they have now the Front to invade the
'Church and inſtitute theſe Societies there, as a Clan
'of them have in late times done, to ſuch a degree
'of Inſolence, as has given the Partition where they
'reſide in a Church near one of the City Gates, the
'Denomination of the *Rattling Pew*. Theſe gay Fel-
'lows, from humble Lay Profeſſions, ſet up for Cri-
'ticks without any Tincture of Letters or Reading,
'and have the Vanity to think they can lay hold of
'ſomething from the Parſon, which may be formed
'into Ridicule.

'IT is needleſs to obſerve, that the Gentlemen who
'every *Sunday* have the hard Province of Inſtructing
'theſe Wretches in a way they are in no preſent Diſ-
'poſition to take, have a fixt Character for Learning
'and Eloquence, not to be tainted by the weak Efforts
'of this Contemptible Part of their Audiences. Whe-
'ther the Pulpit is taken by theſe Gentlemen, or any
'Strangers their Friends, the way of the Club is this:
'If any Sentiments are delivered too Sublime for their
'Conception; if any uncommon Topick is entered on,
'or one in uſe new modified with the fineſt Judgment
'and Dexterity; or any controverted Point be never
'ſo elegantly handled; in ſhort, whatever ſurpaſſes the
'narrow Limits of their Theology, or is not ſuited to
'their Taſte, they are all immediately upon the Watch,
'fixing their Eyes upon each other, with as much
'Warmth as our Gladiators of *Hockley in the Hole*, and
'waiting like them for a Hit; if one touches, all take
'Fire, and their Noddles inſtantly meet in the Centre
'of the Pew; then, as by beat of Drum, with exact
'Diſcipline, they rear up into a full length of Stature,
'and with odd Looks and Geſticulations confer toge-
'ther

'ther in ſo loud and clamorous a manner, continued 'to the cloſe of the Diſcourſe, and during the After-'Pſalm, as is not to be ſilenced but by the Bells. Nor 'does this ſuffice them, without aiming to propagate 'their Noiſe through all the Church, by Signals given 'to the adjoining Seats, where others deſigned for this 'Fraternity are ſometimes placed upon Tryal to receive 'them.

'THE Folly as well as Rudeneſs of this Practice 'is in nothing more conſpicuous than this, that all 'that follows in the Sermon is loſt; for whenever our 'Sparks take alarm, they blaze out and grow ſo Tu-'multuous that no After-Explanation can avail, it be-'ing impoſſible for themſelves or any near them to 'give an Account thereof. If any thing really Novel 'is advanced, how averſe ſoever it may be to their 'way of thinking, to ſay nothing of Duty, Men of 'leſs Levity than theſe would be led by a natural Cu-'rioſity to hear the whole.

'LAUGHTER, where things Sacred are tranſ-'acted, is far leſs pardonable than Whining at a Con-'venticle; the laſt has at leaſt a Semblance of Grace, 'and where the Affectation is unſeen may poſſibly 'imprint wholeſome Leſſons on the Sincere; but the 'firſt has no Excuſe, breaking through all the Rules 'of Order and Decency, and manifeſting a Remiſs-'neſs of Mind in thoſe important Matters, which 'require the ſtricteſt Compoſure and Steadineſs of 'Thought; A Proof of the greateſt Folly in the 'World.

'I ſhall not here enter upon the Veneration due to 'the Sanctity of the Place, the Reverence owing the 'Miniſter, or the Reſpect that ſo great an Aſſembly 'as a whole Pariſh may juſtly claim. I ſhall only tell 'them, that, as the *Spaniſh* Cobler, to reclaim a pro-'fligate Son, bid him *have ſome regard to the Dignity 'of his Family*, ſo they as Gentlemen (for we Citi-'zens aſſume to be ſuch one Day in a Week) are 'bound for the future to repent of, and abſtain from, 'the groſs Abuſes here mentioned, whereof they

'have been Guilty in Contempt of Heaven and Earth,
'and contrary to the Laws in this Case made and pro-
'vided.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

R. M.

Nº 631. *Friday, December* 10.

Simplex Munditiis———— Hor.

I Had occasion to go a few Miles out of Town, some Days since, in a Stage-Coach, where I had for my Fellow-Travellers a dirty Beau, and a pretty young Quaker-Woman. Having no Inclination to Talk much at that time, I placed my self backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a Speculation out of my two Companions. Their different Figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my Attention. The Gentleman was dressed in a Suit, the Ground whereof had been Black, as I perceived from some few Spaces, that had escaped the Powder, which was Incorporated with the greatest part of his Coat: His Perriwig, which cost no small Sum, was after so Slovenly a manner cast over his Shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the Year 1712; his Linnen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain *Spanish* from the Chin to the lowest Button, and the Diamond upon his Finger (which naturally dreaded the Water) put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the Rubbish of the Mine, where it was first discovered. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the Elegance of Cleanliness. Not a Speck was to be found upon her. A clean clean oval

oval Face, juſt edged about with little thin Plaits of the pureſt Cambrick, received great Advantages from the Shade of her black Hood; as did the Whiteneſs of her Arms from that ſober-coloured Stuff, in which ſhe had Cloathed her ſelf. The Plainneſs of her Dreſs was very well ſuited to the Simplicity of her Phraſes; all which put together, though they could not give me a great Opinion of her Religion, they did of her Innocence.

THIS Adventure occaſioned my throwing together a few Hints upon *Cleanlineſs*, which I ſhall conſider as one of the *Half-Virtues*, as *Ariſtotle* calls them, and ſhall recommend it under the three following Heads, As it is a Mark of Politeneſs: As it produces Love, and as it bears Analogy to Purity of Mind.

Firſt, IT is a Mark of Politeneſs. It is univerſally agreed upon, that no one, unadorn'd with this Virtue, can go into Company without giving a manifeſt Offence. The eaſier or higher any one's Fortune is, this Duty riſes proportionably. The different Nations of the World are as much diſtinguiſhed by their Cleanlineſs, as by their Arts and Sciences. The more any Country is civilized, the more they conſult this part of Politeneſs. We need but compare our Ideas of a Female *Hottentot* and an *Engliſh* Beauty, to be ſatisfied of the Truth of what hath been advanced.

IN the next Place, Cleanlineſs may be ſaid to be the Foſter-Mother of Love. Beauty indeed moſt commonly produces that Paſſion in the Mind, but Cleanlineſs preſerves it. An indifferent Face and Perſon, kept in perpetual Neatneſs, hath won many a Heart from a pretty Slattern. Age it ſelf is not unamiable, while it is preſerved clean and unſullied: Like a Piece of Metal conſtantly kept ſmooth and bright, we look on it with more Pleaſure than on a new Veſſel that is canker'd with Ruſt.

I might obſerve farther, that as Cleanlineſs renders us agreeable to others, ſo it makes us eaſie to our ſelves; that it is an excellent Preſervative of Health; and that ſeveral Vices, deſtructive both to Mind and

Body, are inconſiſtent with the Habit of it. But theſe Reflections I ſhall leave to the Leiſure of my Readers, and ſhall obſerve in the Third Place, That it bears a great Analogy with Purity of Mind, and naturally inſpires refined Sentiments and Paſſions.

WE find from Experience, that through the Prevalence of Cuſtom, the moſt vicious Actions loſe their Horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, thoſe who live in the Neighbourhood of good Examples, fly from the firſt Appearances of what is ſhocking. It fares with us much after the ſame Manner, as to our Ideas. Our Senſes, which are the Inlets to all the Images conveyed to the Mind, can only tranſmit the Impreſſion of ſuch things as uſually ſurround them. So that pure and unſullied Thoughts are naturally ſuggeſted to the Mind, by thoſe Objects that perpetually encompaſs us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

IN the Eaſt, where the Warmth of the Climate makes Cleanlineſs more immediately neceſſary than in colder Countries, it is made one Part of their Religion: The *Jewiſh* Law, (and the *Mahometan*, which in ſome things copies after it) is filled with Bathings, Purifications, and other Rites of the like Nature. Though there is the above-named convenient Reaſon to be aſſigned for theſe Ceremonies, the chief Intention undoubtedly was to typifie inward Purity and Cleanneſs of Heart by thoſe outward Waſhings. We read ſeveral Injunctions of this Kind in the Book of *Deuteronomy*, which confirm this Truth; and which are but ill accounted for by ſaying, as ſome do, that they were only inſtituted for Convenience in the Deſart, which otherwiſe could not have been habitable for ſo many Years.

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay, with a Story which I have ſomewhere read in an Account of *Mahometan* Superſtitions.

A *Derviſe* of great Sanctity one Morning had the Misfortune as he took up a Cryſtal Cup, which was conſecrated to the Prophet, to let it fall upon the Ground,

Ground, and daſh it in Pieces. His Son coming in, ſome time after, he ſtretched out his Hands to bleſs him, as his manner was every Morning; but the Youth going out, ſtumbled over the Threſhold and broke his Arm. As the old Man wondered at theſe Events, a Caravan paſſed by in its way from *Mecca*. The *Derviſe* approached it to beg a Bleſſing; but as he ſtroaked one of the Holy Camels, he received a Kick from the Beaſt, that ſorely bruiſed him. His Sorrow and Amazement increaſed upon him, till he recollected that through Hurry and Inadvertency he had that Morning come abroad, without waſhing his Hands.

N° 632. *Monday, December* 13.

——*Ex lebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.* Virg.

THE Love of Symmetry and Order, which is natural to the Mind of Man, betrays him ſometimes into very whimſical Fancies. *This noble Principle*, ſays a *French* Author, *loves to amuſe it ſelf on the moſt trifling Occaſions. You may ſee a profound Philoſopher*, ſays he, *walk for an Hour together in his Chamber, and induſtriouſly treading, at every Step, upon every other Board in the Flooring.* Every Reader will recollect ſeveral Inſtances of this Nature without my Aſſiſtance. I think it was *Gregorio Leti* who had publiſhed as many Books as he was Years old; which was a Rule he had laid down and punctually obſerved to the Year of his Death. It was, perhaps, a Thought of the like Nature which determined *Homer* himſelf to divide each of his Poems into as many Books, as there are Letters in the *Greek* Alphabet. *Herodotus* has in the ſame manner adapted his Books to the Number of the *Muſes*, for which Reaſon many

a Learned Man hath wiſhed there had been more than Nine of that Siſterhood.

SEVERAL *Epic* Poets have religiouſly followed *Virgil* as to the Number of his Books; and even *Milton* is thought by many to have changed the Number of his Books from Ten to Twelve, for no other Reaſon; as *Cowley* tells us, it was his Deſign, had he finiſhed his *Davideis*, to have alſo imitated the *Æneid* in this Particular. I believe every one will agree with me, that a Perfection of this Nature hath no Foundation in Reaſon; and, with due Reſpect to theſe great Names, may be looked upon as ſomething whimſical.

I mention theſe great Examples in Defence of my Bookſeller, who occaſioned this Eighth Volume of *Spectators*, becauſe, as he ſaid, he thought Seven a very Odd Number. On the other Side, ſeveral grave Reaſons were urged on this important Subject; as in particular, that Seven was the preciſe Number of the Wiſe Men, and that the moſt Beautiful Conſtellation in the Heavens was compoſed of Seven Stars. This he allowed to be true; but ſtill inſiſted, that Seven was an Odd Number; ſuggeſting at the ſame time that if he were provided with a ſufficient Stock of leading Papers, he ſhould find Friends ready enough to carry on the Work. Having by this means got his Veſſel launched and ſet afloat, he hath committed the Steerage of it, from time to time, to ſuch as he thought capable of conducting it.

THE Cloſe of this Volume, which the Town may now expect in a little time, may poſſibly aſcribe each Sheet to its proper Author.

IT were no hard Task to continue this Paper a conſiderable Time longer, by the Help of large Contributions ſent from unknown Hands.

I cannot give the Town a better Opinion of the SPECTATOR's Correſpondents, than by publiſhing the following Letter, with a very fine Copy of Verſes upon a Subject perfectly new.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Dublin, Nov.* 30. 1714.

'YOU lately recommended to your Female Readers, the good old Cuſtom of their Grandmothers, who uſed to lay out a great Part of their Time in Needle-work: I entirely agree with you in your Sentiments, and think it would not be of leſs Advantage to themſelves, and their Poſterity, than to the Reputation of many of their good Neighbours, if they paſt many of thoſe Hours in this innocent Entertainment, which are loſt at the Tea-Table. I would, however, humbly offer to your Conſideration, the Caſe of the Poetical Ladies; who, though they may be willing to take any Advice given them by the SPECTATOR, yet can't ſo eaſily quit their Pen and Ink, as you may imagine. Pray allow them, at leaſt now and then, to indulge themſelves in other Amuſements of Fancy, when they are tired with ſtooping to their Tapeſtry. There is a very particular kind of Work, which of late ſeveral Ladies here in our Kingdom are very fond of, which ſeems very well adapted to a Poetical Genius: It is the making of *Grotto's*. I know a Lady who has a very Beautiful one, compoſed by her ſelf, nor is there one Shell in it not ſtuck up by her own Hands. I here ſend you a Poem to the fair Architect, which I would not offer to herſelf, till I knew whether this Method of a Lady's paſſing her Time were approved of by the *Britiſh* SPECTATOR, which, with the Poem, I ſubmit to your Cenſure, who am,

Your Conſtant Reader,

and Humble Servant,

A. B.

To Mrs. ——————— on her *Grotto.*

A Grotto *ſo compleat, with ſuch Deſign,*
What Hands, Calypſo, *cou'd have form'd but Thine?*
Each chequer'd Pebble, and each ſhining Shell,
So well proportion'd, and diſpos'd ſo well,
Surprizing Luſtre from thy Thought receive,
Aſſuming Beauties more than Nature gave.
To Her their various Shapes, and gloſſy Hue,
Their curious Symmetry they owe to You.
Not fam'd Amphion's *Lute, whoſe powerful Call*
Made willing Stones dance to the Theban *Wall,*
In more harmonious Ranks cou'd make them fall.
Not Ev'ning Cloud a brighter Arch can ſhew,
Nor richer Colours paint the heav'nly Bow.

Where can unpoliſh'd Nature boaſt a Piece,
In all her Moſſie Cells exact as This?
At the gay parti-colour'd Scene we ſtart,
For Chance too regular, too rude for Art.

Charm'd with the ſight, my raviſh'd Breaſt is fir'd
With Hints like thoſe which ancient Bards inſpir'd;
All the feign'd Tales by Superſtition told,
All the bright Train of fabled Nymphs of Old,
Th' enthuſiaſtick Muſe believes are true,
Thinks the Spot ſacred, and its Genius You.
Loſt in wild Rapture, wou'd ſhe fain diſcloſe,
How by degrees the pleaſant Wonder roſe:
Induſtrious in a faithful Verſe to trace
The various Beauties of the lovely Place:
And while ſhe keeps the glowing Work in View,
Thro' ev'ry Maze thy Artful Hand purſue.

Oh were I equal to the bold Deſign,
Or cou'd I boaſt ſuch happy Art as Thine!
That cou'd rude Shells in ſuch ſweet Order place,
Give common Objects ſuch uncommon Grace!

Like them my well-choſe Words in ev'ry Line,
As ſweetly temper'd ſhou'd as ſweetly ſhine.
So juſt a Fancy ſhou'd my Numbers warm,
Like the gay Piece ſhou'd the Deſcription charm.
Then with ſuperior Strength my Voice I'd raiſe,
The echoing Grotto *ſhou'd approve my Lays,*
Pleas'd to reflect the well-ſung Founder's Praiſe.

Nº 633. *Wedneſday, December* 15.

Omnia profecto, cum ſe à cœleſtibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelſus magnificentiuſque & dicet & ſentiet.
Cicer.

THE following Diſcourſe is printed, as it came to my Hands, without Variation.

Cambridge, Dec. 12.

'IT was a very common Enquiry among the Ancients why the Number of excellent Orators, under all the Encouragements the moſt flouriſhing States could give them, fell ſo far ſhort of the Number of thoſe who excelled in all other Sciences. A Friend of mine uſed merrily to apply to this Caſe an Obſervation of *Herodotus*, who ſays, That the moſt uſeful Animals are the moſt fruitful in their Generation; whereas the Species of thoſe Beaſts that are fierce and miſchievous to Mankind are but ſcarcely continued. The Hiſtorian inſtances in a Hare, which always either breeds or brings forth; and a Lioneſs, which brings forth but once, and then loſes all Power of Conception. But, leaving my Friend to his Mirth, I am of Opinion, that in theſe latter Ages we have greater Cauſe of Complaint than the Ancients had. And ſince that ſolemn Feſtival is approaching, which calls for all the

'Power

'Power of Oratory, and which affords as noble a Subject for the Pulpit as any Revelation has taught us, the Deſign of this Paper ſhall be to ſhow, that our Moderns have greater Advantages towards true and ſolid Eloquence, than any which the celebrated Speakers of Antiquity enjoy'd.

'THE firſt great and ſubſtantial Difference is, that their Common-Places, in which almoſt the whole Force of Amplification conſiſts, were drawn from the Profit or Honeſty of the Action, as they regarded only this preſent State of Duration. But Chriſtianity, as it exalts Morality to a greater Perfection, as it brings the Conſideration of another Life into the Queſtion, as it propoſes Rewards and Puniſhments of a higher Nature, and a longer Continuance, is more adapted to affect the Minds of the Audience, naturally inclined to purſue what it imagines its greateſt Intereſt and Concern. If *Pericles*, as Hiſtorians report, could ſhake the firmeſt Reſolutions of his Hearers, and ſet the Paſſions of all *Greece* in a Ferment, when the preſent Welfare of his Country, or the Fear of hoſtile Invaſions, was the Subject: What may be expected from that Orator, who warns his Audience againſt thoſe Evils which have no Remedy, when once undergone, either from Prudence or Time? As much greater as the Evils in a future State are than theſe at preſent, ſo much are the Motives to Perſuaſion under Chriſtianity greater than thoſe which meer moral Conſideration could ſupply us with. But what I now mention relates only to the Power of moving the Affections. There is another Part of Eloquence, which is indeed its Maſter-piece; I mean the Marvellous or Sublime. In this the Chriſtian Orator has the Advantage beyond Contradiction. Our Ideas are ſo infinitely enlarged by Revelation, the Eye of Reaſon has ſo wide a Proſpect into Eternity, the Notions of a Deity are ſo worthy and refined, and the Accounts we have of a State of Happineſs or Miſery ſo clear and evident, that the Contempla-

'tion

'tion of ſuch Objects will give our Diſcourſe a noble 'Vigour, an invincible Force, beyond the Power of 'any human Conſideration. *Tully* requires in his 'Perfect Orator ſome Skill in the Nature of Heaven-'ly Bodies, becauſe, ſays he, his Mind will become 'more extenſive and unconfined; and when he de-'ſcends to treat of human Affairs, he will both think 'and write in a more exalted and magnificent Man-'ner. For the ſame Reaſon that excellent Maſter 'would have recommended the Study of thoſe great 'and glorious Myſteries which Revelation has diſco-'vered to us; to which the nobleſt Parts of this Syſtem 'of the World are as much inferiour, as the Creature 'is leſs excellent than its Creator. The wiſeſt and 'moſt knowing among the Heathens had very poor 'and imperfect Notions of a future State. They had 'indeed ſome uncertain Hopes, either received by 'Tradition, or gathered by Reaſon, that the Exiſt-'ence of virtuous Men would not be determined by 'the Separation of Soul and Body: But they either 'disbelieved a future State of Puniſhment and Miſe-'ry, or, upon the ſame Account that *Apelles* painted '*Antigonus* with one Side only towards the Specta-'tor, that the Loſs of his Eye might not caſt a Blemiſh 'upon the whole Piece; ſo theſe repreſented the Con-'dition of Man in its faireſt View, and endeavoured 'to conceal what they thought was a Deformity to 'human Nature. I have often obſerved, that when-'ever the abovementioned Orator in his Philoſophical 'Diſcourſes is led by his Argument to the Mention 'of Immortality, he ſeems like one awaked out of 'Sleep, rous'd and alarm'd with the Dignity of the 'Subject, he ſtretches his Imagination to conceive 'ſomething uncommon, and with the greatneſs of the 'Thought, caſts, as it were, a Glory round the Sen-'tence; Uncertain and unſettled as he was, he ſeems 'fired with the Contemplation of it. And nothing 'but ſuch a Glorious Proſpect could have forced ſo 'great a Lover of Truth, as he was, to declare his 'Reſolution never to part with his Perſuaſion of Im-

'mortality.

'mortality, though it ſhould be proved to be an erroneous one. But had he lived to ſee all that Chriſtianity has brought to Light, how would he have laviſhed out all the Force of Eloquence in thoſe nobleſt Contemplations which humane Nature is capable of, the Reſurrection and the Judgment that follows it? How had his Breaſt glowed with Pleaſure, when the whole Compaſs of Futurity lay open and expoſed to his View? How would his Imagination have hurried him on in the Purſuit of the Myſteries of the Incarnation? How would he have enter'd, with the Force of Lightning, into the Affections of his Hearers, and fixed their Attention, in ſpite of all the Oppoſition of corrupt Nature, upon thoſe glorious Themes which his Eloqnence hath painted in ſuch lively and laſting Colours?

'THIS Advantage Chriſtians have; and it was with no ſmall Pleaſure I lately met with a Fragment of *Longinus*, which is preſerved, as a Teſtimony of that Critick's Judgment, at the Beginning of a Manuſcript of the New Teſtament in the *Vatican* Library. After that Author has number'd up the moſt celebrated Orators among the *Grecians*, he ſays, *Add to theſe* Paul *of* Tarſus, *the Patron of an Opinion not yet fully proved.* As a Heathen, he condemns the Chriſtian Religion; and, as an impartial Critick, he judges in Favour of the Promoter and Preacher of it. To me it ſeems, that the latter Part of his Judgment adds great Weight to his Opinion of St. *Paul's* Abilities, ſince, under all the Prejudice of Opinions directly oppoſite, he is conſtrained to acknowledge the Merit of that Apoſtle. And, no doubt, ſuch as *Longinus* deſcribes St. *Paul*, ſuch he appeared to the Inhabitants of thoſe Countries which he viſited and bleſſed with thoſe Doctrines he was divinely commiſſioned to preach. Sacred Story gives us, in one Circumſtance, a convincing Proof of his Eloquence, when the Men of *Lyſtra* called him *Mercury, becauſe he was the chief Speaker*, and would have paid Divine Worſhip to him, as to the God who invented and preſided over Elo-

'quence,

'quence. This one Account of our Apoſtle ſets his 'Character, conſider'd as an Orator only, above all the 'celebrated Relations of the Skill and Influence of *De-* 'moſthenes and his Contemporaries. Their Power in 'Speaking was admired, but ſtill it was thought hu- 'man: Their Eloquence warmed and raviſhed the 'Hearers, but ſtill it was thought the Voice of Man, 'not the Voice of God. What Advantage then had 'St. *Paul* above thoſe of *Greece* or *Rome?* I confeſs I 'can aſcribe this Excellence to nothing but the Power 'of the Doctrines he delivered, which may have ſtill 'the ſame Influence on the Hearers; which have ſtill 'the Power, when preached by a skilful Orater, to 'make us break out in the ſame Expreſſions, as the 'Diſciples who met our Saviour in their Way to *Em-* 'maus made of; *Did not our Hearts burn within us,* 'when he talked to us by the Way, and while he opened to 'us the Scriptures? I may be thought bold in my Judg- 'ment by ſome; but I muſt affirm, That no one O- 'rator has left us ſo viſible Marks and Footſteps of his 'Eloquence as our Apoſtle. It may perhaps be won- 'dered at, that in his Reaſonings upon Idolatry at '*Athens*, where Eloquence was born and flouriſhed, 'he confines himſelf to ſtrict Argument only; but my 'Reader may remember what many Authors of the 'beſt Credit have aſſured us, That all Attempts upon 'the Affections and Strokes of Oratory were expreſly 'forbidden, by the Laws of that Country, in Courts 'of Judicature. His want of Eloquence therefore here, 'was the Effect of his exact Conformity to the Laws. 'But his Diſcourſe on the Reſurrection to the *Corin-* 'thians, his Harangue before *Agrippa* upon his own Con- 'verſion and the Neceſſity of that of others, are tru- 'ly Great, and may ſerve as full Examples to thoſe 'excellent Rules for the Sublime, which the beſt of 'Criticks has left us. The Sum of all this Diſcourſe 'is, That our Clergy have no farther to look for an 'Example of the Perfection they may arrive at, than 'to St. *Paul*'s Harangues; that when he, under the

'Want

'Want of ſeveral Advantages of Nature (as he himſelf 'tells us) was heard, admired, and made a Standard to 'ſucceeding Ages by the beſt Judge of a different Per-'ſuaſion in Religion, I ſay, our Clergy may learn, 'That, however inſtructive their Sermons are, they 'are capable of receiving a great Addition; which St. '*Paul* has given them a noble Example of, and the 'Chriſtian Religion has furniſhed them with certain 'Means of attaining to.

Nº 634. *Friday, December* 17.

Ὁ ἐλαχίστων δεόμενος ἔγγιστα θεῶν.
Socrates apud Xen.

IT was the common Boaſt of the Heathen Philoſophers, that by the Efficacy of their ſeveral Doctrines, that made Humane Nature reſemble the Divine. How much miſtaken ſoever they might be in the ſeveral Means they propoſed for this End, it muſt be owned that the Deſign was great and glorious. The fineſt Works of Invention and Imagination are of very little Weight, when put in the Balance with what refines and exalts the rational Mind. *Longinus* excuſes *Homer* very handſomely, when he ſays the Poet made his Gods like Men, that he might make his Men appear like the Gods: But it muſt be allowed that ſeveral of the ancient Philoſphers acted, as *Cicero* wiſhes *Homer* had done; they endeavour'd rather to make Men like Gods, than Gods like Men.

ACCORDING to this general Maxim in Philoſophy, ſome of them have endeavoured to place Men in ſuch a State of Pleaſure, or Indolence at leaſt, as they vainly imagined the Happineſs of the Supreme Being to conſiſt in. On the other Hand, the moſt virtuous Sect of Philoſophers have created a chimerical

cal wiſe Man, whom they made exempt from Paſſion and Pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him All-ſufficient.

THIS laſt Character, when diveſted of the Glare of Humane Philoſophy that ſurrounds it, ſignifies no more, than that a Good and Wiſe Man ſhould ſo arm himſelf with Patience, as not to yield tamely to the Violence of Paſſion and Pain; that he ſhould learn ſo to ſuppreſs and contract his Deſires as to have few Wants; and that he ſhould cheriſh ſo many Virtues in his Soul, as to have a perpetual Source of Pleaſure in Himſelf.

THE Chriſtian Religion requires, that, after having framed the beſt Idea, we are able, of the Divine Nature, it ſhould be our next Care to conform our ſelves to it, as far as our Imperfections will permit. I might mention ſeveral Paſſages in the ſacred Writings on this Head, to which I might add many Maxims and wiſe Sayings of Moral Authors among the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

I ſhall only inſtance a remarkable Paſſage, to this Purpoſe, out of *Julian*'s *Cæſars*. The Emperor having repreſented all the *Roman* Emperors, with *Alexander* the Great, as paſſing in Review before the Gods, and ſtriving for the Superiority, let them all drop, excepting *Alexander*, *Julius Cæſar*, *Auguſtus Cæſar*, *Trajan*, *Marcus Aurelius*, and *Conſtantine*. Each of theſe great Heroes of Antiquity lays in his Claim for the upper Place; and, in Order to it, ſets forth his Actions after the moſt advantageous Manner. But the Gods, inſtead of being dazled with the Luſtre of their Actions, enquire, by *Mercury*, into the proper Motive and governing Principle that influenced them throughout the whole Series of their Lives and Exploits. *Alexander* tells them, That his Aim was to conquer: *Julius Cæſar*, That his was to gain the higheſt Poſt in his Country; *Auguſtus*, To govern well; *Trajan*, That His was the ſame as that of *Alexander*, namely, To conquer. The Queſtion, at length, was put to *Marcus Aurelius*, who replied, with great Modeſty,

deſty, That *it had always been his Care to imitate the Gods.* This Conduct ſeems to have gained him the moſt Votes and beſt Place in the whole Aſſembly. *Marcus Aurelius* being afterwards asked to explain himſelf declares, That, by imitating the Gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the Uſe of his Underſtanding, and of all other Faculties; and, in particular, That it was always his Study to have as few Wants as poſſible in himſelf, and to do all the Good he could to others.

AMONG the many Methods by which Revealed Religion has advanced Morality, this is one, That it has given us a more juſt and perfect Idea of that Being whom every reaſonable Creature ought to imitate. The young Man, in a Heathen Comedy, might juſtify his Lewdneſs by the Example of *Jupiter*; as, indeed, there was ſcarce any Crime that might not be countenanced by thoſe Notions of the Deity which prevailed among the common People in the Heathen World. Revealed Religion ſets forth a proper Object for Imitation, in that Being who is the Pattern, as well as the Source, of all ſpiritual Perfection.

WHILE we remain in this Life, we are ſubject to innumerable Temptations, which, if liſten'd to, will make us deviate from Reaſon and Goodneſs, the only Things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next Life we meet with nothing to exite our Inclinations that doth not deſerve them. I ſhall therefore diſmiſs my Reader with this Maxim, *viz. Our Happineſs in this World proceeds from the Suppreſſion of our Deſires, but in the next World from the Gratification of them.*

Monday,

N° 635. *Monday, December* 20.

Sentio Te ſedem Hominum ac Domum contemplarique ſi tibi parva (ut eſt) ita videtur, hæc cœleſtia ſemper Spectato; illa humana contemnito. Cicero Somn. Scip.

THE following Eſſay comes from the ingenious Author of the Letter upon *Novelty*, printed in a late *Spectator*: The Notions are drawn from the *Platonick* way of Thinking, but as they contribute to raiſe the Mind, and may inſpire noble Sentiments of our own future Grandeur and Happineſs, I think it well deſerves to be preſented to the Publick.

IF the Univerſe be the Creature of an intelligent Mind, this Mind could have no immediate Regard to himſelf in producing it. He needed not to make Tryal of his Omnipotence, to be informed what Effects were within its Reach: The World as exiſting in his eternal Idea was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into Being; and in the immenſe Abyſs of his Eſſence are contained far brighter Scenes than will be ever ſet forth to View; it being impoſſible that the great Author of Nature ſhould bound his own Power by giving Exiſtence to a Syſtem of Creatures ſo perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other Exertions of his Almighty Will. Between Finite and Infinite there is an unmeaſured Interval, not to be filled up in endleſs Ages; for which Reaſon, the moſt excellent of all God's Works muſt be equally ſhort of what his Power is able to produce as the moſt imperfect, and may be exceeded with the ſame Eaſe.

THIS Thought hath made ſome imagine, (what, it muſt be confeſt, is not impoſſible) that the unfathomed Space is ever teeming with new Births, the younger

ſtill

ſtill inheriting a greater Perfection than the elder. But as this doth not fall within my preſent View, I ſhall content my ſelf with taking Notice, that the Conſideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the Ideal Worlds in the Divine Underſtanding yield a Proſpect incomparably more ample, various and delightful than any Created World can do: And that therefore as it is not to be ſuppoſed that God ſhould make a World merely of inanimate Matter, however diverſified; or inhabited only by Creatures of no higher an Order than Brutes; ſo the End for which he deſigned his reaſonable Offspring is the Contemplation of his Works, the Enjoyment of himſelf, and in both to be happy, having, to this Purpoſe, endowed them with correſpondent Faculties and Deſires. He can have no greater Pleaſure from a bare Review of his Works, than from the Survey of his own Ideas, but we may be aſſured that he is well pleaſed in the Satisfaction derived to Beings capable of it, and, for whoſe Entertainment, he hath erected this immenſe Theatre. Is not this more than an Intimation of our Immortality? Man, who when conſidered as on his Probation for a happy Exiſtence hereafter is the moſt remarkable Inſtance of Divine Wiſdom; if we cut him off from all Relation to Eternity, is the moſt wonderful and unaccountable Compoſition in the whole Creation. He hath Capacities to lodge a much greater Variety of Knowledge than he will be ever Maſter of, and an unſatisfied Curioſity to tread the ſecret Paths of Nature and Providence: But, with this, his Organs, in their preſent Structure, are rather fitted to ſerve the Neceſſities of a vile Body, than to miniſter to his Underſtanding; and from the little Spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering Gueſſes concerning the innumerable Worlds of Light that encompaſs him, which, tho' in themſelves of a prodigious Bigneſs, do but juſt glimmer in the remote Spaces of the Heavens; and, when with a great deal of Time and Pains he hath laboured a little way up the ſteep Aſcent of Truth, and beholds with Pity the groveling

groveling Multitude beneath, in a Moment, his Foot ſlides, and he tumbles down headlong into the Grave.

THINKING on this, I am obliged to believe, in Juſtice to the Creator of the World, that there is another State when Man ſhall be better ſituated for Contemplation, or rather have it in his Power to remove from Object to Object, and from World to World; and be accommodated with Senſes, and other Helps, for making the quickeſt and moſt amazing Diſcoveries. How doth ſuch a Genius as Sir *Iſaac Newton*, from amidſt the Darkneſs that involves human Underſtanding, break forth, and appear like one of another Species! The vaſt Machine, we inhabit, lyes open to him, he ſeems not unacquainted with the general Laws that govern it, and while with the Tranſport of a Philoſopher he beholds and admires the glorious Work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational Homage to his Maker. But alas! how narrow is the Proſpect even of ſuch a Mind? and how obſcure to the Compaſs that is taken in by the Ken of an Angel; or of a Soul but newly eſcaped from its Impriſonment in the Body! For my part, I freely indulge my Soul in the Confidence of its future Grandeur; it pleaſes me to think that I who know ſo ſmall a portion of the Works of the Creator, and with ſlow and painful Steps creep up and down on the Surface of this Globe, ſhall e'er long ſhoot away with the Swiftneſs of Imagination, trace out the hidden Springs of Nature's Operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly Bodies in the Rapidity of their Career, be a Spectator of the long Chain of Events in the natural and moral Worlds, viſit the ſeveral Apartments of the Creation, know how they are furniſhed and how inhabited, comprehend the Order, and meaſure the Magnitudes, and Diſtances of thoſe Orbs, which to us ſeem diſpoſed without any regular Deſign, and ſet all in the ſame Circle; obſerve the Dependance of the Parts of each Syſtem, and (if our Minds are big enough to graſp the Theory) of the ſeveral Syſtems upon one another, from whence reſults

ſults the Harmony of the Univerſe. In Eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of uſe to cheriſh this generous Ambition; for beſides the ſecret Refreſhment it diffuſes through my Soul, it engages me in an Endeavour to improve my Faculties, as well as to exerciſe them conformably to the Rank I now hold among reaſonable Beings, and the Hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted Station.

THE other, and that the Ultimate End of Man, is the Enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a Wiſh. Dim at beſt are the Conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his Creatures in Suſpence, neither diſcovering, nor hiding himſelf; by which means, the Libertine hath a Handle to diſpute his Exiſtence, while the moſt are content to ſpeak him fair, but in their Hearts prefer every trifling Satisfaction to the Favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good Man for the Singularity of his Choice. Will there not a Time come, when the Freethinker ſhall ſee his impious Schemes overturned, and be made a Convert to the Truths he hates; when deluded Mortals ſhall be convinced of the Folly of their Purſuits, and the few Wiſe who followed the Guidance of Heaven, and, ſcorning the Blandiſhments of Senſe and the ſordid Bribery of the World, aſpired to a celeſtial Abode, ſhall ſtand poſſeſſed of their utmoſt Wiſh in the Viſion of the Creator? Here the Mind heaves a Thought now and then towards him, and hath ſome tranſient Glances of his Preſence: When, in the Inſtant it thinks it ſelf to have the faſteſt hold, the Object eludes its Expectations, and it falls back tired and baffled to the Ground. Doubtleſs there is ſome more perfect way of converſing with heavenly Beings. Are not Spirits capable of mutual Intelligence, unleſs immerſed in Bodies, or by their Intervention? Muſt ſuperior Natures depend on inferior for the main Privilege of ſociable Beings, that of converſing with, and knowing each other? What would they have done, had Matter never been created? I ſuppoſe, not have lived in eternal Solitude. As incorporeal Subſtances

ſtances are of a nobler Order, ſo, be ſure, their manner of Intercourſe is anſwerably more expedite and intimate. This method of Communication, we call Intellectual Viſion, as ſomewhat Analogous to the Senſe of Seeing, which is the Medium of our Acquaintance with this viſible World. And in ſome ſuch way can God make himſelf the Object of immediate Intuition to the Bleſſed; and as he can, 'tis not improbable, that he will, always condeſcending, in the Circumſtances of doing it, to the Weakneſs and Proportion of finite Minds. His Works but faintly reflect the Image of his Perfections, 'tis a Second-hand Knowledge: To have a juſt Idea of him, it may be neceſſary that we ſee him as he is. But what is that? 'Tis ſomething, that never entered into the Heart of Man to conceive; yet, what we can eaſily conceive will be a Fountain of Unſpeakable, of Everlaſting Rapture. All created Glories will fade and die away in his Preſence. Perhaps it will be my Happineſs to compare the World with the fair Exemplar of it in the Divine Mind; perhaps, to view the original Plan of thoſe wiſe Deſigns that have been executing in a long Succeſſion of Ages. Thus employed in finding out his Works, and contemplating their Author! how ſhall I fall proſtrate and adoring, my Body ſwallowed up in the Immenſity of Matter, my Mind in the Infinitude of his Perfections.

By Mr. Henry Grove of Taunton in Somerſetshire.

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FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 OCT 19

On the New-Year

God of my life thy constant care
With Blessings crowns the opening Year
This guilty life dost thou prolong,
And awake anew mine annual
Song.

How many precious Souls are fled
To the vast Regions of the Dead
Since from this Day the changing Sun
Thro' his last yearly period run.

We yet survive but who can say
If thro' the Year or Month or Day
I will retain this Vital Breath,
Thus far at least in league with
Death!

That Breath is thine eternal God.
'Tis thine to fix my Soul's abode:
It holds it's Life from thee alone
In Earth or in the World unknown